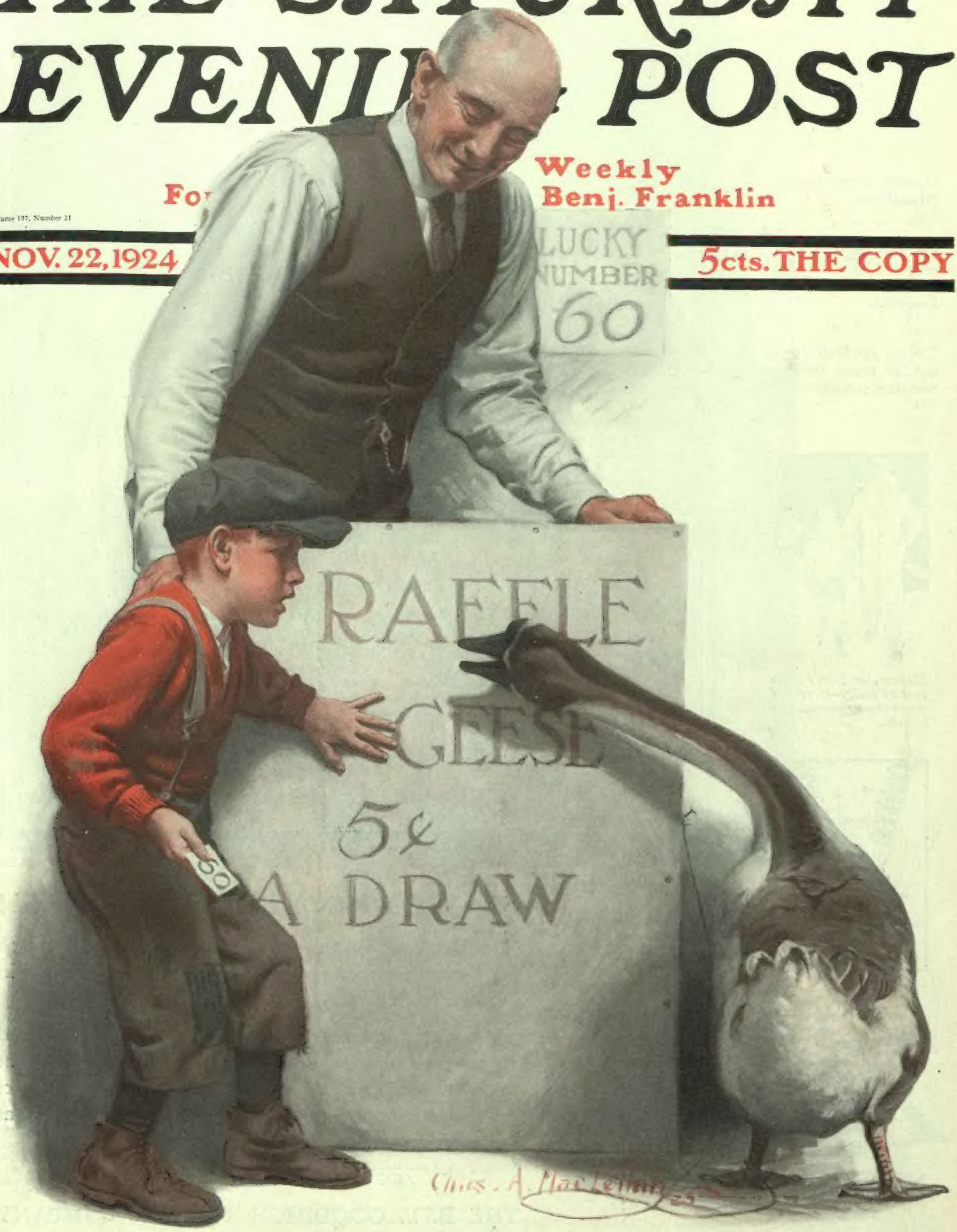
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Volume 197, Number 21

NOV. 22, 1924

Weekly
Benj. Franklin

5cts. THE COPY



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Garet Garrett—Ben Ames Williams—Edwin F. Ladd—Ethel Watts Mumford

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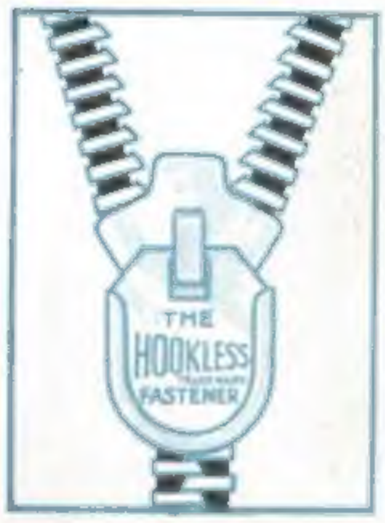

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And all that is true of Ivory is true also of Guest Ivory. This dainty new Ivory cake designed especially for toilet use is modeled to fit the slimmest of feminine fingers.

Guest Ivory has captured the favor of a multitude of women who have been in the habit of paying many times its price for toilet soap. That price is five cents—an invitation.

Procter & Gamble

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Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

Cyrus H. K. Curtis, President

C. H. Ludington, Vice-President and Treasurer
P. S. Collins, General Business Manager
Walter D. Fuller, Secretary
William Boyd, Advertising Director

Independence Square, Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W. C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A°D° 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional Entry at Columbus, O., St. Louis, Mo., Chicago, Ill., Indianapolis, Ind., Saginaw, Mich., Des Moines, Ia., Portland, Ore., Milwaukee, Wis., and St. Paul, Minn.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada

Volume 197 — *5c. THE COPY* — *PHILADELPHIA, PA., NOVEMBER 22, 1924* — *$2.00 THE YEAR by Subscription* — *Number 21*

Somewhere South in Sonora

"I Had Not Thought of That. They are Jo-Jo. Why Not Come With Me Now, and Let Us See If They are Calm?"

ILLUSTRATED BY BARTOW V. V. MATTESON

By Will Levington Comfort

M. J. BASCOM, he signed himself, keeping it a secret that his people had named him Marcus Junius. Halfway between twenty and thirty, he had been pondering a good deal of late on what sort of stuff he was made of. When he read of a hero's exploits in a newspaper or story he asked himself, would he have done that? And when he heard of some great suffering or privation of explorers he wondered how he would have acted if he had been along.

He worked in an old leather store, where they called him M. J. It was near the Plaza in Los Angeles—a shop which real cattlemen used to swear by in the days when *cantinas* still welcomed the passer-by around the corner on North Main Street—little games going on upstairs—and the Mexicans standing around the Plaza still had bits of color in their sashes and sombreros.

In this leather store was a wooden horse, frail but full height, on which M. J. was accustomed to show saddles, blankets and pack gear, talking a lot wiser than he felt to buyers, for he had never sat a live horse in his life.

In the evenings he would go out and sit in the Plaza under the dusty palms and sycamores or move about among the quiet Mexicans. There was a band that played La Paloma first and last and in between, and M. J. could sometimes imagine he was down in the City of Mexico, or at least in the heart of Sonora. Words like Sonora and paloma held a curious fascination for his ears; they belonged to a world that meant romance. Often he wondered what Los Angeles used to be like when there were empty hills all around, and how La Paloma would have sounded then—carved out of starlight.

Cuando salí de la Habana
Válgame Dios!

One day a beak-faced old man pushed ajar the door to the leather store, looked slowly around and remarked in mildest tone, "The first thing cow people does, when they don't know what to do, is to saddle their pony."

The voice was so gentle and leisurely, M. J. was warmed and interested at once. He was quite sure that nothing he could say about saddles would astonish such a customer, so he approached with a smile merely. The old man had come to a halt before as fine a bit of workmanship in plain leather as the store contained.

"It ain't hemstitched," he began reflectively.

"Would you like to see it on a model?" M. J. inquired.

"Now what would you expect me to lay out for a little tan kack like this?" the other asked, as if not hearing the question.

"Hundred seventy-five," M. J. said throatily. "Would you like to look at it on the model?"

"No; I can see Buddy Pitcairn made her from here. I'm shore partial about his monogram when I fork leather, but it might confuse me a whole lot to see it on the dappled gray." A check was written with the remark: "You can ship her to me, care of Mort Cotton's ranch at San Forenso, Arizona, and take plenty of time to look up this paper, young man. I never feel sure that the bank will like it when I write out money for myself."

The easy rapid writing hinted an intelligence in curious contrast to the quaint speech and huge hands, blacked and rounded to tool handles. The name on the check was Robert Leadley, and that was but the first of several calls which the old man made at the leather store, ostensibly for further purchases, but always lingering to talk to M. J. The latter had never known anyone so easy to be with, and one late afternoon at closing

time, when Mr. Leadley, with embarrassment, invited him to go out to supper, he had been on the point of asking the same thing. They stopped for a soft drink at an old brown rail in Main Street.

"I 'member when this was a great sportin' place," Mr. Leadley said. "I used to come in here from the mountains with gold in a little chamois sack. Had a California claim then. I'm located over in Arizona now, but even yet when the time comes to go out, I usually feel like coming over to L. A. to get cool. Why, I was in this very place one night when a man was shot. Just yonder by that plate of hard-boiled eggs, he went down, callin' on a woman."

"I didn't quite understand what you mean by 'going out,'" M. J. said, not wanting to miss anything.

"When you've got a claim in the mountains and you figure on leaving, you designates it 'going out.'"

"Is it a gold mine?"

"Well, by stretchin' a trifle you might call it a gold mine—just a little eke by myself. Southeast a ways and high up. You go to San Forenso first. You can look back into California and down into Sonora from my diggin's."

"Do you have horses up at the mine?" M. J. asked, thinking of the Pitcairn stock saddle.

The quaint laugh sounded. "Just a little vanity, young man. They do say old Bob Leadley would have his saddle hoss if he was runnin' a canal boat. I can't seem to do proper without a bit of hoss flesh handy, though Mamie sure costs me no end money and trouble, not bein' the sort of hoss as can pick her livin' off the north side o' trees."

He paused as if pleased to recall the mare to mind in minutest detail.

"Mamie's father was the stake hoss, Ganopol—one of the first ten runners, they do say, and bone and blood to go with it, if not a whole lot of hoss sense essential. Mamie's mother was just a cow horse; just cow horse, with a little clock workin' between her eyes—that was Clara. Thirteen years, I had her, and we got real domesticated together, you might say. Mamie's a five-year-old now—just about growed up—don't resemble neither parent none, bein' a jewel box by herself, full of her own little knickknacks. Yep, bred right out o' the purple royalty on one hand and the black sage on the other, but approachin' my idea of saddle hoss, plumb satisfyin'.

"An' p'r'aps it ain't such a chore, as I'm makin' out, to get hay and grain up to the mine, because once or twice a year Mort Cotton sends his mule train up from San Forenso to pack down my ore. Takes just about a week's work, three times a year, for a dozen or fourteen mules; and 'stead of the train pilin' back uptrail with empty riggin's, I stock up the cabin and the corral. Makes it easy, but a whole lot of times I don't know where to put all I got."

After supper they strolled back to the Plaza.

The band began playing La Paloma. M. J. started to speak, but Mr. Leadley's hand tightened on his knee for silence.

"I've got reason to remember that piece," he said when it was over. "The Mexicans never get tired of it. It's like the Virgin speaking to them. Do you know what that word means?"

"Dove," said M. J.

"Correct. You must have studied the language?"

"Yes. It comes handy in the leather store sometimes. You know a lot about Mexico, don't you?"

"Not so much as I used to think, young man, but I like the people. They're peaceful to be with, like the cattle. I lived on a farm in Ioway when I was a boy, and my father and mother used to fight a whole lot—at supper, especially. I 'member often goin' out in the barnyard, and how peaceful it was, after the supper table. The peons loll around and ruminate like the cattle."

M. J. waited for more, and what came had a world of feeling in it that he didn't understand. It seemed the night was chillier, and for once the gentle tone changed.

"We used to call 'em greasers and shoot 'em up a lot, not thinkin' much about it. We used to hang 'em for horse thieves when a sheriff wanted to make a showin'. Thought little more of 'em than a Chinee, only diff'rent. Young punchers and miners—we thought we were the people."

The voice stopped so suddenly M. J. felt queer.

"You didn't tell me why you have reason to remember La Paloma," he said, looking across at the red lights of Estella Teatro.

"I've got a boy about your size, I figure, somewhere south in Sonora." The words fanned to life the romantic pictures of M. J.'s private world—"somewhere south in Sonora." "He used to like that song—used to whistle and sing it at all times," Mr. Leadley continued. "Ten years since I saw him. He was only fifteen then—that would make him about your age now. You're pretty good size, but I think he'd show up a speck taller by this time."

"What's your son doing down there?"

"Well, I only hear from him occasionally through the papers. Must be excitin' work, having to do with the *rurales* mostly. Some calls it politics in Mexico. . . . Maybe they'll play that again—if we sit down for a spell."

And now M. J. was hearing the story of a boy, called Bart—no mother after the first year or two—life in a mining camp south of Silverbell, Arizona—a sorry sort of helpless attachment in the father.

"The very night Bart came to town, before even the old Mexican nurse let me in, I knew my job was cut out."

Sentences like these stood out in the midst of detail:

"I had everything mapped out for him, but he wouldn't follow the map. That broke me, because I mapped so hard and set much store. Bit by bit Bart showed me he'd have his way—taking his whippings easy, looking white, but ready to laugh, and going his own way just the same afterward. I never seemed able to do the right thing by him; couldn't let him alone; cared too much, I guess—the kind of care that hurts. Why, I'd get lonesome for him when he was right in the room, and flare up over things I'd never dream of getting sore about in anyone else.

"Not having his mother, a Mexican woman and her daughter brought Bart up. He learned their Spanish and their ways; he learned all we know about handling horses and what they know besides. He rode light, his hand quick, smile easy; horseman at ten, Bart was; had to have his six-gun before he was twelve. No use me tryin' to keep him from it, and the fellows I worked with in the mines whispering that he'd kill himself—that he wouldn't live to be hanged.

"Slim, black-haired, easy smiling and Spanish on his tongue—Mexican spurs, *conchas* and *reata*; more interested in guitar music than gold mining, and off by himself or with the Mexicans, instead of with his own kind. Yet anyone could see Bart was game and gritty—life a feather to him, take it or leave it—laughing but dangerous. I'm shore gettin' talkative."

"I like to hear about him," said the younger man.

That night as they parted, M. J. remarked with feeling, "I'd certainly like to get somewhere down in Sonora, but they say at the store I can only have two weeks' vacation."

"When does this here disaster happen in the leather business?" Mr. Leadley said with a halt in his tone.

"I can leave in June."

It was now the last week in April. The old man's voice was husky with strain.

"I was thinkin' you might come over to my claim on your vacation."

It began to appear more and more possible as they talked.

Directions opened right here at the Plaza. M. J. was told that an old friend and mining partner of Mr. Leadley's—Mort Cotton, the cattleman, to whom the saddle was shipped—would meet him at San Forenso and drive him up as far as the road went on the way to the mine.

"That's at Bull Trout Camp," the old man added. "From there you just keep on hikin' up the Cañon Trail till you come to White Stone Flats, where I'll be watchin' for you."

It sounded extremely complicated to M. J. "But suppose I should miss the trail?" he said.

"I can't see how you could, unless you got headstrong."

"But how am I to know when I get to White Stone Flats?"

"By composin' yourself to listen a little longer. First, you see two big pines less'n twenty feet apart, still alive but showing marks of a forest fire ten or twelve years back."

"I'm afraid I wouldn't know how a tree would look twelve years after a forest fire."

"Right, you wouldn't; but that ain't all to go by. It is a flats, remember, and on the flats is a lot of big white stones, and printed on the biggest of 'em in black letters, 'ARE YOU DOOMED?'"

M. J. saw himself getting there.

"Humorist—now I wonder?" Mr. Leadley went on. "Or just a pious gent coming up into Nineveh, as if sent for? 'ARE YOU DOOMED?'—right on the big stone facin' the trail, and a little way off on a smaller stone he fixes his answer: 'JESUS SAVES.' That there handwritin' on the rock seems to be for me, 'cause every time I go for water—there it is. But as I was sayin', you'll know you're comin' to the flats when you get to the last water."

"How shall I know it's the last water?"

"'Cause pretty soon after that you'll come to the flats, and I'll be watchin'."

Finally came the June morning when M. J. reached San Forenso, where he was met by Mr. Cotton, with a two-horse rig. The hand that he gripped was crippled in shape, but did not lack strength, and the eyes of the old cattleman peered into his with such frequency and deep intent as they drove that M. J. began to feel he had never before been so exhaustively appraised.

"Did Bob start tellin' you about Red Ante yet?" Mr. Cotton asked after some time.

"No," said M. J., wondering if Red Ante were a game.

At Bull Trout Camp, where the road ended, Mr. Cotton excused himself to write a note to Mr. Leadley, which M. J. was asked to deliver.

"And don't let the old bull snake fill you up on how bad he's treated Bart," was the last swift injunction. "I was along myself in them days, and I didn't miss all that was goin' on."

M. J. nodded attentively.

"Remember what I say when he starts tellin' you about Red Ante!" shouted Mr. Cotton, holding hard on his swerving team.

Awhile after that M. J. was alone on the steep Cañon Trail, his ears cracking like drying wall paper from the altitude, and his heart windily at work. Springs saturated the earth from time to time. There positively didn't seem to be any last water, until the trail widened and there faced him: "ARE YOU DOOMED?"

White Stone Flats. He found the two pines that had lived through the fire, all straight; but no Mr. Leadley to meet him. He called a little, but raising his voice left him queerly uneasy. There was food in his roll, and he finally spread his blankets and stretched out. The idea struck him that he must soon get back to work, for it seemed like ten days already.

The old man must have forgotten the date. Up here anything was possible. Hours after, a white glare through the eastern trees and a tardy bulging moon showed up; then quite the most curdling wail sounded through the whitish night. It was doggy in depth and volume, but the wauling of it was like a greatly enlarged cat. Now M. J. could really study the stuff he was made of; his heart knocking to get out. Nothing short of a mountain lion made that noise.

There was another sound, hard to place, that welled out of the dragging hours—a queer hum, so soft that one didn't know whether it was a mile away or in his hair. It was like a woman going insane, but not violently.

Hard to believe, but the sky began to show signs that another day was actually to be given to mankind. He made coffee at last; then in full daylight, another outcry. He stood up; his hand shook as he held a match to a cigarette, and his eyes caught the black letters: "ARE YOU DOOMED?"

"How did you know?" he muttered—and right then the call again—his own name.

A minute later he was running across the flats, his ears verifying as he ran, "Bascom—this wa-a-ay!" ahead, and somewhat above.

"Yes, I'm coming!"

On the easy slope before his eyes he saw a trail.

"Turn to the left at the rotted cedar!"

The voice nearer, his own steps soundless for sixty or seventy feet along the punk of a fallen timber; then a bald ridge which the winds had swept clean—a hand raised from the gravel—the old man crumpled there, his lips stretched white in a pained smile.

"A long time gettin' to you; couldn't make it last night. Where's your canteen?"

"Back with my stuff—shall I get it?"

"No, I guess I can wait a little longer. We'll get to the cabin. Mebby, leaning a whole lot, I can walk a bit."

"What did you do? You haven't been lying out here all night?"

"Yes. In the tunnel yesterday 'bout noon—falling rock. Too big for the small of a man's back. Started a trickle in there, somewhere." Did he mean in the mine or in his back? "Figured I could reach you by crawlin'—but played out."

He couldn't stand now, even with help. M. J. shouldered him at last; a long hard pull up to the cabin. No need for directions the latter part of the way, for a horse kept up an incessant nickering, like showers of gold coins falling upon a metal surface.

"That's Mamie. She ain't been fed since yesterday morning," the old man apologized repeatedly. "She never misses bestowin' her welcomes, though it ain't like her to be quite so noisy. She's a great listener, too, Mamie is."

A cabin in the midst of a group of great yellow pines. M. J. entered the open door, gasping with his burden. The old man's tortured mouth still smiled up at him from the bunk. The room smelled like cigar-box wood. It was stuffed with chests, cupboards and cabinets—a hand-hewn

room. M. J. brought water and started to unlace the nearest boot.

A ghost of the old chuckle and the words: "No, nothing for me till you go feed Mamie. She ain't used to bein' treated like this."

Half in a dream, M. J. went out to the little corral, lifting the wooden pin that let him in. The mare played curiously about him, but mainly kept her eyes to the cabin, her ears straight out for a voice from there. He saw only a bay butter ball at first—shiny satin in the bright sunlight—a lot more rounded out than the wooden horse in the leather store. He was thinking of the look he had seen in Bob Leadley's face; and of the rock, too big for the small of a man's back, and of feeding the mare before anything could be done. He dropped a measure of grain into the manger under the shed roof, but Mamie didn't stay with it. She kept running up and down the corral nickering softly, listening, her head cocked toward the cabin, her ears held forward pointing to the open door. She seemed appareled in sunshine.

That leak wasn't in the mine.

"I feel a trickle inside, young man."

Thus, every little while, through the heat of the day, the old man described his hurt, and how he felt himself bleeding internally. M. J.'s thought was to run for help to the nearest camp in Bull Trout Camp, but the other wouldn't let him go. There were things to be said.

"You never can tell when I'm apt to start talkin'—don't go yet. I'm restin' a little first, that's all."

When Mr. Leadley dozed a little later, M. J. roamed about outside, but within call. Everything imaginable in the way of canned goods, dried fruits, preserves were stored in a shed as commodious as the cabin; vast supplies of tobacco and quantities of unused tools. Stocked for a year, the place looked; with at least a ton of baled hay and many bags of grain in the corral shed. All the carpenter work was made of cedar; hand-tooling everywhere—work of a man who liked to bring out the best with a sharp blade; a quaint art about the cabinets and wooden insets in the fireplace.

Down trail to the right from the cabin door was the tunnel entrance to the mine, and ahead out over many tree tops a glimpse of the flats, a great pit of saffron light. M. J. was thinking he should go for help in spite of the old man's protestations. A call from the cabin hurried him in shortly after noon.

Twice the old man's lips started before he got words going.

"From the first, I took to you, young man—from the minute you looked so inquirin' as to what I meant, when I came in that leather store. Same age, and all that, as Bart down in Sonora—and when you hints you'd like to get down there —— Draw up a box to write on, and bring me a little leather sack of papers in the lower cabinet by the fireplace—the key in the wallet here. You're to write down what I say."

Reserves of will power were drawn upon; the quaint twang went out of the old man's speech:

"I, Robert Leadley, of the Dry Cache Mine, near San Forenso, Arizona, in sound mind, so far as I know, but badly hurt from a fallen rock in the tunnel of said mine—my own fault because I knew for a long time there were spots that needed timbering—do hereby confer upon my young friend, M. J. Bascom, who is writing this at my word, the sole right and authority to manage and administer all property I possess ——"

Enumeration included the Dry Cache Mine, saddle horse, all goods stored in cabin and corral shed, bankbooks, documents and keys to a lock box in the San Forenso Bank—amounting at the lowest to ninety thousand dollars, since Mr. Leadley had refused an offer of seventy-five thousand dollars for the mine itself.

"Don't sell in a hurry," he broke in. "There's a gold tooth in her head. Mort Cotton understands. You can tell Bart."

M. J. was to be identified by Mr. Cotton, who would help him through business of bank and probate and answer all questions as to why the property could not be left and arranged for in the usual way. It was Mr. Leadley's desire to leave the bulk of what he possessed to his only son, Bart Leadley, now somewhere in Sonora, Mexico, at large, and M. J.'s work to find same. A generous salary and expense account were provided, and on the day Bart Leadley was brought back to the States, M. J. was at liberty to assign to himself a one-fifth interest in the Dry Cache Mine. One-fifth was to go to Mort Cotton, memo of which was on separate paper, and three-fifths to the son, Bart Leadley.

M. J.'s eye was held to the page, after this was written, his mind so lost in what it all meant that the voice from the bunk actually startled.

"Well, how about it, young man—does the paper stand?"

"But me—why me, Mr. Leadley?"

"Because Mort Cotton can't go—I've talked to him—and administerin' property isn't his line. It's—it's because I took to you—that's the main reason."

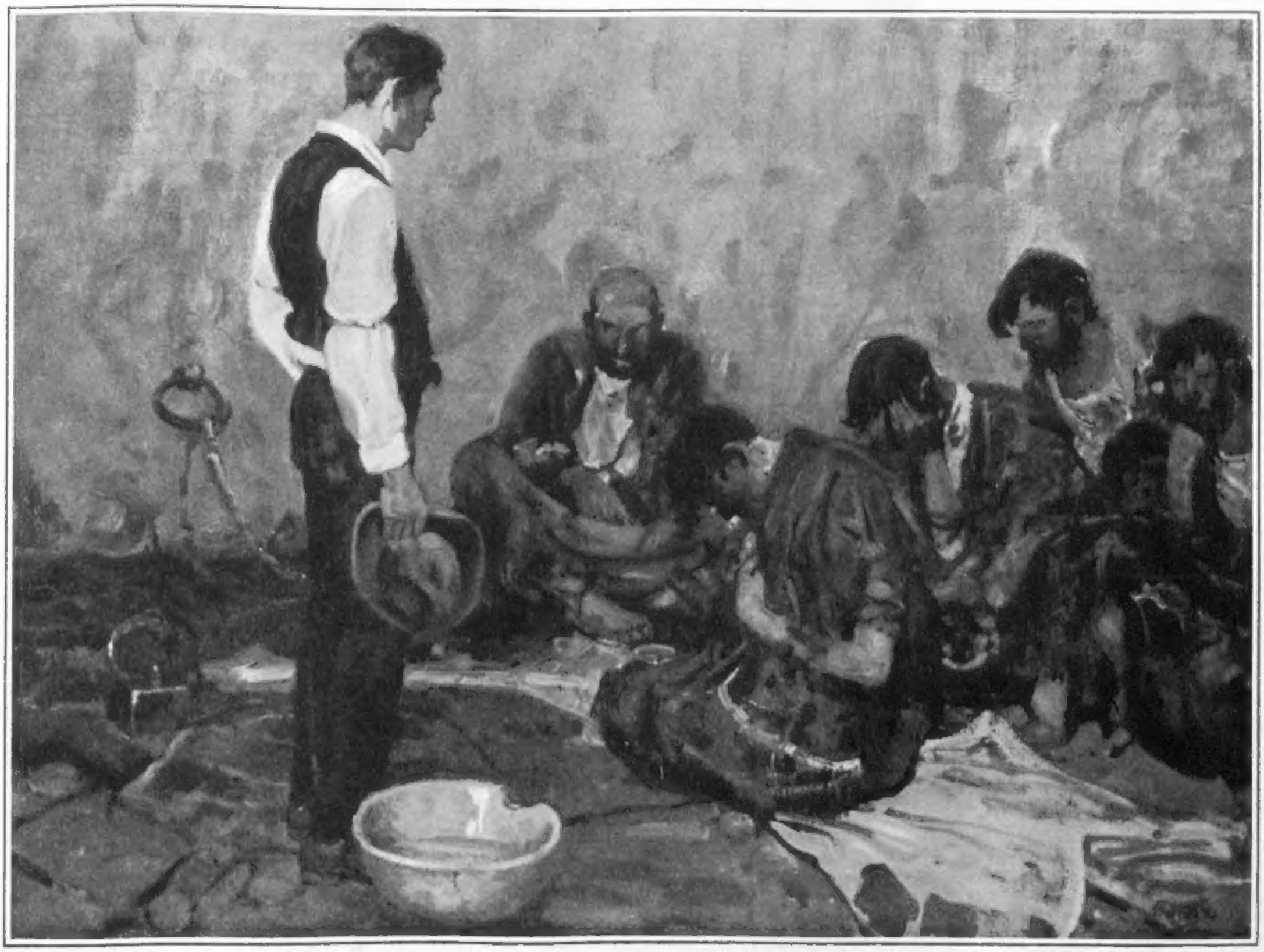
"But—in case your son isn't to be found—at least, from anything I can do?"

"All you have to do is convince Mort Cotton of the facts, and the whole business lies between you and him. There's nobody else in that case."

M. J. went to the door to breathe. Sonora—to find Bart Leadley at large in Sonora—expenses to draw from—an interest in the mine. His eyelids narrowed as he turned from the corral, where the mare stood listening in the vivid afternoon light. The voice came from behind.

"But Bart Leadley isn't dead. I don't feel he's dead. . . . No, you won't be able to go for a doctor just yet—little later for that, mebbe. The paper's done, but there's something to tell about Red Ante before you go—and yes, about Mamie. I'm giving her to you outright. I've told Mort. Not that Bart isn't a horseman, but you might be a long time findin' him, and I don't want her to change hands too often. . . . Of course, you'll need her in Sonora. Don't try to run her, young man. Just try to come to an understanding. Stand around and talk to her—she's one more

(Continued on Page 106)



The Suggestions of Underground Began to Haunt Him—the Presence of Condemned Men

With Pencil, Brush and Chisel

By EMIL FUCHS

LIKE so many parents whose children's welfare is the fundamental consideration of their existence, mine were gravely concerned about the future of their only remaining boy, who had been placed in this world just after an elder brother in an unguarded moment, playing before an open fire, caught a cinder on one of his curls and ended his young life almost before it had even begun. This was probably why the newcomer was doubly surrounded with anxious care and affection after his appearance on this stage, where tragedy and comedy succeed each other in endless variation, and are enacted with such elemental force that not a few of the actors look imploringly at the curtain above and wonder when it will be lowered, too often indifferent even as to whether or not the exit is by the right door.

This affection of my parents was my stage. The light effects were produced by only warm colors; the words I heard spoken were modulated by the tenderness of parental love; the setting was an idyl, flowers and sunshine—the kingdom of dreams. Even today I live happily in that land of mystery, and still enjoy each passing moment, blessing the dawning morrow.

But I have learned that just to play the part to the best of one's ability does not alone make for success. We need the collaboration of the other actors, even the good will of those who do not act with us. It is an essential ingredient, and its omission gives to life the flavor of unseasoned food; no matter how well it may be prepared, there is something lacking. And that something is the human element.

Enchanted Days of My Childhood

MY MOTHER'S kin had, with united efforts, made for themselves name and wealth. My father's people were poor. He was the youngest of a large number of brothers and sisters, all of whom seemed satisfied with their lot in a little village in Hungary. Not so my father. He left at an early age to mold his own destiny. He went to the nearest town and accepted a place in a small commercial house at the bottom of the ladder, whose steep steps he climbed untiringly until he reached a level where he felt he might aspire to the hand of one of the daughters of his patron. He proposed and was accepted, and they went to live in Vienna. There he established himself with nothing more than a good name, valuable experience, determination to succeed and the affection of a consort to whom he was accustomed to look up, and whom he worshiped ever more through the years.

Mother Love. A Group in Marble Which Mr. Fuchs Conceived and Executed During His Stay in Rome. At Right—Mr. Fuchs in His Studio

Soon after I was sent to school my mother's health became delicate, and she had to spend the winters in the south and the summers in the mountains. Thus I grew up at the side of my father, who became my adviser, friend and companion. In fact, he was everything to me, and the gentle care with which he guarded my existence was such that I never felt the need or desire to associate with my schoolmates. My lonely childhood opened a world for me, a world which kept me unaware of the shadows which are the complement of light. I was a dreamer. Even while still very young, beautiful things caused an emotion of happiness. There was always the craving to express myself in some form of imagery. I would write poetry or sketch or would compose tunes which, however discordant they may have been to others, unfolded lovely pictures to my gaze. What I could not express in language of my own, I borrowed from Heine, Goethe, Felix Dahn, Théophile Gautier and Alfred de Musset—my companions who could make me weep or sigh or could spur me on to such heights of enthusiasm that I wanted to set out and conquer the world.

Anna Maria, a Particularly Pleasing Study of an Italian Girl

To lay claim to having been a good scholar would be to flatter myself undeservedly. Actually, I had difficulty to squeeze through the semesters and I did not come out unscathed, for I bore several scratches and a few hard knocks. The one course in which I excelled was modeling. Small wonder. I spent all my spare time in that room. My first teacher was an old sculptor of animals, and the quantities of dogs' heads that he made me copy would have decorated a fair-sized kennel. To me it was such joy to mess about in that fascinating clay, which yielded so pliantly to the slightest impress of my fingers; but I neglected to note that though it was excellent for my ambition it never improved my appearance.

As I grew older I understood better and better what my father meant to me. I saw that he would deprive himself of comforts to give me luxuries. He would often speak of the pleasure it was for him to permit me to study anything I wanted to, because that was a form of patrimony from which no one could separate me. But I did not know then that my enchanted days entailed sleepless nights for him who denied me nothing.

Having built up a little business of which he was justly proud, he looked forward to the time when I should be able to help him. Nothing would have given me greater satisfaction. After leaving college I did enter his firm with the resolve to lighten his burden, but I did not know how to make myself even useful. It was painful to us both—to him because he soon saw that I had no aptitude for commerce, and it grieved me beyond compare when I knew that I could be of no service to him. And when in later years I might at least have returned his munificence in some small measure, it was too late—his summons had come to join the innumerable caravan.

While at school, not content to spend all my leisure time drawing and modeling, I could not resist making cartoons on the margins of my textbooks. Aside from the infraction of discipline, it destroyed the salability of the books to the incoming class. One of these untimely sketches was of a teacher and cost me a demerit mark in deportment at an unpropitious moment, for I had arrived at the period of my final examinations. The teacher said nothing, but simply opened a large class book and placed a mark against my name which I was certain was not favorable. This alarmed me so much that in my despair at the ultimate penalty—the relinquishment of my privilege to serve one year only instead of three in military training—I went to him with my book and asked if he thought it fair to punish me for making a really complimentary likeness of him.

A Boy Who Would be an Artist

HE LOOKED at it and, in casually turning over the leaves, recognized the features of some of my schoolmates and seemed to be amused. There were others of himself not so flattering, and it made me tremble as he approached those pages, but they, too, seemed to amuse him. He invited me to come to see him at his home that afternoon and bring my books, so I journeyed forth on a pilgrimage to the outlying suburb where he lived in a small apartment at the top of a shabby house. I was shown into his study by a grumpy old housekeeper. There he sat buried in mountains of books; books everywhere—on shelves, on the floor, on chairs, on tables, even under the tables. He invited me to sit down and tell him about myself. There was little to tell; just the story of a boy who craved to be an artist, but whose family opposed it. And now this unfortunate incident in the classroom and the dreary prospect of years of military service on account of my low mark in deportment. All this I told him while he inspected my textbooks, occasionally breaking into hearty laughter. He was no longer the stern schoolmaster keeping his boys in order. He was natural, human.

After hearing my tale of woe he said, "Don't worry. I will do all I can to help you. No one can really know the extent of your talent, but I see enough to be convinced that the life of an artist means your happiness. So go home and keep on working."

I had made a friend that afternoon.

This was the first occasion in facing an almost insurmountable obstacle—the necessity for serving those two extra years in the government barracks when I felt urged by an unseen force to act promptly and without premeditation. To approach a master as I had was an unheard-of presumption. This and other later instances taught me to act on impulse, even in important decisions, permitting myself to be guided by those unnamed powers which seem to influence the trend of our thought, just as the invisible rays or waves transmit sound and even envisage pictures

thousands of miles away. The mere fact that we call it something—fate or destiny or providence—proves that it must have manifested itself to countless others.

My unusual action had far-reaching consequences. This unknown man spent his days in a classroom harassed by a lot of unruly youngsters, and his nights among his beloved books. In his obscurity he was one day sought and appointed secretary of the treasury for the Austrian Empire.

How this came about was in itself a romance.

From time to time he issued pamphlets on national and economic questions. It was then the only possible way of criticizing government measures by a private citizen, the welfare of whose fatherland was his chief consideration. In due course these brochures came to the knowledge of the old emperor. Especially was Francis Joseph interested in a series of articles in which the writer undertook to prove that if the Austrian currency could be brought to a par with the currencies of France, Germany and Italy that stabilizing act would have a lasting effect upon the prosperity of the empire. So impressed was the sovereign with these essays that, when a change in the cabinet took place, he offered to unknown Doctor Steinbach the portfolio of the treasury.

A Character Study by Mr. Fuchs

And Steinbach proved to be the right man in the right place. What he advocated in writing he was able to put into effect. In a few years the new Austrian currency proved so beneficial that even today it is still a legal tender and will probably continue so for many years to come.

Having passed my examinations with the help of my new-found friend, my father allowed me to enroll at the Imperial Academy of Fine Arts. After my brief business career he was convinced that it would be better to let me follow my own inclinations.

The teacher of sculpture at the academy was Professor Hellmer. His class was crowded, so that he could give only a few minutes to each individual. The best pupils he taught in his private studio, thus removing them from our sight. But this did not matter much; to view their work would not have helped materially, as the academies reach only the humbler disciples of art. Even those who have arrived at the top of the academic ladder have rarely attained more than mediocrity. One has only to study the list of the hundreds who have won the coveted *prix de Rome* in the various countries, to be assured that this was their only achievement, if it may be so designated rather than as a lucky chance.

Divine Sarah

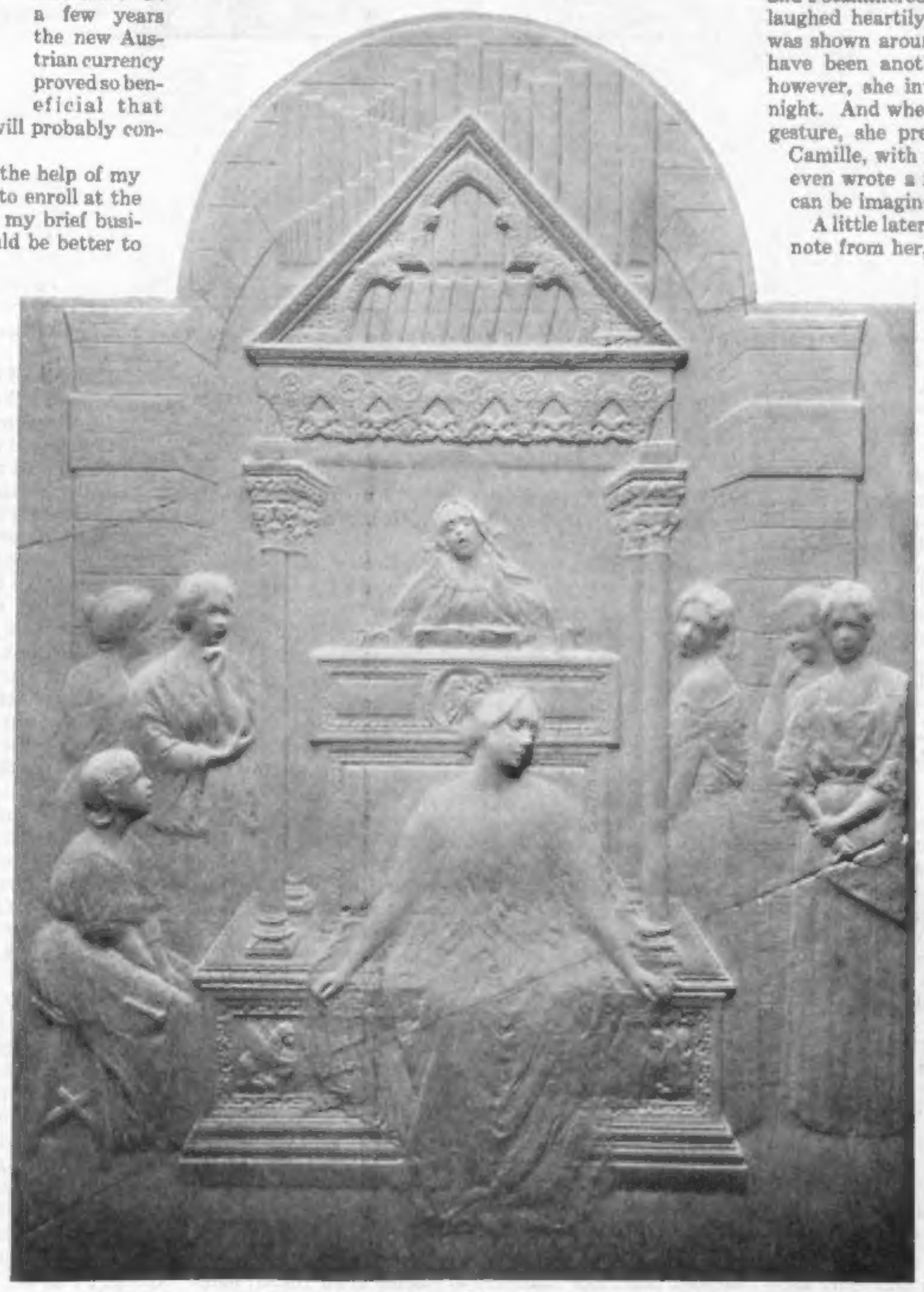
THE reason for this is simple. To succeed in art, more than talent is needed. That is only the foundation; the edifice itself requires many component parts, the omission of any one of which will be noticeable in the work—imagination, sentiment, perseverance, assiduity, untiring devotion. It is because of the exigencies of this profession that so few succeed, and these, indifferent to the dictates of fashion, the critics, the dealers or the public, have silently followed their own path, finding their way instinctively through the labyrinths. Even if they are not permitted to see the end of the road and the clearing beyond, their days have at least been filled with unalloyed bliss.

It was in the year 1888, while I was at the academy, that Sarah Bernhardt, then at the zenith of her fame, was touring Europe. Her success was astounding. Although she played in French, the Vienna theater sold out every night. At the stage door hundreds of people would wait for her to come out, when she would toss among them fragments of the lace handkerchief which she tore so effectively into shreds in La Dame aux Camélias. No wonder I caught the contagious fever. Night after night I, too, waited in the dark passages at the stage door in the hope of catching a glimpse of her as she passed. One day I took my courage in my hands and wrote her, asking if she would grant me the honor of a few sittings for a small bust, which I would be happy to offer her should she think it worthy of acceptance. To my note came this reply:

"Je vous recevrai demain, Samedi, à quatre heures, et je me prêterai avec plaisir à votre fantaisie artistique." [I shall receive you tomorrow, Saturday, at four, and shall lend myself with pleasure to your artistic fancy.]

This was about the biggest thing that could have happened to me. I began the bust in wax, and with the aid of photographs worked at it day and night until I finished it—such as it was. In a turmoil of excitement I waited at my studio. The time passed, but there was no sign of the divine Sarah. I waited on, until finally I took up her letter again to make sure that the engagement was written there, black on white. There really was hardly need of that, since I knew the letter by heart. But as I scanned it again, and this time more carefully, I discovered that I had read the first three words *"Je vous verrai"* [I shall see you], assuming that this would mean at my improvised studio. When I realized my error I had barely time enough to hurry to her hotel and to throw myself upon her mercy.

She was in her drawing-room presiding at tea, and was surrounded by a crowd of illustrious visitors. Behind her chair stood her husband, Damala, the handsome Damala, whom she had married and divorced and married again. Though he had no talent, he played in her company the part of the leading juvenile. But what did that matter? He looked the part and she possessed the gifts. Besides,



Saint Cecilia, a Bas-Relief in Marble of Which Mention is Made in This Article

Cecilia Duesi, an Italian Peasant Woman, From an Original by the Author

everyone knew that he had been her dressmaker and that she had fallen in love with him. Because of this he was more interesting to the crowd than a Charles Kean or a Henry Irving.

This throng about Madame Bernhardt I had to face, and I stammered my excuses as best I knew how. They all laughed heartily. I produced the bust I had made. It was shown around to everyone, and I suppose this must have been another cause of hilarity. Very graciously, however, she invited me to come up on the stage that night. And when I came, hanging on her every word and gesture, she presented me, after the big love scene in Camille, with a piece of the coveted handkerchief, and even wrote a few words on it. My state by that time can be imagined.

A little later, before leaving Vienna, I received another note from her, which read as follows:

"Je vous en prie, cher Monsieur Fuchs, remettons la pose de mon petit joli buste à mon retour. Je me sens trop suffrante aujourd'hui. Je vais me mettre dans mon lit pour pouvoir jouer ce soir. Venez ce soir dans ma loge pour que je vous serre la main.

"Si vous venez à Budapesth, je poserai bien. "Mille amitiés,

"SARAH BERNHARDT

"1888."

[I beg of you, dear Mr. Fuchs, to postpone the sittings for my nice little bust until my return. I feel too unwell today. I am going to lie down so as to be able to play tonight. Come this evening to my dressing room so that I can shake hands with you.

If you come to Budapest, I will pose for you.

A thousand kind regards,

SARAH BERNHARDT.]

A Mended Heart

I HAD a wild impulse to follow in her train with my poor bust. Unfortunately I found that my means would hardly permit of such extravagance. For a long time my heart ached, and for many days after, I kept running to my door to see whether the hoped-for letter from Madame Bernhardt had arrived. But it never came. Time is a kind friend and a great physician, and it mended my broken heart too.

Though passionately bent upon sculpture and drawing, I was also a student of music. Thanks to the generosity of my father, who showed me no end of kindness and indulgence, I was able to study the piano at the Vienna Conservatory, and that

(Continued on Page 114)

DIDOS: OFFICIAL REPORT

Preparing a Full Tumbler of the Liquid, as Rapidly as Possible I Drained Down the Larger Half. Then I Sat Down and Awaited Results

By Horatio Winslow

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

IT IS not necessary for me to recount, my dear parents, my shock at learning the sensational accounts telegraphed from the Paris journals to the local press, and it is in response to your justly indignant cablegram that I hasten to respond with the detailed report of everything which happened. To begin, I cannot too strongly state that the person primarily responsible for all is Uncle Perry. Yet I, too, may not be free from blame. Perhaps I should have acted when first I observed the signs of abnormality in his behavior.

For example, when the train was pulling out past the city limits Uncle Perry, leaning from the window, began to blow kisses toward the factory.

"What are you doing, Uncle Perry?" I demanded, astonished by this strange behavior.

"A long farewell, Eustace," he replied, taking out his handkerchief and wiping his eyes; "a long, long farewell."

This I attributed to natural emotion. Indeed, it was only when the great commercial city of New York was fading on the horizon that his conduct first impressed me as utterly untoward. Leaning on the ship's rail, I had been expounding to him my notion of a more efficient method of wrapping cakes of soap when suddenly I perceived that Uncle Perry was no longer by my side or even in sight. Hastening in search of him to continue my exposition, I stopped a moment beside Velma and her cousin, Miss Meldor, who were sitting in their steamer chairs.

"Have you seen Uncle Perry?" I asked.

"Yes," Velma answered; "he was with somebody named Grober from Racine, Wisconsin. They were hurrying forward. . . . Say, Eustace ——"

"What is it, Velma?" I queried kindly.

"When we get to Paris, Eustace, don't you think we could lose your Uncle Perry for a while? He's a little too stuffy and businessy, don't you think?"

"Velma!" said Miss Meldor reproachfully.

"Well," said Velma, "I hate to be around people who are so consciously righteous and efficient as Eustace's Uncle Perry."

"Velma," I replied, "Uncle Perry is an unusually sterling and sober character in the modern business world."

"Well," said Velma with a sigh, "I wish he would quit being quite so sterling and so sober. It hurts. Perhaps Mr. Grober will do him good."

As I had previously observed Mr. Grober, and as he had scarcely seemed the sort of person with whom Uncle Perry could associate profitably, I now felt it my imperative duty to cut short this conversation and to continue my quest for our relative.

In spite of the unpleasantly rolling motion of the boat, I had paced the deck for some time when, through the door of the so-called smoking salon, I caught sight of the object of my search. With Mr. Grober, Uncle Perry was seated at a small table behind two gilt-topped bottles, indulging in a hearty fit of laughter.

"Uncle Perry," I said somewhat severely as I noted the flush upon his cheek and the unusual light in his eye.

"Hello, Eustace, old hoss," he returned in a loud and unaccustomed voice. "Sit down and have a snifter of Europe's famous temperance hair tonic, which cures them all of what ails them, and shake hands with Bill Grober, of Racine. He has just told me that his charming native city is not located upon Lake Michigan but that Michigan is on Lake Racine. If he says it again I will send the waiter out for a strait-jacket."

"No doubt, Mr. Grober," I said, endeavoring to smooth over the tactlessness of Uncle Perry's remark—"no doubt you are aware that your native city, named after the celebrated French dramatist, Racine, leads the world in the production of ——"

"Stop right there, Eustace," interrupted Uncle Perry; "you are all wrong. It has been conclusively proved that the last name of the celebrated French dramatist was not Wisconsin at all, but Henderson. Moreover, noted scientists, such as Darwin and Huxley and Ball, have latterly decided that, like Minnehaha, Racine is an Indian name derived from the old Chippewa root kinnikinnick—meaning Laughing Firewater. . . . Grober, if anybody tries to annex those bottles, shoot him at sunrise. . . . Eustace, since you won't take a little shot of something that would do you good, come out on deck with me. I have bad news and I want to break it gently."

Though astonished by the uncouth change which had come over Uncle Perry, I accompanied him quietly, hoping to receive some explanation for his extraordinary behavior.

"Eustace," he began, "you seem to have the idea that you are here, to use the classical phrase, *in loco parentis*. It is true that dates mean nothing, and that though, according to the family Bible, I am thirty-five years of age and you but twenty-three, for all practical purposes I am just turning sixteen while you are a hundred and six and getting older every minute. But, young as I am, I want to paddle my own canoe. Your respected father and my older brother has the notion, I fear, that I am chaperoning your little group and acting as guide, philosopher and friend to yourself, your good-looking fiancée and her lengthy and mature cousin, Miss Meldor. He is all wrong. Eustace, he is all wrong. I am walking on the other side of the road."

"You are overwrought, Uncle Perry," I suggested gently. "If you go to the stateroom and lie down a little you will feel better."

This counsel seemed to irritate rather than soothe.

"Eustace," he said, "know once and for all that I am off good advice of every description. For ten years I have accepted good advice and said nothing, but now I am all through. The best thing you can do is to roll your hoop."

"I have no hoop, Uncle Perry," I returned coldly.

"Well, then, run away and roll a cigarette."

I informed him that I did not smoke.

"In that case run away without rolling, but allowing a free knee-action and sprint at the finish."

With this remarkable valedictory he turned and plunged rather than walked back into the smoking salon. Speechless, I dropped into the nearest deck chair, determined, in spite of the antics of the waves, to think. How long I thought I do not know. Over and over again the agonizing problem presented itself for my decision. After ten

years of the closest association with the wholesome atmosphere of our family, Uncle Perry had suddenly lost all the good effects of that communal life. Either he was becoming or—worse—had already become a confirmed dipsomaniac; or horrid hypothesis—he was suffering from some species of mental derangement.

Which of these terrible alternatives was I to accept?

Which?

II

IT WAS a bounden duty to resolve these doubts at once. Yet such was the mental and physical *malaise* engendered by my suspicions—and perhaps increased by the disorderly progress of our vessel—that I did not stir from the spot till some hours later. Reluctantly I was forced to decline all invitations from Velma and Miss Meldor to promenade the deck. Indeed, it was only at the approach of the evening hour that I mustered courage to rise, not with any idea of seeking Uncle Perry, but merely to repose myself on my bunk. A conversation with Velma slightly before had in no way relieved my mind. I had asked her if she, too, had noticed anything strange in the behavior of Uncle Perry.

"Uncle Perry," she had answered, "seems to be coming out of his long winter's sleep. A little while ago I passed him with Mr. Grober and he paid me the nicest compliment you ever heard and promised to tell my fortune. I'm beginning to like his style."

"It is my wish," I had responded, "that in the future you have nothing whatever to do with Uncle Perry."

"Uncle Perry strikes me," she had returned flippantly, "as the real livewire in your family tree. But just as you say, Eustace; from now on every time I see him coming I'll hide under my steamer rug and scream."

Brooding over this unlooked-for attitude on the part of one bound to me by the most sacred of vows, I picked my steps toward the stateroom. But on opening the door, what was my surprise to find that Uncle Perry had preceded me. He was standing in the center of the small compartment. His hat had been laid carefully in the washbowl and he was endeavoring to arrange his hair with his toothbrush. Despite my condition—and his—I made up my mind to interview him at once and thus come to some definite conclusion as to his mental state.

"Uncle Perry," I began, "I wish to have a serious conversation with you."

"What language?" said Uncle Perry, laying down the toothbrush and trying to hang his coat on the electric light. "If you wish to use the ancient or Doric Greek it will be extra. Other languages at usual rates."

"Uncle Perry," I remarked sternly, "do you realize what you are saying?"

He shook his head.

"Did I speak? Everything is going around. Where is little Ellen?"

"You seem far from well," I remarked meaningly. "Do you wish me to dispatch a telegram to father?"

Arranging himself on his bunk in a recumbent position, he closed both eyes and returned the following answer:

"Yes, send this one: 'Acquisition perquisition requisition.' It is a code."

"What code, Uncle Perry?"

"Code in the head." [*sic*]

I considered for a moment and then continued, determined to give him every opportunity to justify himself.

"Uncle Perry, what is the translation of your telegram?"

"What telegram?"

"The code telegram."

"Oh, the one I was sending to the League of Nations. It is very simple; read from right to left and skip where you cannot jump. I merely said, 'Rainy and variable. Watch Berengia in the fourth. Lollipops.'"

"Why Lollipops?" I queried.

"It is the name of my fifth wife. Tell the grand vizier to turn out the cat and lock the trained seals in the ice box. That little Velma of yours is some looker. She is one sweet little girl. I like her."

"Uncle Perry," I said severely, "I forbid you in the future to speak of her, or, what is more, speak to her."

"Then I will sing it," he replied. "My motto is 'Anything to please.'"

I shook him by the shoulder.

"Uncle Perry," I said in a sharp voice, "do you not realize that if you continue like this you can never hope to go back to the soap factory?"

His reaction to my ultimatum was stupefying. Uncle Perry sprang from his bunk. His eyes opened, and when he spoke, his pronunciation, though still far from exact, was noticeably improved.

"Eustace," he began, "you have said the one thing capable of arousing me. I am in no condition for deep thinking, but in my wild, whirling way I can state some home truths. And the first one is that I am not going back to the ancestral soap factory."

While I paused aghast he continued with gathering frenzy:

"Ten years ago, Eustace, at the ripe age of twenty-five I had not only expended my slender patrimony but I had become indebted to various too confiding persons. Your father did not kill any fatted calves for the prodigal, but he gave me a nice lean job, an attic room and a place at the family table. I have spent ten years in the improving and pedagogical atmosphere exuded by my brother and your progenitor. As the result of those ten years of relentless virtue and efficiency I have paid my debts and accumulated a small round nest egg. And now I can state without fear of successful contradiction that I am all through with good advice, family life and soap factories."

This mad decision was evidently the crowning proof of Uncle Perry's mental aberration, but I could not believe my ears.

"You mean, you do not wish to come back?"

"You have said it, Eustace. After ten years in the zoo I have escaped. Nobody catches me again without a net. I am off soap and Sunday dinners for life. I may wash my hands sometimes, but it will be a concession. You are the heir to all the ages, the soap factory included, but you will never inherit me. And now run away, Eustace, because Uncle Perry is going to sleep, and if you disturb him any more he will shy a shoe at you."

Doubt was no longer possible, and stumblingly I regained the deck with the idea of at once notifying the ship's doctor and having Uncle Perry placed under suitable control. But though my decision was clean-cut, I had decided, alas, without consulting the elements. The wind was freshening, and once on deck, I found myself unable to do more than cling to the rail. How long I clung I do not know. I recollect only that I was finally roused by a light pressure on the shoulder. It was Miss Meldor.

(Continued on Page 149)

"My Friends, Do Not Disturb Me, Because at Midnight I am Going to Pass the French Army in Review, and I Do Not Wish to Get All Mussed Up First"

HOW IN THE WEST?

Wheat Going to Market From the Campbell Operation in Montana

By Garet Garrett

YOU cannot make one stroke and say, "Here the West begins." You have to stalk it. There are signs—too many signs—This way to the West. If you follow them you will come suddenly to the place where the West is not. It ends in the Rocky Mountains. Beyond is another design of life.

Little differences come first. The taxicab driver makes change as if he did not expect a tip. You may carry your own bag into the hotel and find two clerks waiting to receive you. That is service. When you have made your appointment by telephone and ask the girl how to go, she does not wave her arm through an arc and say "Up that way three blocks and turn right." She says "Three blocks north and half a block east." Everyone directs you in that manner. You are supposed to know the habits of the sun. Still, this may be only a local custom. You are not sure. You have noticed that the newspapers are like Eastern newspapers. They have the same art of compressing the meaning out of headlines, the same comic strips, the same cartoons, the same eye-bright editorials by Arthur Brisbane and Dr. Frank Crane. Outside you see that the streets are crossed with white lines at the intersections. Traffic is admonished in the familiar manner No Left Turns—Parking Limit Thirty Minutes. The windows are filled with nationally advertised merchandise. The women have the latest hair bobs. Is it the beginning of the West? Or is it only that you are a night's ride west of Chicago?

The Land of Earnest Boosters

THEN unexpectedly you collide with a difference of language—meaning not a change of dialect, but a change in the meaning of certain words. For example, the noun "booster" or the verb "to boost." It occurs in the course of a conversation touching the sadness of the fact that people do not always know the place of perfect desire when they see it, and what the city's new boosting committee is proposing to do about it. By some slight sign you betray that sophisticated, slightly ironic understanding of the word which is common in the East. You suppose the boosters are secretly amused at themselves and offer to share this interior emotion with you, as with one who knows his way behind the scenes. Instantly there is a glacial rift. The friendly air is chilled. You will never make that mistake again.

Gradually, as you proceed, the enormity of the offense appears. The booster idea bears no satirical inflection in the West. It associates with pride of locality, with aspirations of civic grandeur, achievement, success. Trifle with it and see. The word has full and dignified standing. The Union Pacific system issues a folder entitled, The Railroad as a Business Builder, of which the last paragraph but one reads, "Assistance is given to communities in disseminating literature boosting their cities or sections." You shall not smile when you see in public places such bulletins as this: "The official boosting program will be broadcast every Tuesday and Friday by your chamber of commerce." There is news of boosting. Booster clubs give themselves names, adopt uniforms, invent rituals, and at length become organized on a state-wide plan and go visiting one another to boost boosting.

This is all very serious, without being solemn. Every town has a publicity bureau and a slogan and knows something about itself that is unique, which may be only the fact of its own existence. Kearney, Nebraska, puts a signboard by the railroad station to announce that it stands precisely halfway between Boston and San Francisco, besides which uniqueness, it is of course full of happiness, opportunity and the spirit of welcome, and has already 10,000 people.

One reason for all this striving after the effect of nonesuchness is that the towns and cities are all so much alike. Whatever they once had that was distinctive in form, color or behavior they have thrown away. They are all new, in the modern shape; all lighted and paved and policed in the same way; all clean, tidy and sinless. Here and there a corporation has preserved in new structures certain historic or local aspects, as, for instance, the Santa Fe Railroad in the Spanish-mission style of its stations; but even Albuquerque, New Mexico, much prefers to resemble a commuters' town, or Montclair, New Jersey, than anything that was ever Western. It is entirely new, all rebuilt in a few years. What is left of the old town is far out and apparently survived because it was not in the way.

Growth does it. They grew faster than their skins and underwent a kind of metamorphosis. That is to say, they made themselves over entirely in the best conventional style, with features all alike. They did this partly by their own exertions and partly by magic of tax-exempt bonds. They forgot their former existence. They ceased to have a past. Its heirlooms and curiosities were sent to the junk heap. What they now wish you to see and appreciate will be their civic-center buildings, their artificial lakes for public recreation, their country clubs, their golf courses, their million-dollar schools, their white-way streets lined with lights in clusters of five, and how favorably their shop windows compare with those of Fifth Avenue in New York. Such are their monuments, their measures of pride. What was is obliterated. They live in the present, facing the future, thrilled by this sense of growth.

Why they grow they do not clearly know. Some ascribe it to the boosters, some to the slogan, some to the publicity fund which shall be increased, and some to a forethought of Providence. Excusing none of these potent factors, one may yet mention a powerful economic cause. The automobile is its symbol.

The Influence of Business

THE American small town was based on a radius of locomotion limited by animal power. Then of a sudden the gasoline motor, displacing animal power, increased that radius five or six times. The fate of the small town was thereby sealed. Fewer and larger towns spaced much farther apart—that was the inevitable consequence. A process of natural selection began. For example, a Minneapolis lumber firm with a long chain of retail yards would find it cheaper to deliver lumber by motor truck over an area fifty or sixty miles wide than to keep a yard in each of five or six small towns serving the same territory. What happened then was that several little towns lost their lumberyards and one town got a consolidated yard as big as all these together. It became the policy of chain business to consolidate its small-town units in that manner; and where the chain-yard lumber company went, there also went the chain-store grocer, the chain-store drug-and-notions company, the consolidated agencies of the implement and automobile makers, because certainly their common advantage lay in going all to one place.

So the one town that began suddenly to grow was the one that was bound to go on growing, the more the faster, like a crystal forming. Its selection in the first place may have been accidental or arbitrary. No matter how. The thing begins, and the principle of growth is ruthless.

As a town grows, its power of attraction increases as by the square of its surface; from the same law, as the small town decreases in importance, its power of attraction declines by a similar ratio. And if you like to imagine it, a growing town or city is in this respect like a form of organic life, tending to multiply

Lower Columbia River Highway at Clatsop Crest

itself to infinity for no reason it can possibly conceive—merely for the sake of doing it.

There are exceptions among Western cities, instances of natural growth by subdivision of cells within the skin, rhythmically, instead of this extravagant other kind by a process of accretion. Denver is an exception. Denver is old, basic and wise. It is continuous and keeps its history. Its monuments, as permanent as monuments may be in any form of vertical dust, are to its founders and builders, who are never forgotten. They live there still. Its wealth is Venetian. It made it in precious metals, in banking, in trade and enterprise; and, having made it, keeps it; it keeps it there where it was made, knowing nothing better to do with it. Therefore it increases naturally, according to the law of wealth. It stands between Chicago and San Francisco, alone but not solitary, shrewd mother of capital, mistress of men. Few leave it, and those who do will sometime return. At the railroad gate is a great arch, decoratively though not brilliantly lighted. What is on the outside you forget. "Welcome" perhaps. But what is written on the inside you remember. That is what it is for. The word is "Mizpah," which stands for the beautiful benediction: "The Lord watch between me and thee, when we are absent one from another."

However, Denver is not the West. Here even the broad-brimmed hat disappears. You will not remember where you first began to see that singular exaggeration, and it means nothing; or, at least, it leads to nothing. Men affect it who in all other respects are dressed as men are anywhere else. It is a vestige, like an idiom of speech persisting long after the object or folk way that gave rise to it is forgotten.

You will not recall, either, where you first began to cross the north-and-south Mexican current. This now reaches all the way up to the Canadian border. It has color, especially in the women—the highest one gleam of natural picturesque human color in the West outside of the dude ranches. But it is a tame, sluggish stream, with only certain economic and political implications. The drudgery of agriculture, such as hoeing and weeding, over increasing areas of the West is beginning to rest upon imported Mexican labor, even to the sugar-beet fields in the valley of the Red River of the North. There are no restrictions on Mexican immigrants.

The door stands open. They are supposed to have passports. Many of them have not, and these are called wetbacks, on the humorous supposition that they swam the Rio Grande to get in.

The Wild Western Bucking Show

MOST of this Mexican labor is handled in the first instance by the beet-sugar companies. The Great Western Sugar Company alone lays out $250,000 a year in railroad fares to bring it to the beet fields and deliver it to the beet growers under contract beforehand to thin and weed the beets for a flat price of twenty-five dollars an acre. This requires only about sixty-five days of labor, discontinuous. On other time the Mexicans let themselves out to bean growers and general farmers at $2.50 and $3 a day. Though it is supposed to be migratory labor, about one-third of it stays and never goes back. So you see the rise of adobe Mexican villages as far north as the northern tier. The houses are built by the Mexicans themselves of sun-baked

A Raisin Grower at Fresno, California

bricks and cost about $200 each. And you see also the beginning of another alien problem in the country, since under the Constitution a child born on American soil, of any parentage whatever, is an American citizen.

The Western round-up has been staged and commercialized for tourists. Read one of its typical advertisements:

SHE'S WILD

THE WILDEST OF THEM ALL

Bronc Riding,
Calf Roping,
Steer Wrestling,
Lady Bronc Riding,
Bareback Bronc Riding,
Trick Riding,
Trick Roping,
Wild Horse Races

BOZEMAN ROUND-UP

At Bozeman, Montana, August 7, 8, 9.

Thousands of Dollars in Cash Prizes.
Vast Arena With Seating Capacity of Over 20,000.
Every Move in Plain Sight of Every Spectator.

WORLD'S WILDEST HORSES

Or the one at Jackson, Wyoming, where you should see:

WESTERN SCENES THAT MAY NEVER AGAIN BE DEPICTED. THE LAST CHANCE TO SEE THE COWBOY AND COWGIRL IN REALITY. EVERYTHING WILD AND WOOLLY, AND THE TOWN WIDE OPEN AFTER THE SHOW.

The tourist begins to be mentioned. So any incurable plague is mentioned, not at first, not at all if it can be avoided, because once the subject is opened there is no telling where it will end.

There is an old woman in Wyoming who, hating the motor tourist, yet turned her house into a tourist inn. It was the easiest way to make a living. She treats them well until her house is full. Then she stands out of their hearing, her face to the road, hurling maledictions at the others passing. Because they do not stop? No; her house is already filled. Because they are motor tourists. Spells of evil and horrendous darkness she says upon them. Have they not tempted the West to sell itself for a peep show?

Wyoming was the last refuge of the West. You would think nothing could ever disenchant you with its wild disheveled beauty. Nothing really can. Yet a little thing may seem a shocking incongruity. A tea room; a hot-dog stand; a wash of frivolous knitted things between two trees; the falling fast asleep at nine o'clock in a pup tent by the flivver. Might a bear not come and eat her up? No worry. The bears are tame and wise. They have learned that tourists are not sweet to eat, and that all a bear need do is work the road. Tourists love to feed him. Then they can take his picture.

In the Jackson's Hole Country

YOU would long remember a certain evening passed with a government naturalist and the chief ranger, beginning with a stealthy detour through the brush to a high point overlooking the great Jackson Lake Meadow, what was seen there, and what the sequel was—especially what the sequel was. This is in the Jackson's Hole country of Wyoming. The loveliest part of it is in temporary withdrawal as Federal forest reserve, and will probably be added, as it should be, to Yellowstone National Park. The purpose of the furtive detour through the brush was to get a look at the moose, whose habit it is to come grazing and trysting on this meadow at sundown.

First there was a cow moose alone. Then a bull moose appeared at a great distance, coming slowly. He stopped at a pool, stood knee-deep in it, posed there for a long time, perhaps enamored of his own reflection or taking stock of his attractions, Nature absently minding her sorceries. In the background the terrific Tetons, tipped with snow, silhouetted against the sunset. In panorama the wild meadow, dotted with pools, some in deep blue shade, some gleaming red. There in a red one the bull moose twice once himself and once his reflection. Here at a dark blue pool the tormenting lesser part to which the greater must incline. The whole scene tense and very still.

The bull decides. He walks straight through the pool, straight across the mile of green, stopping now and then as a bull should, but never hesitating, never veering. It takes him twenty minutes. The object pretends to be unconscious of his pompous oncoming. But she overdoes it at the end. She must have heard him long before she turned her head They stand for a while well apart, not looking at each other.

He draws a little closer, closer still; and then, as if new acquaintance were the oldest thing in the world, they walk slowly, sedately along together.

(Continued on Page 76)

Klamath Falls, Oregon, Mount Shasta in the Background

REMEMBER LOT'S WIFE

By Cosmo Hamilton

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE WRIGHT

GILBERT HURSTPIERPOINT'S rather nice name was pronounced Hersperant, owing to the fact that his aristocratic forbears had suffered from the general illiteracy of their time. Not so much because of this decided handicap and the infinitude of trouble to which it placed him by having to spell the word laboriously to every tradesman, as because of an ineradicable sense of drama he reveled in awkward situations, especially when they completely ruined the peace of mind of his dearest friends.

Here, to break the blue monotony of cloudless skies, was one, a beauty, which he could see at a glance would not only cause a wagging of tongues among the poverty-stricken English set in Venice and Fiesole, Rome and every village all round the Italian lakes, but in the offices of several of the most sought-after barristers in the Inns of Court, and knock the bottom out of a society divorce case to which he and they were looking forward with unbearable impatience.

Although living in a small back bedroom at an old fashioned hotel, at least a quarter of a mile from the nearest bath, he made a nightly point of posting himself on the steps of the Europa to watch the squabbling *gondolieri* arrive with their browbeaten passengers from the Paris train.

Thus it came about that he had greeted his young friend, Sybil Bagshot, whom he was delighted and surprised to see and who had managed, as usual, to get away from the jostling crowd, the overburdened porters and the yelling boatmen, in front of everybody else—the lady who had brought this action against her husband and then, to his consternation and bewilderment, had come face to face with, of all people, in the same hotel, that very man.

"Don't Let His Lordship Disturb Your Plum, George," She Said Lightly, "Now That You're Going So Strong"

As quiet, as cosmopolitan and as immaculate as ever, Lord George Bagshot ascended the water-lapped steps with outstretched hand, leaving the baggage and the inevitable wrangle to his valet.

"Well, I'm hanged!" he said. "Gilbert, by Jove! Never expected to see you in this place."

"Nor I you, if it comes to that, Geordie, my dear. And what's more, you mustn't land. Tell your gondolier to take your things on to the Danielli. You can't stay here."

"You idiot," said George, "you don't suppose I forgot to send a wire from Paris to engage my rooms, do you? I always stay at this nice old place."

In a henlike fluster the dapper Gilbert closed in upon the man, who had all the outward appearance of being unconscious of this appalling contretemps. The tip of his well-oiled head came up exactly to the top button of his young friend's low-cut waistcoat.

"You spent your honeymoon here," he said in a lowered voice, "as all the world will read when the case comes on. That's one of the reasons, and let me at once show you the other. Why, if you had to come to Venice, you must stay at another hotel."

"Gillie, I regret to say that you show every sign of having imbibed the native product of this vine-ebullient land." He laughed at his frightful outbreak of leading-article English. "Cut along and watch the rest of the arrivals or you may miss something."

The effort that he expected to make in order to get in touch with the indomitable concierge was rendered unexpectedly easy, because Gilbert actually led him to the center of attraction. Eight train-worn people were demanding attention in a chorus of accents. They varied from Manchester to Massachusetts.

"Here's the other reason," said Gilbert. He made dramatically for the register.

"Oh, my dear fellow," said George, never a patient man, "hours in the train have made me very tired and dirty. If you must indulge your hobby of discovering mares' nests ——"

His eye followed the triumphant finger to the first of the newly made entries: "Lady George Bagshot and maid. London. British subjects."

"There you are," said Gilbert. "Now do you see?"

"Um," said George, amazed. "I do indeed."

"The Danieli, quick, then!"

"Yes, I think you're right." All the same he made no move. Rooted to that spot in the foyer where the fine old floor showed most signs of wear, he stood gazing at the well-known bold handwriting. And after a moment a queer little smile crept all the way round his mouth. "Like a sentimental ass," he said. "I'm here because this happens to be the anniversary of our honeymoon. Do you suppose that that's what's brought her too?"

"How can it be," said Gilbert, "when everbody knows she's hoofing you to marry Wilfred Goring?"

"Well, I dunno. Here goes, all the same." And he entered his name as well as it was possible with the blasé hotel pen. "Now come up to my room and give tongue. What you don't know about divorce laws can be filled in by your imagination."

His man with the key and a kitbag led the way up the pompous staircase to the second floor. A porter joined the procession with the rest of the luggage. As they arrived at the imposing door Sybil's maid came out of the next room with an empty water can.

"Things get worse and worse," said Gilbert.

"Before you begin to unpack, Epping," said George, as the smile came again, "put in an order for a plate of chicken sandwiches, a bottle of Scotch whisky and a siphon, a bunch or two of grapes and four boxes of matches."

"Very good, my lord."

"Why four boxes?" asked Gilbert. "What are you going to do? Burn down the hotel?"

"Nothing of the sort, old boy," said George. "But like all persistent smokers, I'm followed by an imp who pinches all my matches and leaves me blaspheming at most inconvenient times."

It was the old familiar room, large and lofty, with a collection of well-fed ladies lying in awkward poses on the florid ceiling. The massive and disconcerting furniture, brown and gold and red velvet, showed no further signs of wear, and the open jalousies of the three high windows framed the inevitable view. The same two barges with their red and yellow lanterns were lying out upon the water, surrounded by gondolas, and from them both, on, on, regardless of each other, rose those piercing soprano voices to the indefatigable accompaniment of violins and guitars.

Violettera and O Sole Mio were at that moment inextricably mixed. And as George, a prey to a thousand memories, leaned on one of the soft stone balconies and looked out at the unvarying scene, the blatant anachronism of a swift electric launch, headed naturally for the Lido, dashed the unhired gondolas below against their bending poles of faded colors. Quarreling voices and the splash of water against the Europa steps welded into the nightly sounds of Venice, as they never cease to be, with here and there a laugh and here and there a whistle. Above it all the deep blue sky and stars, and dark against the sky line to the right the round indifferent cupola of Santa Maria della Salute.

Gilbert, who had a good heart beneath his spotless waistcoat, respected his friend's emotion and lit a cigarette. And so there was a silence in the room until the efficient Epping opened the door for the waiter.

Hardly any emotion is too strong to resist the call of whisky, especially after a hot and fatiguing journey with an endless series of Italian tunnels. George put one away with relish and mixed another for almost immediate use. He also fell upon the sandwiches and secured a box of matches.

It was not until Epping had unpacked the bags, arranged their contents in the proper places, received his orders for the morning and taken himself away that George turned to Hurstpierpoint and said, "Let it go, old man."

"When you made up your mind to do this thing tonight you had no idea, had you, that Sybil was heading for the same hotel?"

"Not the ghost of a notion," said George. "As a matter of fact, I haven't seen Sybil since we agreed to disagree, nor have I taken any trouble to find out where she was."

"Well, by insisting on staying under the same roof in rooms which open into each other, all I can say is that the case is as good as dead; worse than dead. The solicitors on both sides will throw up their hands, send in their bills and withdraw their briefs, and before the middle of the week there will be paragraphs in the chitchat of every London paper giving intimate inaccurate descriptions of this accidental romance."

"I can imagine them all," said George with something of a shudder. *(Continued on Page 98)*

THE ARTIST

By BEN AMES WILLIAMS

ILLUSTRATION BY GRANT REYNARD

THE hotel was so old and so excellent that it was deservedly venerated; it was a local institution and men spoke of it as they did of their clubs. Its accommodations were in many respects archaic; but the cuisine and service were perfection. The main dining room was largely patronized, and by persons of discrimination; but to the initiate there was a particular charm about the café, called The Oak Room, situated below the level of the main floor, where there were soft leather-padded benches about the walls and long oak tables glossy with the pleasant patina of age and use, and where Hamel was the presiding genius.

Hamel was relatively a young man. Many of us could remember him as bus boy and as waiter. His reign had begun no more than half a dozen years ago, but there was such an air of permanence about him that most people thought he had been where he was for a long time, and if you had asked them to hazard a guess they would have predicted that he would continue there forever. He was by nature almost startlingly suited to his rôle; and he brought to his responsibilities a definite devotion, which ripened in the course of his tenure into a mature and lasting passion.

Like so many men who display this capacity for surrendering themselves to their work, he was small of stature and comparatively insignificant in appearance. He was no doubt of some obscure mid-European blood, since he spoke with a suggestion of accent; but it is usual to think of mid-Europeans as dark, while Hamel was fair. He was small and blond, his hair the color of pale corn, and his eyes a pallid and wistful blue. He wore a mustache; this perhaps in some effort to counteract the ineradicable boyishness of his appearance. But the effect was the contrary of that which he intended; since this mustache, instead of being crisp and curt as he no doubt liked to fancy it was, was soft as down and only a shade darker than his hair. The mouth below it was easy and sensitive, the lower lip so full it seemed always faintly drooping, as though he were a boy wilting under some sharp reproof. When, as occasionally happens in even the best-regulated establishments, some mischance occurred and was brought to his attention, his eyes were apt to assume an expression which accorded with this sensitive and quivering lip, so that you half expected the man to weep. The fact that he never actually reached this emotional pitch failed to nullify the expectation.

He was, for all this apparent sensibility to hurt, the absolute autocrat of his dominion, and wielded an authority which had matured through the years until there were now none to question it. When he first assumed charge of the service in the café he was in the eyes of the powers an experiment, and even a doubtful one. But he proceeded, during the course of months, to demonstrate his ability. He ruled at first by gentle means, by persuading his subordinates to see the justice of the small changes which he proposed. At the end of some fifteen months most of those under him were ready enough to let him have the direction of affairs. The only serious opposition came from the cook, a man of parts, but a man who had been in the café kitchen for more than twenty years and who was both arrogant and proud. He and Hamel had more than one minor clash; but Hamel always skillfully avoided a major engagement until the time came when he was ready to try his power.

The issue came over the matter of what soup should be served to a private dinner party which had been put in Hamel's hands for arrangement. He ordered clam bisque. The cook argued in favor of a clear soup, but Hamel yielded not an inch. Nevertheless, when the dinner was served, it was clear soup which was delivered to the waiters. Hamel made no comment at the time; he was always careful to do nothing which might disturb his patrons. But after the café was empty he went to the cook and invited the man to join him in taking the matter before their superiors. The cook profanely declined. Hamel replied that if the other refused to accompany him he would go alone; and under this threat the cook was constrained to agree. Hamel put his case and required either a formal submission and pledge of future obedience or the discharge of the cook.

The victory was not easily won. The cook had friends, and a combative spirit. Negotiations continued for three days; but at the end of that time Hamel delivered a crushing blow. With one hand he produced another cook whose excellence he guaranteed; with the other he offered his own resignation. Victory rested upon his banners, and thereafter his authority was never seriously questioned; his power was absolute.

He deserved the confidence thus bestowed upon him by using his authority not arrogantly but with stern justice. A waiter who failed in neatness disappeared within the hour. Clumsy service he sometimes condoned—for a time. Even forgetfulness he could excuse if the culprit showed improvement. But upon neatness and cleanliness he insisted, and upon deference to the patrons of the restaurant.

The result was in the first place a steady improvement in the service, and in the second the establishment of a morale, an *esprit* as a result of which the kitchen and café drew the most efficient servitors from all over the city. To have been employed under Hamel and with honor was to wear a laurel wreath upon the brow.

It was rather curious that, this being the case, Hamel was the object of some mild derision even from his direct subordinates, and in larger measure from the bell boys, the doorman and the other employes. Perhaps his unimpressive stature seemed to make him a fair target; perhaps it was an embarrassed resentment to which his insistence upon perfection provoked them. The little man was not particularly articulate, had not always words to express the ideal toward which he strove.

His single and all-embracing phrase was familiar; he used to say: "We want everything to be nice. You know, nice."

And this phrase was habitually accompanied by a spreading gesture of the hands which was extraordinarily inclusive. But if he could not put into words the essence of his art, he could at least express himself in his work. If you wished to invite a friend to luncheon you had only to telephone Hamel. His voice over the telephone was crisp and efficient.

"Yes, sir. . . . Luncheon today, yes, sir. . . . One-thirty . . . A gentleman. . . . Everything will be ready, sir. Yes, sir, and I'll see that everything is nice."

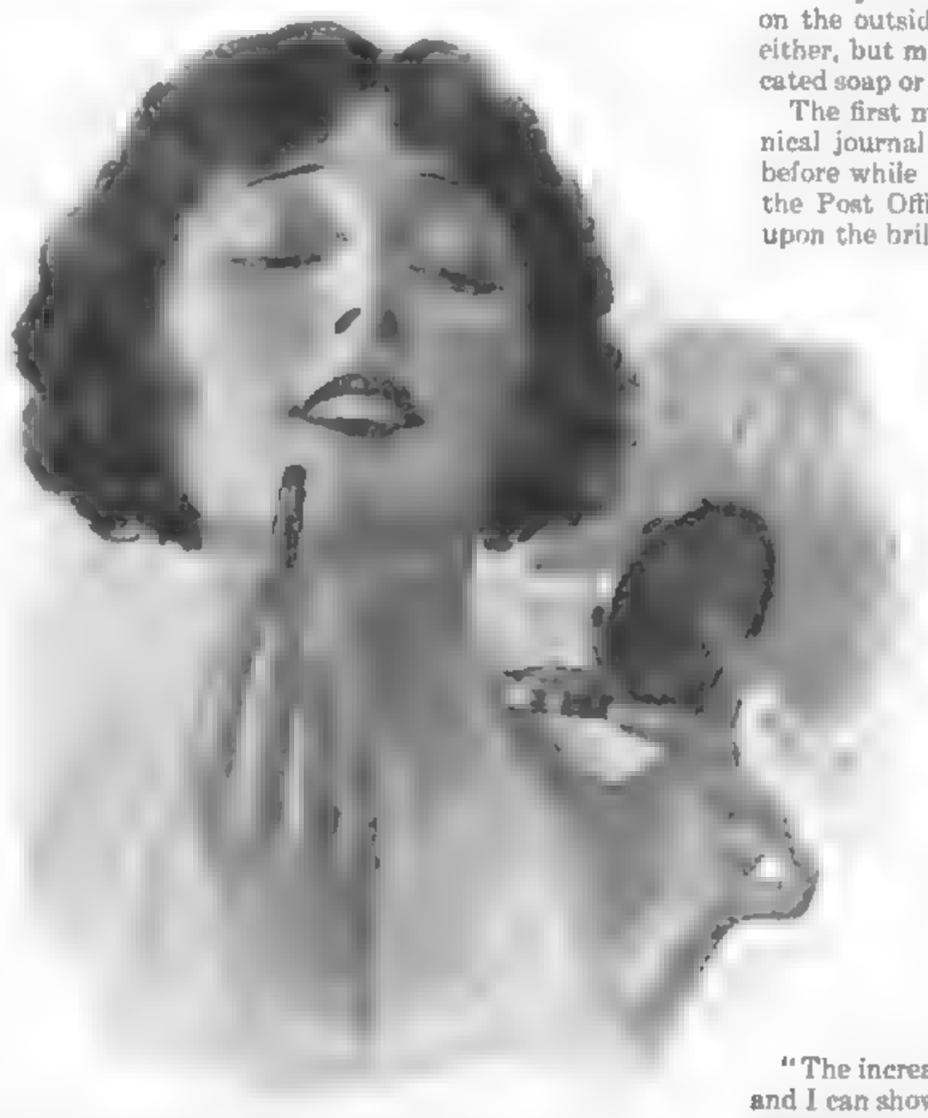
(Continued on Page 125)

The Only Serious Opposition Came From the Cook, a Man Who Had Been in the Cafe Kitchen for More Than Twenty Years and Who Was Both Arrogant and Proud

THE BEAUTY BUSINESS

IT MAKES THE THINGS TO MAKE YOU BEAUTIFUL

By James H. Collins



THE little girl was certainly in trouble; but being only three years old, she couldn't exactly make it out. Every day she and her mother went to a big room filled with people, where a solemn gentleman sat in a high pulpit and listened to other gentlemen talk. She didn't know what they were talking about and couldn't understand why her mother cried.

She did wish there was somebody or something to play with. Spying her mother's hand bag, the little girl went over, took out a powder puff and mirror, powdered her nose beautifully and then tinted her lips with rouge.

The judge turned his attention from learned counsel and watched the little girl. Of course, she was only playing; but it struck him that she used powder and rouge as deftly as any sophisticated little flapper five or six times her age. Besides, her mother had been an actress and was now in court disputing the guardianship of the little girl with the latter's father.

Whereupon the judge expressed the opinion that the little girl was not being brought up properly and threatened to take her away and put her in an institution. The story got into the newspapers and several thousand mothers nearly committed contempt of court by writing the judge and telling him he didn't understand children or women and didn't know what he was talking about. However, in the end he let the little girl's mother keep her.

Beauty goods!

Is there a boy in your family anywhere from eight to eighteen years old? Has he been combing his hair back and slicking it down with the mysterious preparations that suddenly sprang into popularity when a famous movie star played a South American hero in a big picture? Even if you haven't a boy of your own, you've noticed that the Johnny Smiths and Tommy Joneses are all doing it. And it may be that before they come to voting age they will be using perfume, too.

Beauty stuff!

Up where the negroes live, in Harlem, there was a wedding not long ago; and the bride, as I remember it, was the daughter of a colored woman who, coming to New York with little or nothing, had made a fortune. Made it out of a preparation for straightening hair. The first thing every negro girl does when she comes from the South is have her hair straightened. And this is only the beginning—she will learn to use face powder, lipstick, perfume and miscellaneous beauty goods. A woman investigator says that the demand among colored folks for cosmetics has hardly been scratched. They value appearance and want their beautifiers in appropriate shades, and eventually will get them in stores that specialize in catering to the negro trade.

The beauty business!

About a year ago our champion heavyweight went into the movies, where it quickly developed that his honest pug nose wouldn't do. Whereupon he underwent an operation and today has a sightly restrained Roman nose, standardized to the movie demand.

Lipsticks and Powder Rags

A NEWSPAPER writer estimates that 50,000,000 American women and girls now use the lipstick. Suppose these 50,000,000 women are kissed daily by as few as 50,000,000 men—is there danger that the men will be poisoned? The New York Board of Health, which looks after the city's food and drink to prevent the use of harmful ingredients, thinks the situation worth investigation and is collecting and analyzing lipstick samples. Under the Pure Drug Law, the Federal Government has the power to analyze cosmetics and prosecute any manufacturer putting harmful products on the market.

Over on Long Island, one of my friends directs a factory making patent caps for glass bottles and jars; all kinds—medicine bottles, milk bottles, catchup bottles, pickle jars, ointment jars, cold-cream jars. He tells me that the fastest-growing part of his business is in caps for toilet preparations, cosmetics—beauty goods. When it comes to numbers, even the cold-cream jar does not hope ever to rank with the milk bottle, in its millions and billions. But the cold-cream jar is growing faster, in ratio, than the milk bottle!

Go into the very cheapest stores in any large city and see the beauty goods piled on the counter. They take almost as much space as the kitchen ware. Go into the department stores and see the phalanxes of saleswomen demonstrating and selling face powders, lipsticks, skin foods, cold creams, rouge, eyelash and eyebrow preparations, perfumes ——

Whither are we drifting?

You needn't be much more than thirty to remember the time when the American woman who powdered, even, was stamped a hussy, while rouge and lipstick were used only by actresses —and they were regarded as hussies, anyway.

As for the girls and women today—well, look at them! I doubt that newspaper estimate of 50,000,000 women using the lipstick—doubt whether there are half that many who use the powder rag, because it has been ascertained that less than half the people in the United States use toothbrushes, and it would probably be found, on investigation, that a few million have still to discover soap. But there are enough painted lips and whitewashed complexions in your community to make you wonder where we are drifting.

Form your opinions by what you see on Main Street and read in the newspapers, and it may look as though some devilish new craze were sweeping American womanhood to perdition. The clergyman, the judge, the economist and moralist preach about it. But they seem to take the surface incidents as texts.

I've looked into this beauty business by going to the folks who manufacture the merchandise and can tell you some reassuring things about it. It is a regular industry. Last year the factory value of cosmetics and perfumes was more than $75,000,000—nearly four times the output ten years ago. And that doesn't include fancy toilet soaps, for which it would be safe to add enough to make the round $100,000,000.

At last accounts, nearly 10,000 wage earners were drawing pay envelopes from more than 400 cosmetic and perfume establishments—nearly $1,000,000 a month. And if you land a job in one of these establishments, you can count upon it being steady, for it is a peculiarity of the industry that there are no seasons and hardly any fluctuation in employment—beauty is in staple demand all the year round.

We import more than $8,000,000 worth of foreign perfumes, cosmetics and soaps, along with about $6,000,000 worth of raw materials for making our own. But we are selling to other countries more than $6,000,000 worth of beauty stuff yearly.

And here's something curious: While the demand for beautifiers is increasing, the patent-medicine business is decreasing. Broadly interpreted, people now seem to be tackling the beauty problem from the outside; where once the woman with a sallow complexion got something in a big glass bottle to take inside, today she buys something in a little ornamental glass jar to put on the outside; and not necessarily paint or whitewash, either, but more likely a cleanser—cold cream or a medicated soap or a mud pack.

The first man I interviewed is the publisher of a technical journal devoted to this merchandise. We had met before while he was engaged in a sharp controversy with the Post Office Department. One of his advertisers hit upon the brilliant idea of putting a drop of scent on each copy of his advertisement, and the postal authorities promptly notified the publisher that he was violating the regulations, distributing a sample of merchandise at the special rate provided for periodicals. Whereupon he asked them to show him the sample! Was a smell a sample? After thinking it over, they let him alone. The idea of investigating the beauty industry amused him.

"Last year," he said, "Prof. Flinders Petrie unearthed in Egypt relics of a civilization much older than any ever found there before—estimated to date back to about 9000 or 10,000 B.C. Among the flint arrowheads, pottery and other objects were found palettes for grinding eye paint; not for beauty, however, but for protection against the sun. That is the beginning of cosmetics. Savages still use paint to protect themselves against insects, the sun, cold and weather. So do civilized folks. Properly used, cosmetics are as much protective as ornamental. Hygienic—95 per cent of our products are for cleanliness.

"The increase in demand is really new, but nothing else, and I can show you good reasons for that. The only wrong thing about our business is the way the flapper plasters her silly little mug, and we regard her as our worst enemy and are thinking about taking steps to reform her."

He said that the industry was growing for two reasons. First, because manufacturers were putting their products into convenient and attractive new packages; and second, because the chemist had provided new materials, particularly the perfume synthetics by which a great range of new scents was made possible.

The Recent History of Face Powder

"HERE is what women got a generation ago, if they used face powder at all," he said of Exhibit A, which was a round pasteboard box three inches in diameter. "Too big to carry around, so it stood on her ladyship's bureau, and she made an application of powder before going out, using a big swan's-down puff. Sometimes the top was rounded as a concession to appearance, but when she took it off the powder scattered, and when she put the top on again it flew. Manufacturers had given no thought whatever to convenience. So powder was little used. A woman got a chance to powder her nose not more than two or three times a day.

Generally, powder was considered essential only with evening dress; and depending upon a woman's social activity, a box would last her from one to several years. From the standpoint of having your product used freely, not an ideal consumer situation.

"Then this improvement was made," he continued, taking up another exhibit. "A tissue-paper protector was provided inside, keeping the powder from spilling. Also, the box was made smaller—in a groping sort of way manufacturers were working towards a portable package.

"But it was the compact that put complexion powder on a thriving basis. Ways were found of making the powder into a little block to be carried with a small lamb's-wool puff in a box that could be tucked into the handbag or pocketbook. At first these compacts were defective—it was hard to get the powder to stick together without sifting or breaking. That difficulty has been overcome. The compacts are made either by hand compression or machine molding, and when dried are set on round disks of glass, so that refills can be bought and slipped into her ladyship's vanity case."

The first compact boxes were clumsy compared with those of today, but immediately became popular with women, and manufacturers were not long in improving them.

(Continued on Page 141)

The Voyageur of Commerce

By J. R. SPRAGUE

IN FRANCE, when one sells goods on the road one is not called a traveling man, or a drummer, or a commercial, or a bag man, as in the less poetic countries of America or Great Britain. *Mais non!* In France when one sells goods on the road one is a voyageur of commerce.

A big hardware manufacturing firm in Paris gave me permission to accompany one of its voyageurs of commerce on his trip among the small towns of the western departments to see how the selling of goods on the road in France compares with that of America. On the platform of the Invalides railway station I joined the voyageur, a stout, fierce-looking man with a bristling black mustache and the polished manners of a Lafayette.

"The monsieur will find," he said sadly, "that the business in la France is a *paurre* matter compared with that in his so great country of the United States of America. I have read many articles telling how in America the government encourages the business man. But in France the government concerns itself only with politics. It does nothing to help the matters commercial. Nothing—absolutely!"

He went to the ticket booth to buy his transportation. I saw him draw from his inside pocket an official-looking document on which was pasted his photograph and which he presented to the ticket seller. The latter glanced at the document and then handed out a ticket taken from a special rack. On his return I asked the voyageur the meaning.

"I showed the gentleman in the ticket booth my credentials," he said. "It is necessary."

"Do you mean to tell me," I questioned, "that in France a salesman must go through a certain formality before he is allowed to go out and sell his goods?"

"Not exactly that," he answered. "The document proves that I am a regular voyageur of commerce and do not travel for pleasure merely. Upon presenting it at a railway station one sells me my ticket at half price."

A little further questioning revealed that the French government issues such documents to the regularly employed salesmen of manufacturing and wholesale firms in order to reduce the cost of distribution of the necessities of life.

"Yet you claim," I persisted, "that your government does nothing to encourage the matters commercial?"

"Nothing—absolutely!" answered the voyageur moodily.

Market Day

IT WAS fortunate the voyageur had been able to buy his ticket at half price, because in the town of Dreux, which was our first point, he did not sell enough to buy a postage stamp. He had forgotten that Monday was market day in Dreux, a fact that became apparent as soon as we left the station and started down the street leading to the public square. Market day in a French country town corresponds to circus day in America. At one end of the town's square is a wonderful sixteenth-century hôtel de ville and at the other end a Renaissance church—buildings that strangers would come thousands of miles to see; but on market day more vital matters occupy the local residents. The square was filled with the wagons of farmers, come to town, many of them with their families, to sell their produce and to buy their own supplies from the storekeepers. Everywhere were the booths of showmen and of itinerant venders who follow market day from one place to another and catch the overflow of business. The voyageur was experienced in such matters.

"When the merchants are busy with their clients," he said, "it is a bad time for the voyageur of commerce. I shall not try to sell anything in Dreux."

I suggested that this looked like giving up too easily, that perhaps some of the hardware dealers might spare time to talk business with him.

"Ah, but no," he answered. "It would not be of courtesy to ask a merchant to take time on such day. It might interfere with his making a sale to someone."

I learned afterward that the small-town merchants ordinarily do more business on market day than all the other days of the week put together. The voyageur was as good as his word. He called on each of his three customers, but only for a quick shake of the hand and to inform them that he would route himself back that way the following week.

It would have been pleasant to stay longer in a town where so much was going on; but, as many a salesman both in France and America has learned, business and pleasure do not mix. The voyageur prepared to move on. He had taken the precaution not to register at the hotel until he should learn what the prospects for business might be; at all railway stations in France the price for checking one's valise is two cents, and he had left his in the baggage room, merely carrying his catalogue on his visit to the business center.

On the street leading back to the station the voyageur himself made a purchase. A crowd had gathered about four persons—two men and two girls, all evidently from Paris and very sophisticated in appearance; regular city slickers, in fact. One of the men played the violin and the other the accordion; but as is usual in France the heavy work was done by the stronger sex. The older of the two girls managed simultaneously the bass drum, the snare drum and a pair of cymbals, while the second girl, who was very good-looking, sang the latest Paris song hits and sold them to the assembled crowd. One song in particular found ready sale at one franc a copy, the refrain being "My wife has made to bob her hair, and I am *furieux!*" As the voyageur paid for his copy and tucked it into his pocket, he remarked waggishly that he intended to mail it home.

"It is not that I suspect that my wife has intention to do anything with her so beautiful hair," he added; "but as the old French proverb says, 'A stroke of the needle made in time can save one hundred strokes.'"

"You are Still Here?" He Demanded. "For Why?"

Storekeepers Who Stood on Their Rights

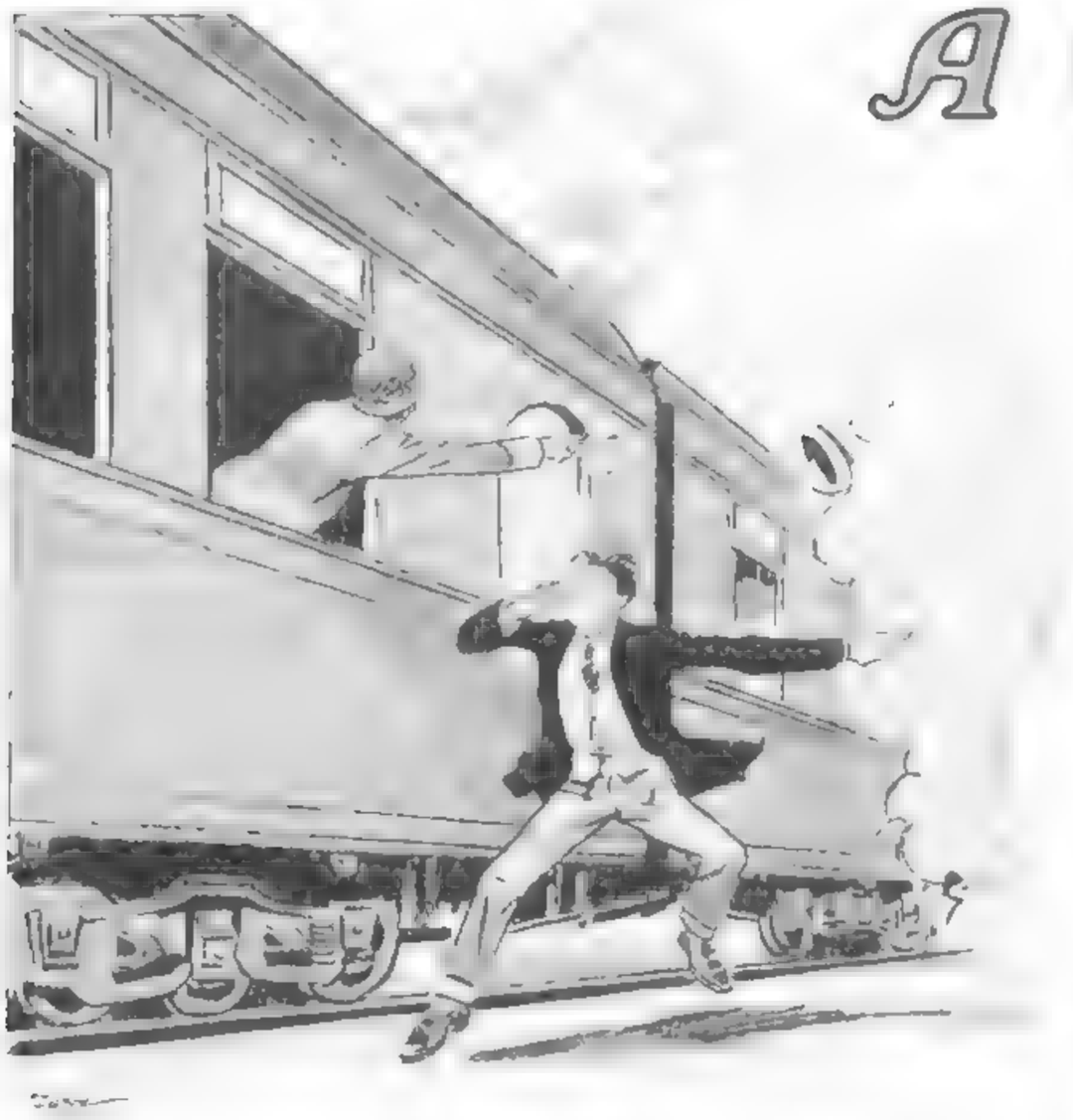
THERE are frequent trains on the main lines in France, so the voyageur lost only two hours on his fruitless stop in Dreux; it was not yet noon when we arrived at the next stopping place thirty miles farther on. This was distinctly a farmer town, slow-going, independent, and with a great Norman tower in the public square that any normal American community would have put to work as a first-class tourist attraction. It was a splendid town for the sale of tools for agriculture, the voyageur said, although of only 6000 inhabitants. There was no theater or picture show; the only place of amusement was a café on the square, in front of which the country people tethered their horses and used for a gathering place while in town. It would be a stretch of the imagination to say that the Café de la Paix is a jazzy place in spite of its Parisian name. Nor is it high and mighty with its clients. At lunchtime we watched four people who entered together—two prosperous-appearing farmers with their wives. Each of these clients ordered a glass of red wine. Then they opened paper-wrapped packages and extracted bread, cakes and cheese. They sat for an hour at the marble-topped table, eating, talking and drinking. At the end of that time they paid for their four glasses of wine. The total bill was equal to ten cents American money, and the proprietor of the Café de la Paix thanked them heartily for their patronage.

Just the same, the storekeepers of the town know their rights and stand on them. Directly after the arrival of the afternoon express from Paris a pony cart came up the street from the station, a well-dressed young woman sitting beside the driver and a number of packages piled in the little tonneau behind. One noticed that the proprietor of the ladies' ready-to-wear shop, who was standing in his doorway, regarded this equipage with great disfavor. He shrugged his shoulders indignantly as it passed and then ran up the square a few doors to confer with the proprietor of the leading shoe store. Later these two visited the principal hardware merchant, and it was there that we learned what was the trouble.

The lady in the dogcart was the wife of a local contractor. She was in fact his second wife, and much younger than he. But are youth and beauty an excuse for all tranagressions? Certainly not! The contractor had gained his fortune from the citizens of the town. Was it right then that she, his wife, should constantly go to Paris and spend money for gowns and shoes when the local merchants could serve her with the same articles and much more cheaply? Assuredly not! A committee should be appointed to call on the contractor and inform him that if he expected future patronage from local business men he should see to it that his money was spent at home. No names were to be mentioned, of course; but the contractor would know. Of a verity he would know!

The voyageur laughed heartily over this incident when he discussed it later,

(Continued on Page 58)



The Next I Knew I Was Running Alongside the Car in Which Constance Had Found a Seat, Crying Out to Her That I Loved Her and Loved Her and Loved Her

A GOOD SPORT

By Ellis Parker Butler

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

I HAVE the honor to occupy the chair of Applied Philosophy at what I think I rightly consider the best female college in America, which for reasons of my own I shall call Jones, in order to disguise it completely. I was called to occupy the chair shortly after I had received my degree from an institution of learning located near Boston, and that no one may know just which institution of learning that was I shall refer to it as Yarvard. This institution had for a great many years had a permanent feud or contest with another institution of learning, which I shall disguise under the fictitious name of Hale, each striving to outdo the other in various fields, and I believe I was justified in feeling that my appointment to the chair of Applied Philosophy at Jones was a sad blow to Hale and an equally great triumph for Yarvard. I think it must have far more than overbalanced the defeat, that year, of Yarvard by Hale in the trivial sports of baseball, football, boating, tennis, hockey, lacrosse, swimming and diving. I felt so.

However that may be, I took up my new duties at the beginning of the first semester of the new college year with great interest. My classroom was all that I could desire, being cool and roomy, on the shady side of the building, and I devoted myself seriously to the task of imparting to my class the invigorating principles of Applied Philosophy and found everything quite free from irritating annoyances until one afternoon well along toward the middle of the first semester. I remember that I was dwelling on the despised philosophy of Malthus and was suggesting in a few well-chosen words that perhaps time would show—since the world was so rapidly becoming overpopulated—that the Malthusian theory of a controlled birth rate might have a considerable value in fact, if not sentimentally, when I was annoyed by a glitter of sunshine in my eyes, such as a small boy sometimes mischievously throws with a mirror. I recall that I brushed my hand across my face once or twice, much as one brushes at an annoying insect, and that one of the young ladies before me giggled. I then walked to the nearest window and drew the shade lower, talking all the while of the philosophy of Malthus, but when I reached the platform again I was still annoyed by the sunshine glitter, so that I delivered the rest of my lecture frowning.

At succeeding lectures the same glitter of sunshine vaguely annoyed me and I subconsciously decided to speak to the president about it, and I might have done so had one of the young ladies not asked me a question in class. This caused me to look in her direction, and I then observed that in the chair next to her was seated another young lady whose hair was, if I may say so without exaggeration, pure gold, and whose face was bright with beauty and charm, and whose eyes were exactly the color of that small flower whose name I can never, for the life of me, recall. I think I may say that seeing this face and that hair was one of the most surprising shocks of my life, for I suddenly realized that what had bothered me during my lectures to the class was not a glitter of sunshine reflected from some smooth object, but the young lady's face. It was her face and hair, reaching into my subconsciousness, that had vaguely disturbed me, and I actually came very close to smiling when I recalled that I had lowered a window shade in an attempt to shut them out. That action, you will admit, had been the extreme of ridiculousness, for I think I have made plain that the young lady was on the hither side of the window shade while I had vainly tried to shut out something I thought was on the yonder side. I had a very hearty laugh at myself later in the day.

Much to my distress I found myself thereafter delivering my lectures directly to the golden-haired young lady, almost as if the rest of the class were absent. Perhaps this was because she seemed to show so much more interest in the lectures, frequently asking pertinent questions which I answered to the best of my ability, until I began to fear the classes were becoming far too completely mere conversations between myself and Connie Enderbury, for that was indeed her name. I did not blame myself greatly, however, for she seemed by far the most intelligent young lady in the class and the most interested in my subject, and presently I found myself falling into step with her as we crossed the campus on various occasions, going more deeply into the subjects that had come up in the class and going over points in dispute between us like veritable good fellows.

Nor need I deny that when I saw her approaching, which happened more and more frequently, I felt my heart leap with delight. In my thoughts I boldly christened her my golden girl or even my ray of sunshine—in reference to my quaint error before I had discovered her—but it was not until well along in the second semester and when I chilled with distress at the thought that she was to graduate in June and leave Jones forever, that I mentioned these things to her. I cannot imagine how I had the temerity to do so, even then, but to my joy and delight I learned that she held me in the highest esteem and considered my high opinion of her the thing most to be desired in the world, but she agreed with me that it would be unsafe for us to marry until I had accumulated considerably more ready money than I then possessed. Never shall I forget the amazing bliss that ran through my veins—and arteries, I presume—when she kissed me and said, "Oh, Spiffy, I'm so happy!"

My name is Edgar Alonzo Minturn, but she preferred to call me Spiffy, and I had no serious objection, since, in the current tongue of Jones College, the word indicated something delectable or having a delicious flavor or enchanting appearance.

Constance—I was now permitted to call her that—graduated with excellent honors, and when our engagement was announced the student body gave us three shrill cheers, and the seniors, now graduates, sang us a catchy little song of congratulation that ran thus:

Who, oh, who will marry Spiffy?
Who, oh, who will marry Spiffy?
Who, oh, who will marry Spiffy,
Spiffy gentle, meek and mild?
"I!" says Connie Enderbury;
"I!" says Connie Enderbury;
"I'll wed the Yarvard child."
Oh, won't Hale be mad and jealous!
Oh, won't Hale be mad and jealous!
Oh, won't Hale be mad and jealous!
Oh, boy! won't Hale be wild!

As I stood on the station platform to bid Constance adieu, since I had planned to visit Europe's classic shrines that summer and Constance was to sojourn with her parents in Ohio, I mentioned the song and spoke of it as a charming recognition of a new triumph of Yarvard over Hale. She laughed prettily.

"I'll tell the world it is, Spiffy," she said. "They meant Walter, you know."

"Walter?" I queried, for the name meant nothing to me.

"Oh, my goodness, Spiffy!" she exclaimed. "You don't mean to tell me you never heard a thing I said about Walter, do you? Well, you certainly are the greatest, Spiffy! I've told you and told you about Walter."

"My thoughts must have been elsewhere at the time," I said. "I do seem to recall that you spoke, at various times, of youths with whom you had played in the past."

"But I told you, Spiffy!" she declared, as if it was a matter of more or less moment. "When I was telling you all about my past, don't you remember? I told you he kissed me. When we were engaged."

"Not when you and I were engaged, Constance," I reproved her gently. "Not that, I hope!"

"Goodness, no!" she cried. "When Walt and I were engaged. I told you all about it. We were engaged over three months. Walt Graham, of Hale—don't you remember? Honestly, Spiffy, sometimes I almost get provoked at you!"

"Oh, I trust you will never do that, my dearest," I said. "And I do recall that you mentioned some youth—some childish affair of no moment. But it did not disturb me. I doubtless passed the matter over as of no consequence; no person of character, such as I know you to be, could ever have a serious attachment for a youth from Hale. Not," I added, smiling, and as a mild jest, "when material from good old Yarvard is available."

But at that moment the train arrived at the station and our consecutive conversation ended, giving place to mere ejaculations of departure, including not a little osculation conducted hastily. The next I knew I was running alongside the car in which Constance had found a seat, crying

out to her that I loved her and loved her and loved her, and all in a most unseemly manner, while she held her hand from the window. But presently the train's speed caused it to outdistance me, and I paused and turned back. I felt very much alone. I might have wept had I not been able to summon philosophy to my aid, but I was able to place my mind on a loftier level by assuring myself that partings were inevitable.

"Be brave, Edgar," I said to myself. "Put the golden girl out of your mind for the present. Let the coming two months—as far as she is concerned—be a blank. Concentrate for the next two months on the work you have in hand, the deeper knowledge of Applied Philosophy to be gained through European travel and study."

By the exercise of my will power I was able to do this, but it required a gigantic effort, I must admit. Whenever I found myself in danger of thinking of Connie I thought of Kant and Schopenhauer, or of Plato and Socrates, and by the time my steamer was half across the Atlantic I was master of myself. I think I may have caused some harmless merriment by addressing every young female I met aboard the ship as Constance, but this was merely following an application of philosophy I had intentionally chosen. Finding I was apt to be troubled by seeing the face of my golden girl in the clouds, in the water and elsewhere, so that it was difficult for me to refrain from thinking of her, I adopted this plan of addressing all young ladies as Constance—or Connie—and I was delighted to find that in a very short time all these faces, including that of my golden girl, became so confused in my mind that I had great difficulty in trying to recall the features of my fiancée with any exactness whatever. My memory of her face became vague, and when I had thus tricked myself I found it far easier to put her entirely out of my mind.

By the time I landed at Liverpool I had succeeded in concentrating on the work in hand so well that for me—for the time—Constance might have been nonexistent, as perhaps she was and is, since some of the greatest philosophers claim that all things are merely ideas, the figments of mental activity. If this be true I may honestly say that Constance was nonexistent for me, since I no longer thought of her. I began my travel study on the Continent in exactly the state of mind a philosopher should possess when undertaking the important work I had before me.

All went well, therefore, for several weeks, and I had a number of most illuminative conversations with the great intellects of the Sorbonne in Paris, settling a number of points that had troubled me, and I then proceeded to Monte Carlo, which is a large gaming establishment much frequented by those who wish to test the vagaries—so called—of chance. My own reason for going to the place was far from the desire to risk money by gambling. There are certain philosophers who claim that chance is the ruling element of the universe—although I do not believe this—and I desired to observe the operation of chance at the very headquarters, so to speak, of that fickle goddess. My desire was to observe the recurrent turn of the cards, checking these exactly and making notes and tables, in order that I might, if possible, prove that even the so-called chance turning of cards followed definite laws and, at however great periods or cycles, repeated according to natural laws.

I had been at Monte Carlo several days, taking no part in the play but making copious notes, and late one evening I was sitting in the lounge of the excellent hostelry where I had a room, when two persons approached me from opposite sides of the room. One was one of the hotel menials in uniform, and the other was a youngish man of rather bulldog solidity but with a certain vigor of eye and manner that proclaimed him an American and, most probably, an athlete. In the background, if I may use the word, was another youngish man of much the same type but more slender and with darkish hair.

"Professor Meenturn?" the hotel employe inquired. "A cablegram, if you please. Will you so kindly place your signature upon this small fragment of paper? I thank you, sir!"

I took the envelope he handed me and was about to tear it open when the athletic young man came to a stop before my chair. He spoke to me.

"I got that fellow right, did I?" he asked. "You're Professor Edgar Alonzo Minturn, of Jones College? Or am I wrong?"

"You are right," I said, rising.

"Keep your seat," he said. "I'll sit; this is apt to be a long confab."

With that he turned to the young man lurking in the background.

"It's all right, Crowbar," he said. "This is our man." And the darkish young man joined us.

"Heard a lot about you, professor," he said, "and nothing bad. I'm Jimmy Furlong, and this is my best beloved, Walt Graham."

"I'm afraid," I said, as I shook hands with them, "that I remember nothing about Mr. Furlong, but Mr. Graham's name is vaguely familiar to me."

"Yes, it ought to be," said Mr. Graham, dropping into the chair beside mine. "I guess Connie mentioned me."

"Ah!" I exclaimed, as I suddenly remembered the golden girl. "Yes, indeed! You mean the young lady to whom I am engaged."

"I mean the young lady I'm engaged to," said this Graham in a somewhat bullying tone. "I heard you were in Europe and I've been chasing around all over the Continent trying to find you. When I heard about you I put it up to Con——"

This He Assured Me Was Not Actual Magic, But Mere Sleight of Hand

"Now, please!" I begged. "'When you heard about me,' and 'you put it up to Con'! May I ask what you heard about me and what you 'put up to' Miss Constance?"

"Oh, tell him straight, Bull! Shoot the works," exclaimed the young man called Crowbar. "He don't get you."

"When I heard you were engaged to Connie, old son," explained Bull Graham, "I asked her what was the answer."

"The answer," I told him, smiling, "is that Miss Constance and I are to wed as soon as my financial circumstances permit."

"Is that so!" scoffed Mr. Graham. "Maybe—and again maybe not! Not if you are a square dealer and a gentleman and a white man and a good sport."

"Wait, please!" I begged him. "Are you aware that I am a Yarvard man? If so I think you will not question that I am a good sport."

"Attaboy, Eddie! I told you, Bull, didn't I?" cried the Crowbar man. "Sure, he's a good sport!"

"But how my being a good sport affects my forthcoming marriage," I said calmly, "is something I do not understand. I have a formal engagement with Miss Constance——"

"Agreed! Agreed!" exclaimed Bull Graham willingly enough. "I don't deny that, old son. But it just happens that I'm engaged to her too. It just happens that she got herself engaged to me before she got herself engaged to you, proffy-my-lad, and never bothered to break the engagement. So—prior rights, and all that, you understand."

I felt there was something quite seriously amiss in all this. I could understand that Constance might forget to tell me of a prior engagement when carried away with a sudden affection for me, but I was forced to admit that the other man might easily consider her handling of the matter unethical.

"I think," I said, "you are justified in your complaint, Mr. Graham, and I shall write—or, if necessary, cable—Constance to cancel her engagement with you at once."

"You'll do a lot, you will!" said Mr. Bull Graham scornfully. "I tell you I put it up to Con myself, and she said it was nothing in her young life."

"She told Bull you two could fight it out," said Crowbar. "She likes you both and you can settle it yourselves. That's why we are here."

"And, you see, proffy," said Bull, "that she's my girl. I had the prior engagement. I found her first. So the square thing is for you to give her up to me."

"Ah, but I don't follow you there!" I declared. "My reasoning is that after having been engaged to you she met me and found me superior to you—in just what ways I shall not insist—and for that reason became engaged to me. Hence the prior engagement is the lesser, and by every theory you should give her up and go quietly about your business. That is," I added with a smile, "if you are a square dealer, a gentleman, a white man and a good sport."

"Oh, here now!" exclaimed Crowbar. "Don't be raw, professor! Bull is a Hale man—they're all good sports."

"And so here's the proposition I'm willing to make," said Bull Graham. "I'll fight you for her."

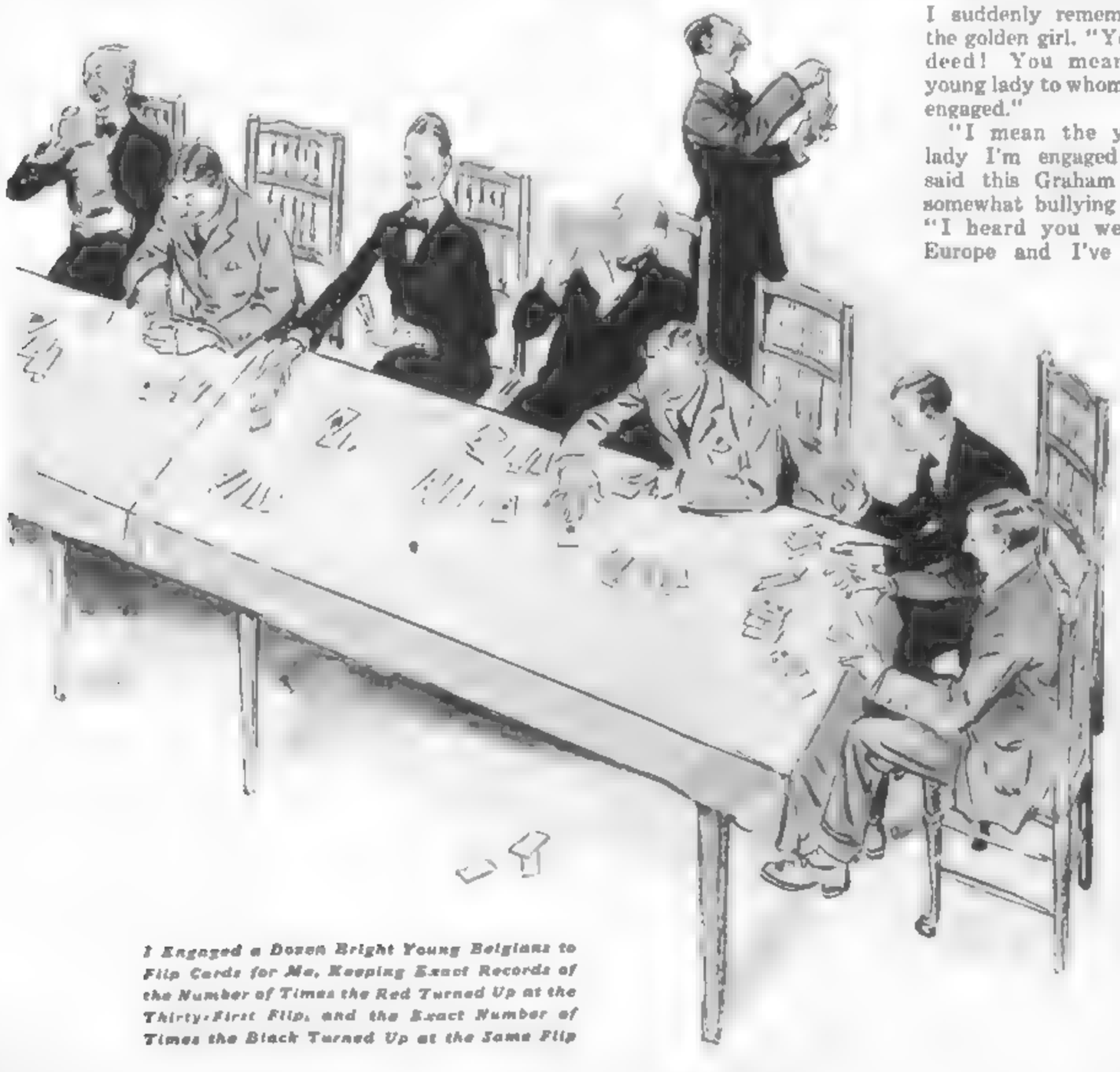
"Fists, swords, rapiers, singlesticks, daggers, stilettos, battle-axes, clubs or sabers," exclaimed Crowbar. "Best man to have the girl."

"Or wrestle you for her," said Bull Graham.

"Under any rules or no rules," said Crowbar.

"But, my dear sirs!" I cried. "I should not think of such things! That would be ridiculous. My physique is not such as to give me the slightest chance of success. I would be throwing the girl away; I would be thrusting her

(Continued on Page 94)



I Engaged a Dozen Bright Young Belgians to Flip Cards for Me, Keeping Exact Records of the Number of Times the Red Turned Up at the Thirty-First Flip, and the Exact Number of Times the Black Turned Up at the Same Flip

LEADING STRINGS

By Dornford Yates

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

"D'You Mind Getting Out?" Said Belinda in a Shaking Voice. "Or am I to Ring Up the Police?"

BELINDA SENESCHAL, spinster, leaned back in her chair. "What's to be done?" she demanded. Her solicitor fingered his chin.

"It's simple enough," he said, surveying a letter. "The house and its contents are yours—and Captain Pomeroy's. They've only to be made over, and then—er—then——"

"Exactly," observed Miss Seneschal. "What then?"

Forsyth, solicitor, frowned.

"Then you arrange to take possession."

Belinda raised her sweet eyebrows.

"Mr. Forsyth, d'you know Captain Pomeroy?"

"Very well. He's a client of mine. As a matter of fact, he's due here in ten minutes' time, I imagine, to discuss a similar letter to this." He tapped the document. "It's rather convenient."

"It isn't convenient at all," said Belinda Seneschal. "I'll tell you why. Six months ago Captain Pomeroy and I were engaged. It wasn't announced, but we were. Well, now we aren't."

Forsyth thought very fast.

"I see," he said slowly. "Ah, yes, I see now. That explains the bequest. The testator ——"

"We met him at Biarritz," said Belinda. "His dog was run over by a car and we did what we could. Poor old man, he was beside himself. After that we used to go and see him sometimes to try to cheer him up. It wasn't much to do, and he was pathetically grateful. Of course we never dreamed ——"

"One never does," said Forsyth. "Yes?"

"Well, that's all," said Miss Seneschal. "He knew of our engagement and naturally assumed it was going to end in marriage. So out of the kindness of his heart he's left us his house. It was extremely handsome of him. It's a perfectly lovely place."

Forsyth referred to the letter:

"—— my property at Biarritz, known as Les Iles d'Or, including the villa and all its contents, jointly to Miss Belinda Seneschal . . . and Captain Ivan Pomeroy . . . in the belief that they will appreciate it and neither sell nor let the same ——"

"It's a question of arrangement," he said. "That's all I can say. I don't suppose you want to renounce—surrender your share?"

Belinda sat up.

"And have him take both? Not much!"

"Well, there you are," said Forsyth. "In view of the testator's words, I take it you won't care to sell, so there's nothing for it. You must arrange to share it." Here a telephone buzzed. "Excuse me." He picked up the receiver. "Yes? Right. Show him into the waiting room." He replaced the receiver. "Here he is, Miss Seneschal."

That lady leaped to her feet.

"Then I'm off," she said.

"Wait a minute," said Forsyth, rising. "If he's prepared to meet you, won't you stay?" Belinda shook her head. "It's infinitely better to talk this over at once. It'll save no end of correspondence."

"I can't help that," said Miss Seneschal. "The position's impossible enough. Think, Mr. Forsyth. We've each got to share something with the one person in the world with whom we can share nothing. We're mutual thorns in the flesh. I tell you frankly, the very thought of him makes me tired, and I fancy the sight of me would send him out of his mind."

"If you'll forgive my saying so, it would be a great deal more likely to bring him to your feet."

"I don't want him at my feet."

"It's a very good place to have a joint owner," said Forsyth.

Miss Seneschal hesitated.

"D'you say it's necessary for us to meet?"

"By no means. But it's highly expedient."

Finger to lip, Belinda stared at the door. At length, "Very well," she said.

"That's right," said Forsyth relievedly. "I'll go and bring him up."

As the lawyer turned—"Mr. Forsyth."

"Yes?"

"You'll—you'll make it plain that—er—that I ——"

"I shall say I wrung your consent from you."

"Of course," said Belinda, with a dazzling smile; "you should have been an ambassador."

Forsyth smiled back.

"Sometimes I am," he said.

The next moment he was gone.

As he entered the waiting room, "Good morning, Forsyth," said Pomeroy. "Here's a go."

"What's happened?" said Forsyth.

"Ointment for two," said Pomeroy, searching his pockets. "Complete with bluebottle. Listen. The deceased—God bless him—has left me a most desirable residence—cesspool and all. It's a peach of a place, overlookin' the Bay of Biscay. What's torn it up ——"

"I know," said Forsyth.

Pomeroy stared.

"Know?" he said. "But ——"

"Miss Seneschal's upstairs."

Pomeroy started. Then he picked up his hat and was stepping a-tiptoe to the door.

"Here," said Forsyth, detaining him. "I've—I've persuaded her to see you."

"Not on your life," said Pomeroy. "I—I'm rather frail this morning."

"Will you renounce?"

"What? An' let her have the lot? Not likely!"

"Then come upstairs," said Forsyth. "The matter's got to be discussed, obviously. You don't want to write about forty letters, do you?"

"No, but ——"

"Well, that's what it means. More. In a case like this *oratio obliqua* 's hopeless. One never gets down to things."

Pomeroy hesitated.

"It's all fine, Forsyth," he said uneasily; "but we haven't met since—since the dust-up. Besides, it's—it's a very ticklish business, revivin' memories."

With a considerable effort Forsyth maintained his gravity.

"I beg that you'll do as I say. Miss Seneschal sees the wisdom of an ordinary business talk. Surely you're not going to be the one to resist."

Pomeroy stared upon the floor.

At length, "Oh, all right," he said, "if she wants it."

"That's right," said Forsyth, shepherding him out of the room.

A moment later he stood before his lady.

"Hullo, Belinda," he said. "How—how are you?"

Miss Seneschal nodded.

"Full of it, thanks," she said composedly. "How are you?"

"Bursting," said Pomeroy; "simply bursting, thanks. Awfully nice of old Drawbridge to do us so proud."

"Perfectly sweet of him," said Belinda.

Forsyth brought forward a chair.

"Sit down," he said.

Pomeroy subsided gratefully.

"The property," said the lawyer, resuming his seat, "has been left to you two jointly. I take it you came to see me to ask not so much what that means as where you

each come in." The two nodded and Pomeroy crossed his legs. "Well, first let me tell you what it means. It means that each of you is absolute owner of Les Iles d'Or and all the villa contains, subject only to the other's right. Each of you can take possession as and when you please, invite what guests, install what servants you like. Neither of you can exclude the other. If A is there and B decides to come, A can't exclude B—or his servants or his ox or his ass or anything that is his. B has a coequal right. Very well, the only way to enjoy a property so held is to make and abide by an arrangement. The obvious and most simple way is for each to agree to use it for half the year."

Miss Seneschal frowned.

"My plans," she said, "are rather unsettled. I don't think I want to bind myself ——"

"I agree," said Pomeroy. "The Biarritz feelin' is apt to come with a rush. An' supposin' one chose the wrong half."

"Supposing," said Belinda dreamily—"supposing, to begin with, we took it for three months each. This is March. Well, you have it till the end of June and I'll have it from then to October. Then if that works "

"Nothing doing," said Captain Pomeroy. Belinda started and Forsyth's hand flew to his mouth. "The Biarritz season is short, but it's very sweet."

"When is the season?" said Forsyth.

"Well, there are really two seasons," said Belinda. "The spring season and ——"

"Yes, you can have that one," said Pomeroy. "What about July *nach* September?"

"Oh, of course it's more crowded then," admitted Belinda; "but to my mind the pleasantest time is in the spring."

"All right," said Pomeroy promptly. "You have it now and I'll take over on the first of July."

Miss Seneschal swallowed.

"I can't do that," she said coldly. "I—I'm engaged from now till July."

"So'm I," said Pomeroy shortly. "Six deep. London season."

There was a pregnant silence.

At length, "I think we'd better renounce," said Belinda shakily.

"Renounce?" cried Pomeroy. "Not in this suiting. It's the first villa I've been left at Biarritz, an' the next one mayn't be so nice."

"It's—it's very nice, is it?" said Forsyth.

"Perfectly charming," said Belinda. "It's got the most glorious position."

"Almost sacred," said Pomeroy. "Five minutes from everywhere."

"I meant the views," flashed Belinda. "You can see for miles."

"Quite that," said Pomeroy. "And what about six bathrooms, Forsyth? Six! All tiled!"

"It's the last word in luxury," agreed Belinda. "And there's practically nothing to be done. When that stuff on the edge of the terrace has been taken away ——"

"What stuff?" said Pomeroy suspiciously. "D'you mean the balustrade?"

"Well, it isn't really a balustrade." She addressed herself to the lawyer. "It's a hideous sort of parapet, Mr. Forsyth. It doesn't go with anything and it just ruins the whole ensemble."

"My dear Belinda," said Pomeroy, "you can't take that away. It mayn't be a work of art, but it's pretty useful. You must have a rail or something."

"Why?"

"There's a twelve-foot drop," said Pomeroy. "That's why. You can't have a depth like that unflagged. Supposing one of your guests came in a bit lively, by starlight."

"I don't entertain drunkards."

"Well, I protest," said Pomeroy. "I—I like the balustrade."

"Unfortunately, I don't," said Belinda in a freezing tone. "That's why I shall have it removed. When you come you can fix up a life line—for night work."

Forsyth cleared his throat.

"I'm afraid any structural alterations would have to be agreed upon, Miss Seneschal."

"But it isn't a structural alteration "

"My dear child!" said Pomeroy, raising his eyes.

Belinda regarded him furiously. Then she averted her gaze and tilted her chin.

"Mr. Forsyth," she said, "the house is ours. If it was mine, I should put in a caretaker at once. But I suppose I mustn't do that."

Forsyth turned to Pomeroy.

"Have you any objection?" he said.

"None," said Pomeroy, "provided the caretaker has instructions to take orders from me."

Miss Seneschal gasped.

"I don't think you quite understand," she said. "I should be paying the caretaker."

"Exactly," said Pomeroy. "And when I rolled up with my baggage she'd send for the police."

"She'd have instructions to permit you to enter."

"She'd have ten minutes to clear out," was the violent reply. "I'm not going to be followed about my own house by a glassy-eyed sleuth in somebody else's pay."

Speechless with indignation, Belinda crowded lightning into her beautiful eyes.

"I know a very good man," continued Pomeroy, apparently addressing the cornice. "If you like, I'll send him to see you. I shall tell him that you are his mistress and ——"

"That," said Belinda, "would be misleading. No nominee of yours will enter Les Iles d'Or."

"Look here," said Forsyth. "By the merest chance I happen to be going to Biarritz in six days' time. If you like, I'll install a caretaker and have an inventory made. Copies to each of you, of course. I'll find a good agent and tell him to pay the caretaker and keep an eye on the house. He'd better report to you both once a month. When you propose to reside, you'll let him know and he'll make the necessary arrangements. If anything has to be done at any time he'll write to you both, and your two signatures will be his authority to go ahead."

"Forsyth," said Pomeroy piously, "what should we do without you?"

"You really are an angel," said Miss Seneschal. "Now help us out with the dates."

The solicitor picked up a pencil and began to draw lines upon a pad.

"Whenever," he said slowly, "I deal with a will I always feel that I am treading venerable ground. A will is an essentially human document. It is the spokesman of the dead. Man can take nothing out of this world. Therefore one day he sits down and puts upon record—secret record—to whom, when his wealth is left masterless, he desires it to pass. Sometimes his directions are rational; sometimes they seem unkind; sometimes they are unexpected. But as the spokesman says, so it must be done. We cannot reason with the spokesman—perhaps that's as well. But what is more to the point, the spokesman cannot reason with us. Its principal is dead. Well, because it cannot reason, it is to my mind our duty to reason with ourselves on its behalf. *Noblesse oblige*. We that are quick owe it to the pitiful dead. We must look to see what is written between the lines.

"Here is a bare bequest. Why was it made? Because the old man liked you—liked you both. He hoped it would bring you happiness—joint happiness. He assumed, of course, that you would marry. He thought about you when you were gone. It gave him rare pleasure to picture his two young friends enjoying his home. Therefore he left it you. . . . Well, you're not going to marry. There goes half his dream. I'm sure for his memory's sake you won't shatter the other half."

There was a long silence.

At length, "You're perfectly right," said Pomeroy uncertainly. "I'm afraid I rather lost sight of that—that aspect."

"So did I," said Belinda shakily. "And I feel very much ashamed. Ivan, if we can't behave ourselves we ought to renounce. It's—it's not decent."

"Don't rub it in, dear," said Ivan brokenly. "You—you can shift the blinkin' balustrade."

"I shan't," said Belinda. "He—he put it there."

Ivan groaned.

"I shan't touch a thing," Belinda continued tearfully. "And we won't have any arrangement about residing. I don't think it's necessary now."

"That's right," said Ivan. "After all, one doesn't have to have a lawsuit as to who's to have the first bath. If one wants hers at half past eight, the other can have his at nine."

"Exactly," said Miss Seneschal. The two rose to their feet. "Well, thank you very much, Mr. Forsyth. You'll let us know whatever we've got to do."

(Continued on Page 130)

"Well, You're Not Going to Marry. There Goes Half His Dream. I'm Sure for His Memory's Sake You Won't Shatter the Other Half"

HANDMADE ADVENTURES

By Ethel Watts Mumford

IF THE proper study of mankind is man, it is equally true that the most enthralling study for man or womankind is self. The ego, after all, is the center of each being. Therefore the astrologer's observatory, the crystal gazer's chamber or the tent of the palmist will always need its S. R. O. sign out and the line will form on the right. Let me state at once, in a little profession of faith, that I believe—nay, I know—that the hand, its texture, shape, lines and quality, is a very sure index to character, far more detailed and accurate than physiognomy, though that also offers a not unequivocal chart.

I began the study of hands as a small girl in boarding school, when a volume of Desbarolles' Les Mystères de la Main set me practicing on my schoolmates. Instantly, from being the neglected, merely tolerated youngest boarder, I was raised to dizzy social heights. No illicit midnight cake supper was complete without me; nor could my superiority be wrested away, as I happened to be the only completely bilingual girl, and the source of my information was a sealed book, literally, to the others.

All my life I have kept up this interest. I've read hands in half the civilized countries of the world, and in the uncivilized too.

Never professionally. I have another perfectly good profession that has more than kept me busy, but I have become sufficiently known as a palmist to be in demand for charity and social entertainments. My experiences have been so extraordinary that I am now doing what I have long promised myself to do—make some slight record of them—scattered bits, scraps and glimpses.

Of Course, Their First Question Always Is, "Am I Going to Get Married?"

But first let me touch upon the character of such delineation, as I have worked it out. There are many books upon palmistry, some of them excellent; but to my nonprofessional but wide experience, they insist on giving undue precedence to lines, irrespective of their change of meaning according to the governing influence of type. Identical lines change their meaning when found in divergent hands. Type must control all readings; and by type I mean not only form, but color, texture and flexibility. For this reason no book can give a completely adequate understanding of the hand. Even if perfect color plates were possible, only experience can diagnose flexibility and texture.

What People Tell the Palmists

FOR example, deep and red lines in an artistic, creative hand will indicate concentration—violence, yes; but violence of feeling. In a square, thick-skinned, stubby-fingered hand, the color and depth of the lines would indicate physical violence; and when combined with irregularity of finger lengths and heavy base palm, we have almost murderous temper. The artistic hand, having cushioned finger tips, makes for rhythm, susceptibility to sound and physical joy in the sense of touch. The identical finger tips in a pudgy, fine-skinned, moundy palm show the luxury love of a predatory disposition to which creature comforts are not only necessary but will be obtained at any cost. So it goes throughout the whole list of lines and mounts. They differ in interpretation according to the nature of the hand in which they are found.

Nevertheless, it is astonishing how exacting these delineations of character can become. The inside of the finger is the proper place from which to judge skin texture, which has a close relation to sensitiveness and responsiveness. Here there is little or no contact with the outer world. The surface of the inside of the third and fourth fingers seldom touches anything else.

Flexibility is judged by compression—the hand's ready adjustment to pressure. We use the right hand more than the left, hence the right hand is called the hand of accomplishment, as distinct from the hand of traits. Naturally, a left-handed person must be read from the left, but an ambidextrous individual will still show more hereditary influences in the left hand than in the right.

I have observed that unhappy childhood, surrounded by the warring natures of incompatible parents, is very obvious in the lining of the hereditary hand—low on the palm, where life records begin. Early outside influences are clear also. They manifest themselves in deviations and crossings of the line of fate. The line of fate begins at the base of the palm and proceeds straight up to the middle finger. The life line, which concerns the physical life only, is that which underlies the seam of a glove where the thumb is sewed on. The head line rises at the upper juncture of that seam and extends straight across the hand, or drops to the cushion on the outer edge of the palm, where reside imagination and psychic things. The heart line lies above and parallel to the head. When head and heart are merged into one line, we have intense selfishness.

These are the major lines of the hand; and they, like all the minor dots and dashes and crosses and squares, are governed by type.

I have found it difficult to disassociate palmistry from so-called fortune telling with many of my subjects. I will admit that a measure of telepathy is present if the operator is strongly intuitive, but the base and practice of palmistry are exact. Because of this mistaken notion, involving the occult, I have found myself expected to diagnose diseases and discover secret enemies, all with entire confidence in my ability to do so. My refusals were attributed either to my unwillingness to be arrested for practicing medicine without a license or to my conviction that what I could say would be too terrible.

Confidences? Heavens! What has not been poured into my ears?

The instinct of confession is so strong in the average person that I have constantly had to stop revelations, knowing full well how heartily the penitent would regret them when out from under the spell of the curtained solitude of the consultation room.

How many times have I wished I were a doctor, a lawyer or a priest, or all three in one. Undoubtedly these confessional confidences have proved a temptation to fake palmists, giving them a hold, if not of actual blackmail, then of pecuniary interest, where credulity could be played upon and used.

On the whole, I am amazed that the profession has kept itself as clean as it has done, for I know how appalling are the confidences actually forced upon the reader.

I have had some odd encounters with professionals. From the Boardwalk at Atlantic City, one day, I entered the studio of an internationally known professor. He read my hand very interestingly and with a delightful sense of humor.

"Let me read yours," I said when he had finished.

I proceeded to do so. A prospective client entered.

"You take this one," said he, "and I'll take the next. I want to see your work."

It resulted in my acting as his assistant all the rest of the afternoon. Time after time we got into arguments, so interested that we were wholly unaware of the utter mystification of the subjects of our dissection. These unfortunates were hauled over the coals with no more tact than if they had been under ether, so intent were we with the matter in hand—literally speaking.

I have worked with professionals on other occasions, and as I have said before, I find them too prone to follow the line and mark, with too little reference to type.

I do not believe that marks declare the number of children you will have or that you have had one or a dozen marriages. But most emphatically, the monogamous, polygamous or polyandrous nature of the individual can be asserted with a safe bet. The trouble is, the professional will take that chance and place the bet. He has to give his clients their money's worth, or, as he would probably say, an earful.

Does palmistry pay as a profession? Decidedly, yes. I know one palmist with a London house and a palace in Italy, and another with apartments in New York and in Paris; still another who requires a dozen assistants and has a world-wide clientele. When she travels, which is frequently, it is *en princesse*. The receipts at my tent have been just what running at full capacity made them. I have helped out charities at every price, from a humble quarter to five a throw; but always I play to a full house, and as there are no expenses, the intake is the whole of the gate receipts.

No, I don't find it tiring, though at times I have read hands for four or five hours without stopping. An assistant usually watches the time allowance of five minutes, which is far too short, given an interesting hand; but in public benefits it is hardly possible to allow for more with any fairness to the line in waiting.

In California an amusing incident once occurred. The entertainment I was assisting on this occasion was a hospital benefit, managed on a very large scale and with vaudeville attachments. A great stir and tittering was going on outside my booth. I confess I hurried with the palm I was reading in order to stick out my turbaned head and ascertain the cause. The cause came in—and proved to be a chimpanzee and his keeper.

A moment later the manager of the bazaar arrived, bursting with apologies, evidently expecting me to be as indignant as a prima donna invited to follow the trained dogs—I saw this at an ocean-liner concert once; a most amusing disaster—but the manager was wrong. Far from being outraged, I was charmed. I had never thought to investigate simian hands, and now was my opportunity.

A Shocking Coincidence

CONSUL and I had fairly to be torn apart, having formed an instant and mutual liking for each other. I was reminded somewhat tartly that I was there to make money for the hospital, not to enlighten myself as to the manual complexities of chimpanzees. However, I saw him often after that, both at his public performances and at his private at homes.

Since then I have studied monkeys' paws by the dozen. The result is curious. They have a very high type of physical hand, but all that indicates responsibility is lacking—in fact, is overlaid by sheer physical nervousness. In short, the monkeys are not so much an irrational people as an overly emotional people. Their reactions are miraculously instantaneous. My friend the chimpanzee had been trained to a certain slowness of decision or he couldn't have been trained at all.

I must own that not infrequently my interest in hands has led me into a franker reading than was perhaps tactful. I once caught myself exclaiming delightedly to a much enraged lady, "'Pon my soul, it must be kleptomania!" I never again was guilty of that faux pas; but though I abjectly ate my words, I am perfectly certain that such was the case. There could have been no two ways about it—that long, covetous, unmoral, overimpulsive secretiveness—kleptomania, of course!

I once had occasion to read a hand that puzzled me greatly. At the time I was unable correctly to interpret it. Both palms were covered with tiny filaments of lines; a microscopic web, as it were. This peculiarity of the skin was present in the face also. I read it as abnormality, coupled with evidence of cunning and cruelty. My subject was subsequently identified as one of the most vicious poison-pen writers ever apprehended. I have since heard it asserted by criminologists that this type of offender almost invariably shows this skin characteristic. Let me cite another incident of a most embarrassing nature. This time my victim was a fellow guest at a dinner, after which I had been railroaded into hand reading. I knew only one or two of the people present, as I was thousands of miles away from home. I was looking at the hand of one of the men—a powerful, rather reckless hand, colored for violence and deeply marked.

"Of course," I observed casually, "I don't take any stock in the arbitrary meanings which have been attached to certain signs; but this is the first time I've ever seen what they call the murder mark—it's that heavy red mark next the fate line where it crosses the head line."

There was a shocked silence, and not the least shocked person was myself. I had no idea my speech would carry such consternation. I had meant to imply that I did not believe in predestination as evidenced by peculiarities of the hand, but I learned later that this man had been tried for the murder of his partner. It had occurred in a then recently discovered oil region. He had been acquitted, there being no direct evidence; but in spite of his subsequent millions, the cloud had never been wholly lifted. In short,

I had hit the nail on the head with unwitting precision. The gentleman departed hastily and I do not doubt believed that I was repeating what I had been told earlier in the evening. I know the incident severed all relations between him and my host and hostess.

The fact is that though I cannot believe there is such a thing as a sign of, for instance, murder, the character of the person who will commit murder if the occasion arises can clearly be seen—lack of self-control, combined with violence; or, as may sometimes happen, a tendency to brood, with a lack of human-understanding quality. Now I would under no circumstances tell a subject this if I saw it. I would warn against temper or venomous brooding, as the case might be Suggestion is far too dangerous to be put into words.

On several occasions I have seen hands that clearly indicated insanity. I have also seen the hands of the admittedly insane that showed no such indication except a slight blurring of the lines. In the first instance the condition was hereditary—predisposition both physical and mental. In the latter the cause was external accidental injury to the head or spine

Hands are of such absorbing interest to me that I find myself observing them unconsciously, in subways and busses, at social functions, in portraits—everywhere and anywhere. There are certain characteristics that show clearly, without close inspection—shape, manner of usage, thickness, bone structure, and the like. Here is a case in point:

I was dining in a restaurant with a party of four. Next to us five men were having what appeared to be a very hilarious reunion; certainly they were celebrating something or other and feeling pretty good about it. We were finishing our coffee when one of our party, holding her hand out to me, insisted that I see if her hand had changed in the past year. I gave it a cursory glance, told her a few details, which at once brought the other palms forward.

Forgetful of the surroundings, I began to talk. The men at the adjoining table became attentive, then boisterously insisted that I tell their fortunes. I ignored them. They held up their hands and rather flippantly implored advice. Two of the upraised palms arrested my attention.

I turned in my seat.

"All right," I said. "If you don't like it, remember you asked for it. You, on the right, are an inventor—on a guess, chemical, scientific, mechanical. The older man next to you has the executive brain. The two on the far side are business men—honest, and good gamblers, in a business sense. But the man behind me, next to the inventor, has an all-around bad hand. If you are thinking of taking him in on any deal, you had better look out."

The Sequel

IT WAS an out-and-out bad hand that was held up before me. The palm was long and narrow; phenomenal will was shown by the long thumb joint; and, worst indication of all, the curiously bent, clutching fingers were set at irregular intervals. There was also present a very short little finger and an overly long first. I didn't need to see more than the silhouette of that hand against the light to realize its evil import.

I turned my back on a thoroughly cowed group and paid them no more attention. The occurrence had happened in a restaurant which I was in the habit of frequenting, where they often cashed checks for me; therefore I was known by name. I saw the now sobered men at the next table send for the head waiter and evidently make inquiries concerning me. We left shortly afterward, and I forgot the incident until some months later, when I was called on the telephone. "Do you remember?" said a strange voice, and recalled the episode

"Oh, yes," I said

"Could I see you?" asked the voice. "I'm the inventor."

I debated a moment and then curiosity triumphed. I was in my own home and thoroughly well chaperoned, so why not?

'Yes, if you'll come right now. How did you get my telephone number?"

"From the book," he told me. "Alphonse, the waiter told us your name." He came. "Look here," he said, without preamble, "I'm stumped we all are. How did you get it?"

"What?" said I.

"I mean about me, the boss and that man you said was a crook?"

"Nothing in the world but the shape of your hands as you all held them up," I explained. "Why?"

"Because it's all true. We found it out—we were dickering that night. We came on from the West to meet that man. He'd been negotiating with us for an invention of mine. It was what you said —chemical, mechanical—not patented, because it seemed best then to keep it a secret formula. But you bet your life it's patented now! I want to thank you, but for the life of me I don't see how you did it."

I tried to elucidate, but he preferred, as usual, to credit me with supernatural powers. However, in addition to his thanks he sent me a floral tribute that glorified the house for a week. Not so bad for a snap judgment. But I must, in justice to fallibility, tell a story of a snap judgment that proved a joke on me.

Again I was dining in a restaurant. My attention, as well as that of my host, was attracted to two strange-looking men seated across the room. They were very dark and obviously foreign—Armenians, I made up my mind, or Greeks. Their hands were most peculiar. Bunches of muscle stood out at the base of the thumb and puffed between the fingers. The skin, even at that distance, seemed coarse and calloused, and yet the fingers were long and not unrefined. Both men were, as I have said, dark; but in addition to Nature's pigment, they were sunburned to a still darker hue. This was particularly noticeable in the hand, the palms being a half dozen shades lighter than the backs.

"How do you dope those hands and that make-up?" asked my companion.

"Looks to me," I said, "as if they handled high-speed machines—that muscular development and the flexibility at the same time—and out-of-doors, at that. See how sunburned they are. I don't know what high-speed machines they could be handling out-of-doors. Perhaps they are skilled mechanics for aeroplanes, or motorboat racers "

Shortly afterward my friend left me and came back a few moments later, roaring with laughter

Gurgling and giggling he asked me. 'Do you know what your high-speed mechanics are '"

I gave it up

The Club Woman's Hand

"FLORISTS!" he exploded. "I asked the waiter. There's a florists' convention on. Those two raise American Beauties." And he went off into not inexplicable gales of laughter. No wonder they were sunburned under glass, and their flexible hands were bunched with pruning muscle—perfectly good reasoning gone blooey. I'll wager, however, that if I had actually had those misleading hands to read I should not have made that unfortunate diagnosis, of which I have not heard the last.

One thing impresses me greatly—that is the changed type of feminine hand in rural districts. When I was first reading hands in public it was usually in the country during vacations—at church fairs and the like. The typical hand was my despair; there was nothing to take hold of, nothing to say to those girls but invent a dark man coming from a distance or some equally idiotic filler. Fifteen—even ten—years ago, the average country woman's hand was undeveloped, not unintelligent, but utterly commonplace, without ambition or strongly marked inclinations. Now it is the exception to find such a hand. They have developed into all sorts of highly specialized creatures—often scientific, always interesting. The masculine hand, too, has changed, showing greater vision and flexibility. The flivver and the radio have created a new rural hand.

Every year I read for a woman's club, of which I am a member. It has proved extremely interesting. Nearly all the members are women in professions, business or the arts, and their hands, though offering an astonishing range of variation and complexity, are of a marked type. It is a brand, almost a trade-mark—that club hand. I feel, when I find it elsewhere, like saying, "Go and join the —— Club; you belong."

The business woman's hand is one that changes rapidly. I have noticed the startling development from year to year at these club meetings and—yes, hands do change; sometimes lines appear; often they deepen and take on a new and different character.

I am now watching with interest the hand of a woman of my acquaintance who is destined to make herself felt in the literary and artistic world. Her hand shows it clearly, and yet its lines and mounds are only

(Continued on Page 137)

One of Our Party, Holding Her Hand Out to Me, Insisted That I See if Her Hand Had Changed in the Past Year

POZZI OF PERUGIA

By J. P. Marquand

ILLUSTRATED BY MARSHALL FRANTZ

XVII

NEVERTHELESS, the Pozzi chain was gone. It might have vanished in the air for all that could be found; and yet it exerted a curious influence, almost like the influence of the fabulous golden apple, like the opening of Pandora's box, on all that happened next. It was gone, yet all through Jethro Courtney's house its invisible links lay stretched. It was gone, and yet it had caught them all. It had old Jethro fast. It was around Tom Bacchus' shoulders, and Helen Courtney felt its weight, and even Romano, and Frankenstein, a hundred miles away, tripped on its vanished length.

There was one thing that Jethro Courtney always demanded of his guests—a prompt and early appearance around the breakfast table, and he saw nothing to keep him from his rule. He saw nothing of the forces that had begun to work. At eight sharp he came down, just as he always came, in his morning coat and his baggy trousers. The coffee and bacon and eggs were on the dining-room table in heavy silver service. Outside, the day was gray, and the room was dismal and prosaic without the sun. He saw Romano first. Romano was already in the dining room, bowing toward him with just the right considerate deference.

"Romano," announced Uncle Jethro, "everything you said looks right. Somebody in the house took it. I've got three men on the job, and nothing's been disturbed outside; and furthermore ——" Uncle Jethro stroked his mustache. "Ah, here comes my niece."

Perhaps he was aware of some change, some stirring of the mind, as Helen Courtney appeared. He noticed that Romano stood up very straight. He noticed that his niece was pale—paler than she should have been. When he spoke to her, her glance seemed almost furtive; and though Romano bowed his lowest, a dashing Latin bow, she hardly nodded back.

"Now where's Bacchus?" demanded Uncle Jethro. "I hate to be kept waiting."

"He'll be down," said Helen listlessly.

Uncle Jethro allowed his glance to wander around the dining room.

"I was just telling the news, my dear," he volunteered. "From all we can gather, someone inside the house took the chain, and furthermore, no one who was in the house last night has left."

"Ah," said Romano smoothly, "could anything be better?" And Jethro Courtney noticed again that his niece looked very pale.

"Well, well," said Uncle Jethro, "I rather think I shall get it back. I know all this fuss isn't right or graceful. I guess I ought to take the loss; but when I think of that chain—there'll never be another like it, will there, Romano? It meant something to me I can't explain. I've done a lot of things in my time, but I'm getting too old to find another Pozzi chain. Do you know what I've done? I've sent word to everybody that nothing will be said if it's just given back."

Helen Courtney was never sure, but it seemed to her that a touch of color came into Romano's cheeks.

"I'm sorry, sir," he said.

"Well, well," said Uncle Jethro, and Helen Courtney knew his tone. She glanced hastily at Romano and wondered if he knew also. "Romano," said Uncle Jethro suddenly, "you must have known lots of dealers in all sorts of places. Have you ever seen much of this man Frankenstein? It's a funny thing. He called me up this morning."

As clearly as she saw anything, Helen Courtney saw Romano's head go back and saw his eyelids flicker, but her uncle's delft-blue eyes were as innocent as the glaze on a china plate.

"Frankenstein?" Romano's voice seemed forced. "Naturally, I know Mr. Frankenstein. What had he to say?"

Uncle Jethro stroked his mustache and looked up at the ceiling.

"He wanted to know if I'd got home all right; and when he heard the chain was gone, he didn't say a word. Now why should he do that? Well, well."

Often as she had heard him say those words, they had never seemed so gentle or so long drawn out.

"I'm always putting the wrong two's together. Let me see, wasn't it Frankenstein who called you up last night?"

His Words, However, Had Far From a Soothing Effect. Helen Sank Into a Chair by the Table and Covered Her Face With Her Hands

She found herself looking at Romano with a curious fascination. His features were immobile, but he did not look the same. Some illusion, something which had lifted her from the level plane of life, something she could never explain, which had to do with weariness of every day, some hope, some vision born of voices on the road and shadows—it left her when she saw Romano then. It left her as though she never had known it, like the scent of a flower or the note of a wayward song. It left her so completely that she could not understand what had happened. Was it only last night that he had made her voice falter and her thoughts grow vague? Pitilessly and coldly the morning light streamed on him, and he seemed as tarnished as a masquerader's cloak. Where had his brilliance gone, his gayety? Had it all been illusion, a touch of light and shade?

"Sir," said Romano—his very voice had changed—"because Mr. Frankenstein acquired a piece of jewelry from me, do you mean to insinuate ——"

"Well, well," said Uncle Jethro, "now what should I insinuate? Good land, I didn't mean anything! I only asked a question. You mustn't mind an old man; but here comes Bacchus and we can get at breakfast."

Tom Bacchus, however, was not a reassuring presence for a cheerful meal. The thought of food did not appear to distract him. He came slowly across the room with his hands in the pockets of his sack suit, advancing solidly and ponderously, without a word.

"Well, well," said Uncle Jethro in a much heartier manner than he had ever used toward Tom before, "don't be so down on your luck, boy! You're not going to the electric chair. Sit down—let's all sit down."

Apparently Tom Bacchus did not hear. He only continued his course across the room until he stood directly opposite Romano.

"Don't you hear me?" exclaimed Uncle Jethro irritably. "Here's the table; aren't you going to sit down?"

"No," said Tom Bacchus; "I'm not ready for breakfast yet, and maybe none of you'll be ready when I get through."

"See here," said Uncle Jethro, "what's the matter with everybody this morning? Have you got a chip on your shoulder too?"

"It's just a matter of preference." Tom's voice was deliberate and clear. "I don't care to eat when Romano's in the room."

There was a moment's silence, a horrified, breathless silence. Tom Bacchus seemed to have grown in bulk, but Romano looked back at him without moving a muscle.

"So I spoil your appetite," Romano's eyes were bright and steady, though his voice was very soft. "May I ask you why?"

There was another silence, while both stood facing each other.

"Because I think you're a thief," Tom Bacchus said.

Romano took a step backward. His face was the color of old parchment, and his eyes glittered like two beads of jet; but he did not speak. Jethro Courtney was the first to find his voice.

"Be quiet, sir!" he thundered. "I won't have anyone in my house ——"

And then he stopped. Romano was laughing. His face was still an unhealthy color, but he was laughing, though his laugh was out of tune.

"Don't!" Romano's voice also sounded flat. "Don't discourage anyone who is so frank. You think I'm a thief, and you have the courage to say it? Then don't stand looking at me. I'm not saying that I'm not. But if you think I'm a thief, why didn't you say so last night?"

Tom Bacchus raised his hand to the back of his head and stared at Romano in a puzzled manner.

"Because I thought they had you," he said. "I thought they had you cold. I thought you'd make a run for it sometime in the night. Martin told me ——"

"My friend," interrupted Romano, "I knew that Martin had the *idée fixe*. He only half looked over my things. You must get over the delusion that thieves always run away. So you think I'm a thief? Suppose you tell us why."

Tom Bacchus drew a deep breath.

"Because I say a thing when I think it," he answered; "and talk all you like, I still think it. What did you stop Mr. Courtney's car for last night? And why were you mooning all around the house?"

"There," said Romano, "I'll do better another time perhaps. But why should I have taken something I could not possibly dispose of? Suppose you tell me that."

"I'm no good at talking," said Tom Bacchus doggedly. "I don't know why you took it, but just the same you did. I know you did."

Romano smiled indulgently on all the company.

"But I don't deny it," he said. "Can't we all sit down and just be thieves together?"

They never entirely understood, and Tom Bacchus the least of all.

"You don't deny it?" echoed Tom Bacchus in a helpless sort of way. "You've got the face to stand up here and say you don't deny it?"

Romano shrugged his shoulders and extended both his hands.

"But, dear sir, I don't affirm it. I don't do anything." If Romano had been startled in the beginning, he was quite himself again.

"Why should I do anything else?" he concluded. "Listen, sir, why should anyone in his senses think I stole it any more than you?"

And Romano smiled. Perhaps it was Romano's smile, or perhaps it was the level clearness of his voice that was too much for Tom Bacchus then. He was no match for subtleties. He exploded like an overheated boiler.

"Confound you!" he shouted. "What do you mean by that? Say that again—just say it!"

"Sir"—Romano's own voice had grown louder—"be careful how you shout at me! I never stand for bullying. Ah, don't start it again. Don't start it! I'll repeat it to you. Why should you not have taken the Pozzi chain? You were as near to Mr. Courtney's room as ever I was! You were in need of money! Don't say you're not! Everyone here knows it! You're in a glass house as much as ever I am. Be careful how you throw your stones!"

For a moment Tom Bacchus stood glaring at Romano as though the impact of the insinuation had taken away his breath.

"Here, here!" Uncle Jethro intervened hastily. "Now that's enough of this!"

"I shall be delighted to withdraw my words," replied Romano smoothly, "as soon as Mr. Bacchus withdraws his."

He always had the better of it. Tom Bacchus was no match for him. Helen was aware, painfully aware, of Tom's inferiority; and yet suddenly she found herself inexplicably sorry for Tom. She knew he was at a disadvantage; she knew he always would be beside Romano's type. Nevertheless, he was one of her kind, staunch and dependable, with a frankness she could understand. And Romano was laughing at him. Though his face was grave, she knew it, and her knowledge gave her a touch of anger. Tom Bacchus was making an effort, almost a physical effort, to regain his self-control.

"Mr. Courtney," he said hoarsely, "I'm not going to be put off. I know too much and I've seen too much. He's been after that chain all night. He's been following it like a bloodhound. You put it away in the library—now suppose Mr. Romano tells us what he was doing in the library at one o'clock this morning."

Helen put her hand to her throat. The floor seemed unsteady beneath her feet, but she could not take her eyes from Romano.

His face was like the face in a dark canvas again, as motionless as a portrait's face.

"Young man"—it was her uncle speaking—"I said we had enough, and I mean it. Why do you say a thing like that when you know you're wrong? Romano was not downstairs. I happen to know, because I was downstairs then myself."

"I can't help that," Tom Bacchus answered promptly. "At one o'clock in the morning I heard someone in the hall. I opened my door and looked out, and I saw Romano going down the stairs."

"You saw Romano?" Uncle Jethro gazed from face to face. "Well, well, you didn't see right. It was my niece you saw."

But Tom Bacchus' look alone was enough to show it wasn't. Bewilderment, doubt, and then an expression stronger than either took possession of him. He glanced at Helen, and something in his glance made her cheeks grow scarlet. Uncle Jethro considered her in silence, stroking his mustache.

"It's up to you, my dear," he said finally, "which of us is right."

She looked back at him without answering. She seemed to be at the parting of two ways.

"Helen," said her uncle again, "before I came down to the library, was Romano there?"

They were all looking at her, her uncle incredulously, Tom in a sort of dumb agony, Romano inquiringly; but she hardly heard the question. There, in her uncle's dining room, she was at the parting of two ways. Intuitively she knew it, and no answer she could make could change it then. A wave of fear passed over her. Her heart was beating fast. Was she going to leave the things she knew for a strange road she had followed in the night? Something was holding her back, something in the look of the room and the morning light, something in Tom Bacchus' look.

"Well, well," said Uncle Jethro, "was he there or wasn't he? Was that why you looked so when I came down'"

She did not speak, but there was no need for her to answer.

"Well, well," murmured Uncle Jethro in a voice of wonder, "now who'd have thought of that? Now who'd have thought of that?"

And in his own way Tom Bacchus also understood, and made his own reading from her silence, and none of them forgot the way he took it. Some side of him they had not seen came uppermost. If he had been Romano he could not have done much better.

"Don't you say a word, Helen," he said gently. "You're right not to, if things have come to that. I ought to have seen. I ought to have understood. I should have if I hadn't been too upset and thinking about myself. Were you going to tell me this morning? Well, you don't have to now. No, don't try to explain it. Things like that just have a way of happening. I almost guessed it last night. I should have guessed it, dear."

He turned quickly to Romano and held out his hand.

"Romano," he said, "you see I've got what I deserved, acting the way I have. I'm sorry for anything I've said. Won't you consider I've taken everything back?"

"But you've only acted quite naturally," replied Romano. "Wait—wait, you mustn't go."

Tom Bacchus had begun to walk from the room, but he paused when Romano called.

"Do you think," he inquired with a poor attempt at lightness, "that I'm exactly needed now?"

"Tom!" called Helen falteringly, but Tom Bacchus was no longer there.

Silently they stood looking after him, Romano with a slightly puzzled frown, Uncle Jethro stroking his mustache. Like the rusty chain of Pozzi, Tom Bacchus had never loomed larger, had never exerted a more potent influence than in that dull moment after he had done what he thought became him.

"He might have waited," murmured Romano. "It's like men never to wait"

"Don't you think," inquired Uncle Jethro, "it's time for you to say something?"

Romano turned to face him, standing very straight

"I think," began Romano, "that he should have waited."

Perhaps he would have continued further if Helen had not interrupted. She was at the crossroads still, but she had ceased to falter.

"Oh," she cried in an uncertain, tear-dimmed voice, "don't you see I love him? I've loved him all the time."

Uncle Jethro put his hand to his forehead.

"You mean you love Romano?" he inquired in a high voice. "Well, well, who would have thought of that? My stars! What will your mother say?"

His words, however, had far from a soothing effect. Helen sank into a chair by the table and covered her face with her hands.

"Oh," she sobbed, "don't make it any worse! It's Tom, Uncle Jethro! Don't you see it's Tom'"

"Then," exclaimed Uncle Jethro, "what possessed you to let him go? And look here, what were you and Romano doing then down in the library?"

And the strange thing about it was that he never wholly saw, not even when Romano spoke.

"Dear lady," said Romano, and his voice made her look up and made Jethro pause. Romano was smiling, but his smile was wistful, almost sad. "Of course you've always loved him, when you see things the way things are. It's only the steel and gold again. Nearly everything is an interplay of that. Isn't it what I told you, quite what I told you? I said you'd forget in the morning when everything is clear, and the roads all lie ahead. It's only when the shadows come that anyone who is used to gold mistakes it for rusty steel and life turns upside down; but where are the shadows now? I knew you'd find it so. Of course you've always loved him. You always have."

Romano's smile was growing broader, and sometimes it seemed to old Jethro that his words bore a faint trace of irony.

"Just because we happened to meet in the library—by accident, Mr. Courtney, please believe me, quite by accident—why should anyone be upset by an accident like that? Of course you've always loved him. He's your kind, your class, your culture—a man for you to love. Why not find him and tell him so?"

Romano leaned nearer to her and lowered his voice.

"Tell him he was mistaken, dear lady. Is there anything wrong in that? We all make mistakes—you, I, all of us, in the dark. We wander a little way, but we always come safely back."

Romano took her hand and bowed over very low, and that was all he said, quite all—a strange array of words of shadowy half-meaning. Yet even as Helen heard them, she knew that once she would have understood, an hour or so ago. Was she sorry that she understood no longer? Something, some hope, some illusion, some wish too vague for her to frame, was leaving her forever, and was she sorry it was leaving? For a moment, for just a moment, he was part of that illusion, no longer tawdry, but tantalizingly bright again, inexplicably bright. And he—was he sorry? Had he no regret? Could it be she was wishing he was sorry? And then it was over, a thought and nothing more.

She was on her feet, still holding Romano's hand. The gray light was in the windows, lighting a prosaic room

"I'm going," she was saying—"I'm going to find him now."

Was he sorry? Could it be she still wished he was sorry?

"Now that is better," said Romano, and then he added a little sadly, "But tell me, you'll remember sometimes the chaplet that Pozzi was to make you? Perhaps we'll both remember that."

But Helen Courtney was moving away. Out in the hall they heard her calling. "Tom!" she cried. "Oh, Tom, where are you?"

(Continued on Page 154)

"So it's You?" She Gasped. "It's You?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A.D. 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U.S.A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

Five Cents the Copy From All Newsdealers. By Subscription: To the United States and Possessions, Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, Guatemala, Isle of Pines, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Republic of Honduras, Salvador, Spain and Uruguay, $2.00 the Year. Remit by U. S. Money Order, Express Money Order, Check or by Draft payable in U. S. Funds.

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To Newfoundland (with Labrador) and other Foreign Countries, exclusive of those mentioned above, by subscription, post paid, $6.00 the Year. Remittances to be by Postal or Express Money Order or by Draft on a bank in the U. S., payable in U. S. Funds.

PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 22, 1924

It Cuts Both Ways

TOWARD the close of Senator Ladd's article on Muscle Shoals, which will be found on other pages of this issue of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, occur certain statements in regard to government ownership of public utilities, in theory and in practice, that offer an irresistible bid for editorial comment.

The senior senator from North Dakota comes out flatly for government operation of our water powers; but he wants to pick and choose and thus avoid letting the taxpayers in for indeterminate losses through the development of power sites that present unusual difficulties and give no strong promise of adequate returns. On the other hand, in spite of the monopolistic character of certain great financial interests in the hydroelectric field, he would, upon their acceptance of a fertilizer clause similar to Mr. Ford's, grant them a hundred-year lease that would permit them to generate a million horse power on the St. Lawrence River.

His reasons for favoring the development of the Muscle Shoals site under private auspices are unanswerable. He observes with truth that "neither a nation nor an individual can rush into commercial chemistry without risking heavy losses." No man knows what the well-rounded development of this power site will cost, and no one can estimate what the return from it will be or foretell whether the profit-and-loss entry will be written in black ink or red. Again, the art of separating nitrogen is changing so fast that the best available equipment that could be ordered today might be obsolete before it could be built and installed. Constant scientific research, familiarity with the most advanced engineering practice and unerring judgment and foresight must point the way to profitable operation. In a word, the whole undertaking so bristles with risk and chance that Senator Ladd believes the Government ought to play it safe, let private capital venture where it will.

If we understand Senator Ladd's views correctly, he would have government participate in sure-thing enterprises only, and would leave the uncertain and the hazardous to private hands. He appears to believe in the old principle, once commonly cherished, but now a favorite target in every political shooting gallery, that though government may safely operate utilities that are carried on by a comparatively unchanging routine—such, for example, as municipal water systems—it is skating on thin ice when it engages in activities whose success depends upon personal initiative, intensive research and the speedy adoption of improved methods and cost-cutting inventions. He invites us to imagine where the automobile industry would be today if the Department of Agriculture had alone been intrusted with the development of the first horseless carriage.

He might have asked where our vast transportation system, the telephone, electric lighting, automatic machinery, industrial chemistry and a dozen other industries would be except for the genius of a nation of inventors and millions of bold and often unfortunate investors who could believe before they could see.

The conclusion to which this line of reasoning leads is that if Uncle Sam desires to slip a government harness on a public utility he should choose a sober, steady one, some sleek and venerable Dobbin that is safe for an old gentleman to drive with comfort and pleasure, a dependable nag that will not shy or bolt or suddenly go loco with newfangled ideas. Let the young daredevils of finance and industry drive the fiery stallions and the restive fillies. Good old Dobbin is the horse for Uncle Sam.

This argument cuts both ways. If private capital is such a trustworthy pinch-hitter that it alone can be counted on to bring off hazardous operations with success, if we frankly concede that any industrial problem requiring real genius, high courage and perfect organization for its solution can be mastered only by nongovernmental agencies, we are very near to admitting that Uncle Sam will be better off riding as a passenger behind a fast horse handled by one of these smart private daredevils than he will be if he drives old Dobbin with his own hands.

Senator Ladd's concise brief for the private development of the Muscle Shoals project does him signal credit. His theories, prepossessions and bent of mind all favor government operation. And yet, the moment he, as a responsible member of the Government, undertakes to express a reasoned opinion on a concrete case he casts preference and prejudice on the ground and allows his unbiased practical judgment to trample them under foot.

Herein lies the essential difference between publicists of Senator Ladd's stamp and the radical advocates of government ownership who end with theory as they begin with it, and painstakingly shelter their houses of cards from every wind of experience and sound thinking that might destroy their pretty castles. If these people would tell the Simon-pure truth about their views it would all boil down to the fact that they are not founded upon economic principles. What they really want is lower freight rates, smaller gas and electric lighting bills, cheaper railway tickets, lower-priced services of every sort. The spectacle of many purveyors of such services only a leap or two ahead of the pursuing receiver makes no appeal either to their desires or to their good judgment. They want the best of service and they want it for less than cost. Jones, the taxpayer, must stand the deficit.

Thrift and Living Standards

THE reconciliation of old ideas with new is always perplexing. But the logical accommodation of old ideas with new customs and practices is just as arduous. The gospel of savings has been instilled into most of us almost as firmly as the Ten Commandments; yet on every side is evidence of a free spending as new as radio. Most people waste very little time puzzling over this apparent discrepancy. They spend freely and without much thought; or if that is impossible they devote themselves either to envy of the more fortunate or to manlike efforts to win fortunes for themselves so that they may become free spenders likewise.

The automobile is the prize exhibit; nothing would be more useless than to expatiate on the well-worn theme of how widely spread among the masses has become the ownership of these gasoline buggies. Less attention has been paid to important similar developments as respects clothing, houses, plumbing, furniture, vacations, extensive automobile tours and amusements. Have people lost their sense of thrift, as evidenced by these almost universal expenditures?

Even allowing for the increased average income, it must be admitted that spending by those whose incomes and resources are rather slight is more liberal than formerly. Methods of installment purchase of houses and other objects of large cost have stimulated the process. Is the well-paid workman reckless to purchase a vehicle which twenty years ago the bank president would have hesitated to buy?

Certainly the question cannot be answered with any sweeping affirmative. Better homes and automobiles add to health and contentment. They enrich life, and the automobile affords its owner a greater command of one of his chief resources—time. Good clothes give many wearers self-confidence and presence, which add to their chances in the business struggle. The demand which comes from higher standards of living and multiplied wants speeds up the productive machine, and thus affords more openings, more opportunities for individual earning. Larger savings and a broader, fuller life often follow larger earnings.

Persons who have fixed incomes, whether in the form of wages, salaries or profits, cannot expand their scale of living. Much of the expenditure which we note has been rendered possible only because of the enormous expansion of individual incomes in recent years by unexpected profits and wage increases. Whether this will continue no one knows.

Every moralist from Mr. Micawber down, or up, has told us that real affluence does not depend upon the amount of one's income, but upon the relation between income and outgo.

This apparent truism, however, may prove untrue if the income expands to an unexpected extent; the most reckless spending may be validated by the discovery of an oil well in one's back yard.

Thrift, of course, is a question of individual judgment. What is good or bad judgment varies in every case, and there is no gospel of salvation or expiation for bad judgment. Instead of an oil well in one's back yard there may be only a mortgage that cannot be paid off.

Most satisfactions, after all, are mental or psychic. The spending of all of one's income, on the theory that a larger income later on will provide for the inevitable old age, may suit some temperaments, but is sure to render others miserable. Conservative provision for the future is absolutely essential to the well-being of certain natures; they would rather have a little more in the bank and fewer comforts and facilities, even though these may add to their future earning power.

Few men are wise enough to pass judgment upon the degree of either the extravagance or stinginess of their fellows. One man has a showy automobile as big as a locomotive and wears fine clothes, but lives in a cheap apartment.

Another man has a large house, but is not much interested in automobiles and clothes. Still another goes lightly on all these, but owns so many gilt-edge securities that his safe-deposit box is bulging. A fourth man goes in for fine clothes and houses, ample transportation facilities and manages to accumulate large investments as well. Still a fifth man sinks his money into the education of his children, or in doctor's bills or in travel; while a sixth buys freely, saves little or nothing, and proves in the end never to have paid his bills.

There are natures which flourish best under a reasonable indulgence; others gain the most from self-denial. Thrift is individual and personal; the individual knows full well whether he or she is as thrifty as the circumstances and conditions require, and no one else does know. There is no shirking this responsibility, yet not many are willing to face it.

Few men or women plan their lives financially, few really look ahead. Now and then people save too much; more often they do not save enough. There is much useless moralizing about thrift, and only an occasional person who manages his own affairs with the good husbandry which the word implies.

Why I am for Henry Ford's Offer for Muscle Shoals

By EDWIN F. LADD
UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM NORTH DAKOTA

ONLY in the past twenty-five years have governments and scientists paid any real attention to the rapidly increasing dependence of the whole world upon the nitrogen of the air for the preservation and increase of soil fertility. It was in 1898 that Sir William Crookes, in his presidential address before the British Association for the Advancement of Science, called world-wide attention to this subject and predicted starvation for millions unless the nitrogen problem could be speedily solved, declaring that "all civilized nations stand in deadly peril of not having enough to eat." It is well known that without nitrogen we cannot grow food crops or cotton for clothing, and without nitrogen no nation can carry on modern warfare.

But "there's a divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will," and it has been divinely arranged that the nitrogen in the air over every square mile of the earth's surface amounts to 20,000,000 tons; the gaseous nitrogen of the air, however, is extraordinarily inert and chemically rebellious.

The nitrogen problem is: How can this air nitrogen be economically converted into a solid or liquid product so that it can be used? This is a problem in industrial chemistry and national economics.

With respect to the purely legal questions arising in the solution of the Government's nitrogen problem, considered in connection with Henry Ford's offer for Muscle Shoals, I must be guided by the infallible authority of the lawyers of the Senate, reserving some layman views of my own as to the Federal Water-Power Act and its application to the proposal of Henry Ford.

As to the questions of chemistry involved in the solution of the Government's Muscle Shoals problem, however, I have some decided opinions of my own, based upon the history of air-nitrogen developments and upon my own study and experience as a chemist; and with this viewpoint I approach the Government's problems at Muscle Shoals and present my views to the readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

In a series of two articles the Hon. George W. Norris, United States Senator from Nebraska and chairman of the Senate Committee on Agriculture and Forestry, has presented to readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST his views as to why Henry Ford's offer for Muscle Shoals should not be accepted by the Senate. In general, Senator Norris and myself have been in accord on legislative matters. We have much in common. We are both identified with the progressive element in the Senate which is earnestly endeavoring to advance the interests of the people through constructive legislation in which party politics is made secondary to the general welfare. Both of us come from a region in which the fertilizer question, though of growing importance, is as yet one of the very least of the farmers' troubles. It cannot fairly be said that either of us has adopted his views in order to secure a selfish benefit in his home state.

Though a progressive in government policies, I am a conservative in commercial chemistry; and with respect to the Ford offer I have to say to that group of senators with whom I am usually in accord what President Coolidge once said to the senators in the Massachusetts legislature, "Be as radical as science and as reactionary as the multiplication table."

I regard the Government as exceptionally fortunate in having received an offer from Henry Ford when no one else would make a proposal, and consider it very unfortunate that Chairman Norris has made unjust attacks on the Ford offer which have not been of a character calculated to lead to a calm, logical and fair decision. The amount of useful power which Mr. Ford would get has been greatly exaggerated, while the power necessary for the manufacture of fertilizer under any fair interpretation of the terms of Mr. Ford's offer has been grossly underestimated. The extent of Mr. Ford's obligations; the amount of money which Mr. Ford or his company could make out of the transaction; the value of the property which Mr. Ford would receive; the title under which he would receive it; the significance of the lease period; the effect of the Federal Water-Power Act; the degree of public regulation of the

(Continued on Page 86)

I'M GETTING RID OF THE EMERGENCY BRAKE, DAD! IT CRAMPS MY STYLE!
SUPREME COURT
REACTIONARY BLOC
AMERICAN GOVT. MACHINE
AMERICAN PEOPLE

I Wonder if We'd Better Let Bobby Monkey With the Car So Much!

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Ashes to Ashes

IN AT my door the postman trundles
One of those squat misshapen bundles
Which to my eager vision looks
Most unmistakably like books.
Ah, happy, happy day that brings
Word wonder soaring on bright wings,
Slow speech of darkly brooding sages,
The hearts of poets pinned to pages,
And old romance of men that tower
Above our petty sniveling hour!
But all the books I find within
Concern themselves, it seems, with sin;
Here Flaming Sinners boldly rubs
Shoulders with Sins of Country Clubs;
Sins of the Fathers snuggles in
With Sinful Queens and Screams of Sin.
I notice, with a blush of shame,
The sins all seem to be the same.

But blow on the bugle and beat on the drums,
Bang on the drums,
Belabor the drums,
This is the day that the garbage man comes
To carry the garbage away!

I cannot bear the weight of sin
Both masculine and feminine;
"Go, fetch to me a magazine!"
I bid my grandchild Imogene.
And so she brings me Ticklish Tales,
Which just sneaks by the U. S. Mails,
And Asterisks and Barnyard Stories,
And Frolics from Reformatories,
Also The Straight Goods Magazine,
Guaranteed Truthful and Unclean,
And Confidences of the Chorus.
At that I cry, with voice sonorous:

"Oh, toot on the trumpet and drub on the drums,
Wallop the drums
And pummel the drums,
This is the day that the garbage man comes
To carry the garbage away!"

And as I dance and bellow so,
Who should appear but old friend Joe?
A charming fellow, I admit,
Full of a dry decaying wit;
His active brain needs naught to quicken it,
For fertilizer lies so thick on it.
He would not use a coarse expression,
Nor make a personal confession;
But by a little twist of phrasing,
And daintily an eyebrow raising,
He turns one's guileless word and thought
To wicked hints with horror fraught.
"Well," I remark, "it looks like rain."
I think it best I should refrain
From reproducing what he stated.
But being quite exacerbated,
Over the garbage can inverting him,
I howl and bawl, the while inverting him:

"Blat on the bagpipes and buffet the drums,
Crash in the drums
And bash in the drums,
This is the day that the garbage man comes
To carry the garbage away!"

—*Morris Bishop.*

A Study in Journalism

As the District Reporter Telephones it in to the Rewrite Man

"TO, BILL? This is Mac. Got a little story about a girl jumpin' off the dock at East Ninety-sixth Street. Nothin' but a press-agent stunt, but—you know—you can fix it up. Wants to break into the movies, I guess. Had her press agent right with her. I smelled him out as soon as I got there.

"Girl's name is Barbara—B for Benjamin-a-r-b for Benjamin-a-r-a. Last name, Wynn—W-y-n-n; nineteen, she says, but she's twenty-six if she's a day. . . . Pretty? Naw, face'd stop a clock. Says she came here two weeks ago from Kokomo, Indiana, but she's got a Bronx accent. Tried to get a job, she says, and told a sob story about how her money ran out and she decided to say good-by to a cold crool world. You know all that bunk.

"Well, anyway, she stands on the dock and screams three times, loud as she can, so's to be sure to attract attention, and then she jumps in. The watchman was asleep, but her press agent yells to Patrolman Thomas Cooney of the East One-Hundred-and-fourth Street Station, and he goes in after her. . . .

"Risk his life? That big bum never risked nothin' yet. He pushed out in a boat and leaned over to reach her, but the fat slob leaned too far and fell in himself. Gosh, I nearly died when they told me about it.

"Well, he grabs the girl with one hand and holds on to the boat with the other until the watchman wakes up and throws a rope and pulls 'em in. If the truth was known I bet the girl could swim like a fish. They called an ambulance and Doctor Johnson of Flower Hospital give her first aid for submersion, only she didn't need it. Thass all."

As the Rewrite Man's Story Appears in the Paper

ONE more butterfly—her wings singed by the cruel white lights of Broadway—tried to end her earthly troubles today in the East River, whose cold and dark but sometimes kindly waters have given surcease to so many weary ones before her.

Barbara Wynn, a pretty bob-haired girl of nineteen, leaped from the dock at East Ninety-sixth Street shortly after two o'clock this afternoon. Only for the heroism of Patrolman Thomas Cooney of the East One-hundred-and-fourth Street Station, one more name would have been added to the tragic list of a great city's victims.

The girl's low moan of despair just before she took her plunge attracted the attention of the alert watchman on the pier. He shouted to Patrolman Thomas Cooney, who happened to be passing, and Cooney, without even stopping to shed his tunic, leaped into the icy river after her.

A few vigorous strokes brought him to the girl's side just as she was going down for the third time. The icy waters so paralyzed his strength, however, that Cooney's gallant attempt might have cost him his life had not the watchman thrown him a rope and pulled them both to the pier. An ambulance was summoned and Doctor Johnson of Flower Hospital revived the unconscious girl with a pulmotor.

When her strength returned Miss Wynn told a pitiful story of how she came here two weeks ago from her home in Kokomo, Indiana, hoping to make a name for herself on the stage. Day after day she sought a hearing with producing managers, but met nothing but rebuffs. Tuesday she spent her last penny and yesterday she decided to end it all.

—FREDERIC L. WALTERS.

A Correspondence Course in Detective-Story Writing

ATTENTION, writers! Why plug along grinding out problem novels, free-love verse or hard-featured articles? Why not have fun while you write? Why not write detective stories that entertain while they grow? You can do it.

You can be a Doyle or Poe or Gaboriau.

You can invent a Vidocq, a Lecoq or a Sherlock.

Just follow these few simple instructions and your fortune is made.

No previous literary experience is needed, no knowledge of English or spelling is required.

Just follow these Ten Tentative Tenets, and—there you are!

Ten to one you'll write a Best Seller.

RULE 1. The butler must discover his master's corpse in the library when he comes down at 7:30 in the morning to open up.

RULE 2. The private secretary must be immediately suspected. Do not waste a moment. Get him in at once. He must be summoned from his bed and come hastily and half dressed.

RULE 3. Find a pistol near the dead man—smoking preferred—bearing the initials of his nephew. Better have it one of a pair, the other being in a case in said nephew's room.

RULE 4. Remember to place in the hand of the dead man a shred of cloth torn from the garment of his assailant.

RULE 5. Somewhere in the room place an initialed handkerchief and the half of a broken cuff link. These are of paramount importance and must not be omitted.

RULE 6. Relate a quarrel between the old man and his son or nephew the night before. This was carried on in a locked room, but their raised angry voices were overheard and the young man made dire threats.

RULE 7. Introduce your detective by the remark that he does not look in the least like the detective of fiction. Let all the characters be astounded at his unlikeness to their preconceived notion of what a detective should look like.

RULE 8. The detective must run round and round the room, sniffing here and there and acting for all the world like a hound on a scent. Remember, it is imperative to use this hound simile or you are forever undone. Also, he must remark, sooner or later, that two and two make four. These points observed, you may do what you will with your detective.

RULE 9. Your young woman suspect must go down to the library at midnight to get a book. The reason for this must be that she is wakeful and cannot sleep. This has superseded the old-fashioned going down to get drops for the housemaid who has a toothache, and is more picturesque and intriguing.

RULE 10. Your hero must refuse to tell his whereabouts at the time the crime was committed. This is an inviolable rule. His refusal is because of some noble impulse to shield someone else, and must on no account be omitted.

The plan of your story will doubtless be the problem of a mysterious murder committed in a room hermetically sealed against intruders; but whether you employ the handy-by Italian stiletto, used as a paper cutter, or some heavy blunt instrument, remember that a third of your book may be easily and profitably filled up by discovery of and discussions about finger prints.

(Continued on Page 105)

Mr. and Mrs. Beans

"Please, Mister, That's My Bone. If You Don't Give It Back I'll Tell My Father on You"

"Great Caesar, Vi! What's That Youngster Bawling About Now? Some Big Mutt Took His Bone, Eh? Well, That Pup Hasn't as Much Courage as a Mouse

"I'll Show That Young Booby That Valor Hasn't Been Bred Entirely Out of the Beans Family. And, Too, I'll Put That Big Bully in His Place"

(Ten Minutes Later)
"But, Beans, Dear, You've Forgotten Buster's Bone"

12 cents a can, except in Rocky Mountain States and in Canada

STILL FACE

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY T. K. HANNA

XIII

FOR all that Faith Newton was young, was harassed by only dimly understood urges, was resentful that her willingness to live and to face undaunted the joy or the agony of life should be ignored—she was by no means featherbrained. If she pushed off the toboggan of her life down some steep, perilous slide, it was not that she was unable to comprehend the dangers or weigh the consequences; nor was it altogether that she was reckless of them. She accepted them. If she must pay for her ride, she would do so valiantly. She came of a logical, hard-dealing New England ancestry and would make the best bargain she could. Where she differed from her forbears was in this: That she would elect a perilous enterprise where their caution would have held them to conservatism and safety. They missed the great moments in return for safety and 5 per cent, as the saying goes. Faith lived only in the hope of great moments and was willing to pay for them with all she had. It was reckless, it was headstrong, it was youth; but it was clear-eyed, understanding and valiant.

She realized that Westminster, as are most of your little towns and villages, was organized of and for men. That is a fact of American life which must not be overlooked or forgotten in weighing up our civilization of today. Tomorrow may work changes; but today the hamlet and the village are the last strongholds of the dominance of men in a world organized by, of and for the lives, pleasures and convenience of women. It is women who have created great cities—the luxuries of women support and make necessary those enormous clusterings of trade and commerce and manufacture; and it is, perhaps, only just that women should dominate what they bring into being. Because the village connects with the day of the patriarchs, women have not yet come into their own; and this Faith perceived, not distinctly, but rather instinctively, and it was at the root of her hatred for Westminster.

It is to be doubted if many women understand that the rule of men depends upon might and that the dominance of women depends upon their realization that might has become a thing of last year's styles. Women get because they take, they take because they know there is no way short of force by which they can be prevented. Their plan of battle consists of a phrase, uttered or held in the thoughts, and the phrase is this: "Well, what are you going to do about it?" And the masculine world rushes headlong upon the phrase to be thrown back in defeat. The old English law declared it illegal for a husband to beat his wife with a club bigger in circumference than his thumb. It was a day of large thumbs. It was not effect, but it was effective, for in that day the world had not lost the knowledge that there is but one argument either comprehended or respected by a woman, which is neatly and with cool decision to knock her down as the climax of the discussion. It is a practice frowned upon by an overdainty civilization, and so the operating of the world is passing from male to female hands.

Faith was demanding her share of the power.

As she was bound to do in her circumscribed life, with its hours of loneliness, she thought much on the subjects of love and marriage. As to the latter she reached a sure decision—it was a convenience, a makeshift, an implement to be utilized, a matter of expediency. As for marriages being made in heaven, she reserved the right to doubt it. From love she hoped a great deal, though the thing was not clear in her mind, her knowledge of it being derived from romances. However, it was promising. It would be a desirable thing, she often thought, if it so happened that the husband who filled her requirements as to practical things should happen also to come robed in the glamour of love; but she doubted the possibility. Also, that it might occur that love would come to her and blind her to the benefits of a mercenary marriage she did not consider. She looked upon marriage much as one looks upon a visit to the dentist's—as a necessary evil.

These are matters about which one may not be academic, and where no amount of theorizing has the weight of a feather. Of the relations between men and women it is possible to learn only by experience; nor from one experience may one postulate what a second will bring forth.

With a resentment and an initiative and a courage like Faith's, it is perhaps remarkable that she did not pack her suitcase and adventure into the world. Strangely, she never considered it. She never dreamed of herself as leaving home to go upon the stage or to carve out some sort of career or to meet romance halfway. Inertia is to be credited with more of the world's virtue than is all the teaching of the prophets.

What Could They be About? Then She Half Arose and Cried Out, Stretching Her Arm: "Look Out! Look Out! Look Out!"

As matters stood, she was close to a decision. She had all but made up her mind to marry Orson Maxwell; and, queerly, there was some sentiment in the thing; not the sentiment of affection, but a family sentiment. Orson Maxwell owned what the Newtons used to own. By marrying him she would retrieve it. It was certainly sentiment of a sort; but even it was secondary to the fact that Maxwell was wealthy in his own right by virtue of the fortune of a bachelor uncle that had fallen to him, and would be many times richer when he inherited from his father. Wealth was what she wanted, but there were other attributes which her keen mind saw to be essential. The first of these was that the man must not be cleverer than she, that she must be able to dominate him. He must be a pliable sort, one she could twist around her finger. Orson seemed built to these specifications.

Maxwell had not asked her to marry him, but she knew he was going to do so—knew that the exercise of only the most elementary skill would bring a proposal at their next meeting. But she was not quite ready. After all, no matter how deliberately a woman may choose a course and determine in her mind to carry it through, she is still a woman, with the inherited inhibitions and longings and prejudices and reactions of her mothers back into infinity. She could plan with cool head to sell herself in marriage; as a thing to discuss and determine upon *in camera*, as it were, it was simple; but when it came to saying "Well, here goes," and plunging off the springboard, there was hesitation and instinctive alarm at the possible chilliness of the water. Women have, through the ages, become so accustomed to make-believe to themselves that they are the pursued instead of the pursuing that it is difficult to step into the open and admit the truth, even to their own private ears.

So Faith would and she would not, and altogther was in something of a state of mind. Two factors, deemed negligible by her, were also in operation to increase the complexity. These were Still Face and Keats B. S. Dodd.

As to Keats, Faith gave him no position of importance at all. He was present and to be tolerated. She rather liked him, though she resented his manner and the awkwardness of his speech at times. His embarrassment made him blunt. What Faith did not recognize was that he was a personality, a dominating sort of person who radiated force—with all his hesitations and embarrassments. He was positive and not in any sense negative. She was neither psychologist nor philosopher nor observer enough to discern that one cannot live in daily contact with a personality like Dodd's and not be modified by it. Not realizing that Keats was anything but negligible, she had allowed him to become important, not decisive, but necessarily to be considered. This she did not realize, for his rise had been without effort on his part, with no warning signals betrayed, and as much without his knowledge as without Faith's. That was his status. Strategically it was excellent—if he became aware of it before Faith did, or perhaps if he never became aware of it at all, but continued as he had begun in his honest, unaffected, practical, serious way. It was as though he had charged some cell in Faith's mind with himself secretly and lay in wait there to emerge with all the effectiveness of surprise at some moment of climax.

As for Still Face, Faith thought much of him; and, if the truth were known, was not altogether easy in her mind with respect to him. The man fascinated her. This she admitted. There was an occult glamour about the man, which, coupled with his strange, arresting beauty, made him dangerous to any girl—if he were a dangerous man. He was a riddle to her that she labored to solve, but opened herself to his influence in doing so. He was outside her experience, a creature from another world, and women are prone to surrender to the exotic. That he was interested in her was apparent, but she could not make out whether it

(Continued on Page 30

Place the whole Premium Ham into the oven, wrapped just as you get it from your dealer. The Swift wrapper makes a perfect parchment baking bag. And a Premium Ham does not need to be parboiled before baking

A dripping pan should be placed in the oven beneath the rack on which the ham rests. Bake about thirty minutes to the pound. Remove the ham: the wrapper, crisp from the heat, will come off easily

Swift's Premium Ham Company

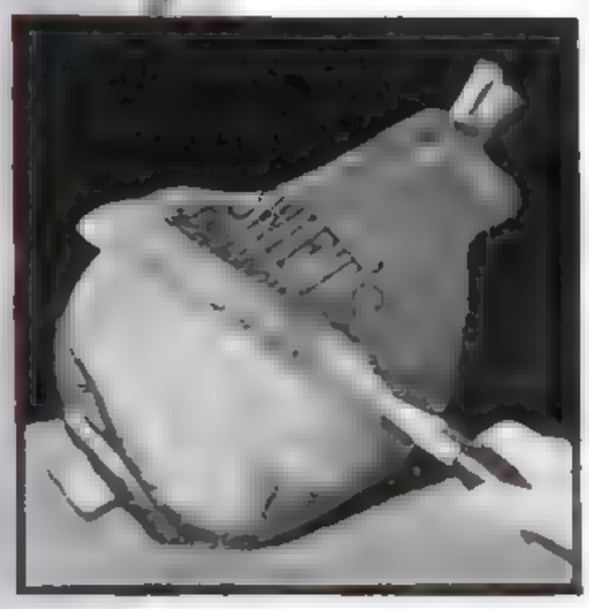
Swift

Swift

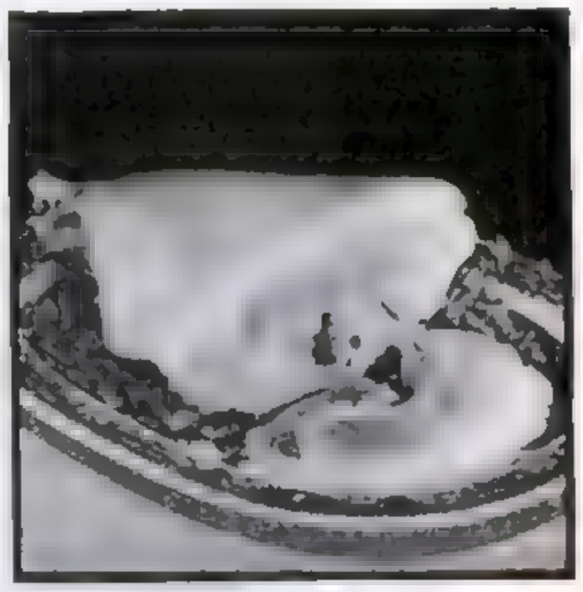
Swift

Swift

It is not necessary to parboil Swift's Premium Ham



While the ham is still hot, insert one prong of a carving fork under the rind at the butt end and roll toward the shank. The rind should come off easily, in one piece, and with none of the underlying fat clinging to it



The ham is now ready to be served. You will find it especially delicious; baked this way, it retains every bit of the delicate Premium flavor

AT Thanksgiving the serving of a whole Premium Ham has a particular fitness. The air of abundance it imparts to the dinner table is a perfect expression of the spirit of that day which we have set aside to give thanks for plenty.

Yet the purchase of a whole Premium Ham is a practical economy. It brings you this finest of ham—tender, juicy, mild in flavor—at a saving in cost per pound.

This way of baking the whole ham, in the original parchment wrapper, is becoming more and more popular; it keeps the full Premium flavor in the ham.

Swift & Company

Premium Hams and Bacon

(Continued from Page 28)

was as man in woman or as teacher in pupil or as a searcher in the subject of his experiment. There were times when she exalted him, looked up to him as a master, a prophet, as a man of such lofty thought and virtue as to be wholly admirable. There were other times when she drew back because she fancied she sensed a threat—sensed in him a man, a very human, questing man. There had been moments of acute alarm when it seemed to her that he was embracing her with tentacles, dragging her to him to devour what was good in her. At these times her troubled imagination made of him a sort of vampire battening on the virtues rather than the blood of his victims. Mostly these thoughts came in the dark of the night, to be laughed away in the morning. At any rate, she could not keep her thoughts from him, or her presence from him. This alarmed her. But her alarm did not hold her from him. The day on which she did not see him was empty, but this was not love or infatuation. It was fascination, curiosity. When she was with him she believed in him whole-heartedly, drank in his wisdom, took delight in the grandeur of his features, in the contemplation of his aloofness and detachment from things material. She almost worshiped.

She watched him sharply, almost with the eye of suspicion. Keats Dodd had warned her against him, and though she had scorned the warning, it had been not without effect. She scrutinized him, but never for an instant did he step out of character. In no minute detail was he anything but the man whose face he exhibited to the world. Either, she said, his self-control was marvelous, his power of acting a part miraculous, or he was the thing itself, real and admirable. If he strove to approach her, the approach was so insidious as to defy detection. Yet there were those tentacle moments when she knew something akin to terror.

He talked to her of life and death, of infinity and the infinitesimal. He pointed out the futility of the material, the inconsequentiality of the individual, and showed her how there existed nothing in the universe so imperishable as thought. The indestructibility of the imponderable—that was a point he bore down upon. Yet he was tolerant—tolerant of the pettiness and the strivings and the vanities of men. Sometimes she thought him cruel, but when she reasoned the thing out he was not cruel, only detached. His attitude, as she read it, was that all finite acts are immaterial, therefore how can one select a certain one to call it evil and another to call it good? The nonexistent, the negligible, can be neither good nor evil. A dangerous doctrine when preached ably; a stealthy approach to her fortress by mining that might leave her to contemplate aghast a breach in her defenses.

"Mankind," he said, "does but two things worthy of consideration—he loves and he hates."

"It is strange to call hatred worthy," she said, and he turned his grave eyes upon her, regarding her silently before he answered. She felt the force and power of him, but in his presence it was a drawing force and not repellent. With his face before her, his eyes upon her, she felt she might with safety lay her life upon his palms

"It is greater than love," he said without emotion. "For it is less destructible, more permanent. As I study it, I believe it to be more uplifting to the soul, a greater experience. Love—let us consider love. It is, after all, rooted in the physical. Yet it is an experience of the soul and therefore good. But it is brief. It comes in youth, it racks and delights. It modifies. It is a tremendous surge, which, if gratified, soon wears itself to nothing. But it leaves its mark. In so much it is a fine thing. But see, a man and woman love; for a time they are lost in each other, living for love in a world of high delight—for a year, for five years. Brief, ephemeral, beautiful. It is the unsatisfied love that is best. Your old saying that it is better to have loved and lost—that had a wonderful truth in it."

"But hatred—I have been taught to think of hatred as wicked."

"Nothing can be wicked that agitates the soul," he said. "Nothing is evil—as you understand the word evil—that adds to the soul's experience. And so I repeat that of all the emotions and actions and reactions I have observed in my reflections upon mankind, hatred is the greatest and the desire for revenge the most lofty."

"I'm afraid you have me out of my depth," said Faith, and physically and spiritually she drew away from him, alarmed. It seemed to her a malignant doctrine to preach—the loftiness of hatred and revenge; nor could she follow his thought. "How, Mr. Jones, do you reconcile this teaching with Christianity?"

"Are you, then, a Christian?" he asked, and she had no answer to give him, for she did not know. Was she a Christian? Did she, with her heart and soul, subscribe to the doctrines of the religion in which she had been reared? Or had she spent her life repeating formulas like a parrot? She wondered. Still Face did not wait for her answer. "Hatred is the noblest endeavor of humanity because it is the emotion which stirs the soul most profoundly, which modifies it unchangeably, which is not limited in its duration by physical fascination as love is. Hatred is eternal, nor does it center upon one object. Regard your feudist in America, how his hatred extends to the remotest collateral relative and descends from generation to generation. Think of the Italian and his vendetta!" Her eyes, wide with the emotions aroused by his words, saw his eyes gleam with sudden unquenchable fire. At the mention of revenge, of vendetta, there glowed in them somber molten fires that frightened her as he had never frightened her before. The light made her think of fanatics, of burnings at the stake, of the cruel absurdities of the feudist wreaking his vengeance upon the innocent because of a slender tie of blood.

"No, no!" she cried. "You are wrong. Hatred and revenge are terrible, wicked."

He spread his hands and lifted his shoulders.

"You concern yourself with individuals and consequences and suffering and what you call cruelty. What are these? Nothings. No, signorina, I hold that if man is bound by any duty it is the duty to live out his hatreds and to satisfy the hunger of his soul for vengeance. But this, I see, is beyond you. You are not ready yet for such considerations. For a time yet I must be more elementary. . . . And I have alarmed you. You must not be alarmed, for we are discussing an abstraction."

"An evil abstraction," she said

"Ah, but your alarm will pass, for you are one of those destined to see and to be and to understand. It is written on your forehead. Signorina, there are hours when I envy you, for I have been granted glimpses ——"

"Glimpses of what?"

"Of your future—as I have seen, in moments when you stand close to me, flashes of your past."

"You have seen? What have you seen?"

"The future?" He shook his head. "Not yet. You are not ready for it; your preparation is not complete."

"I think," she said, "that sometimes you try to amaze me. I am not prepared to believe that you can see the future."

"Doubtless you are equally convinced I cannot see your past. Ah, everything that has been is printed, indelibly printed for the seeing eye to read. Let me see, signorina, let me convince you. Ah, what moment can I describe to you out of the years that are gone, some moment secret to yourself, perhaps, which you have disclosed to none. I shall convince you beyond doubting, for you are worthy of the light, worthily endowed to become my pupil."

"What do you mean—your pupil?"

"Wait." He held up a warning, impressive hand. "The sight is upon me; past and present and future are not; I scan your life

(Continued on Page 32)

Keats Moved Back His Chair Suddenly and Half Arose. "Carl Phillips! My Aunt's Cat!" He Exclaimed

Perhaps You, Too, Have Asked This Question

Probably you are one of the tens of thousands of motor car owners who have listened to Hupmobile enthusiasts dilating upon the amazing economies of the Hupmobile.

You may have asked yourself: "Why is it my car doesn't give me the same sterling service at similar low costs?"

Hupmobile answers by throwing open to you its entire internal construction.

The Enlightening Contrast

It presents these facts to you in the Hupmobile parts display which you will find at your Hupmobile dealer's. It gives a liberal education in things that make genuine motor car value.

If your car cost $400 or $500 more than Hupmobile, you will probably be surprised. Particularly if you are acquainted with the internal structure of your car.

You will see that Hupmobile is superior in the very things that mean longer life and lower costs; that in all important respects, it is as high quality as the finest cars made today.

Reason It Out For Yourself

On the other hand, yours may be a lower priced car than Hupmobile. After studying this parts display, you might well reason something like this:

"I thought I would save money by paying less than the Hupmobile price. What I was really buying was lesser performance, reliability and comfort to start with, and far higher maintenance costs."

Here you can see plainly why the Hupmobile costs so little to maintain.

That roller bearing on which the countershaft gear revolves, for instance—it may not seem significant until you read the comparative description underneath. Then you find that its place is taken, in many other cars, by a brass bushing—which eventually means the difference between a repair bill in the other car, and nothing in the Hupmobile.

The Minimum Price For Quality

Hupmobile says to you, in deepest sincerity, that you cannot pay less money than the Hupmobile price, and obtain Hupmobile economy and dependability in a motor car.

Furthermore, no matter how much you pay above the Hupmobile price, you cannot buy greater reliability.

Hupp Motor Car Corporation
Detroit, Michigan

Hupmobile

Connecting Rods and Pistons.—It is common practice to use a gray iron piston of considerable weight, and connecting rods in which weight is considered evidence of strength; and, in spite of this greater weight of reciprocating parts, a comparatively light crankshaft.

But Hupmobile uses drop-forged duralumin connecting rods, because they save weight without sacrificing strength. It uses the lightest gray iron piston, for its size, in America. These light reciprocating parts minimize vibration and reduce wear, increasing the life of the motor and the comfort of the passengers. Vibration is further reduced by reason of the Hupmobile's unusually stiff and heavy crankshaft.

(Continued from Page 30)

for some hidden thing, something you have concealed; some little thing, some intimate thing."

His manner was calm, not that of a charlatan about to pass into the trance state—grave, impressive, serious, but unstudied, unembellished by esoteric mannerism. Faith's lips parted and her palms pressed together; she was conscious of a thumping in her breast and of an eagerness that had in it something of awe and something of fear.

"Shall it be the spotted rabbit?" he asked musingly.

She drew a quick breath. The spotted rabbit! That tiny creature with quivering nose which she had delighted to hold in her lap and to overfeed upon lettuce leaves. She remembered it now, could almost feel the silk of its long ears and the quick beating of its little heart. And how well she remembered the bitter grief, the tears shed in the secrecy of the attic when it disappeared, and the days of vain searching of the woods.

"No," said Still Face, "it is as well that we do not solve the mystery of the disappearance of the rabbit. Nor the book with the red cover that you were forbidden to read. Details, petty details, and perhaps you will have forgotten them."

"No," she said tensely; "no."

"But this you will not have forgotten," he said. "No woman forgets her first kiss, even if it be stolen from her. You are older, almost a woman. I see a young man speaking with you; it is in an orchard. You seem resentful, flushed, alarmed. He makes many gestures, is excited, impassioned, and suddenly he sweeps you into his arms, and kisses you."

"And I slapped him and scratched him and ran away hating him more than I had ever hated him before," cried Faith. "And I hate him now. I think I hate him for that more than for all the rest he has done to us, his baseness and his treachery."

"Then," asked Still Face, "I have seen truly?"

"Carl Phillips kissed me, and I could have killed him for it."

"I have aroused unpleasant memories," said Still Face; "but it was necessary you should be convinced; that you should be assured that I can speak of your future with the certainty that I read your past; a glowing, wonderful future—strange sights and countries, emotions that make life's high moments, change, knowledge, days of living as life is meant to be lived. These I see before you; these some day I shall show you, shall put your feet on the road that winds upward. . . . Signorina, I, who have seen much and have lived, envy you. Now I must leave you."

Abruptly he swung on his heel and strode away, leaving Faith to her thoughts and her emotions. She was shaken, quivering, not afraid now, not conscious of infolding tentacles, but with wide eyes glowing with anticipation and eager youth reaching out its arms to the glamorous future. The charm of the man, his power, his *outré* personality were upon her. . . . Strange sights and countries! Emotions! Days of living! These were to be hers; these things of which she had dreamed, toward which she had yearned, for which she had been willing to make sale of herself in the public market place, were promised her, were to be hers. . . . In that moment of exaltation, fascinated, under the spell of Still Face's magic, she did not ask what price she was to pay, nor what was the road her feet must set themselves upon to reach her destination. She did not ask if, blindfold, she were approaching peril.

XIV

KEATS B. S. DODD, as has been repeated, was a practical young man who conceived himself to lack imagination. Things happened, and it was his conception of himself that he let them happen without striving to imagine motive or cause. On the other hand, he was aware that few events come to pass without motivation, and that a minimum of results arrive spontaneously without a parent cause. But he did not imagine himself into false conclusions, nor did he fall into the error of confusing causes with effects. Rather, he checked off the known fact, catalogued it in his memory and waited to see what would happen. He was a collector of data, and believed that when sufficient of this commodity was in stock the conclusion to be drawn from it would be manifest.

Therefore, having happened upon the passport of one Carlo Fillippi he did not permit his mind to dally with attractive possibilities; he shut off his imagination as if it were water from a spigot and waited to see. Waited to see is, perhaps, not precisely what he did—he waited for other facts to appear, and if it seemed possible by digging to unearth a fact, he got out his shovel and went to work.

Nevertheless, there was a drip from the spigot that he could not stop, one of those irritating drips such as one hears in the bathtub in the still night—drip, drip, drip, endlessly and maddeningly. It kept him awake. Like the princess in the fairy tale who felt the rose leaf through a dozen mattresses, he could feel the passport under his shoulders through the bedding, and it drew like a plaster. In short, though he was not one to admit it, he was not so devoid of the quality of imagination as he supposed. Because a man cannot compose a sonnet or effect a rime is not final proof that he is wholly lacking in the most valuable force so far discovered in the world. He did not know that one cannot live without imagination; existence is perhaps possible, a sort of protoplasmic continuance of life; but even your digger of ditches cannot be effective without it. To dig a ditch one must have the power to imagine what a completed ditch looks like; otherwise, what he dug might turn out to be a cellar—and there you are.

Therefore, after a sleepless night, he arose, dressed with drawn blinds, because it was conceivable to him that individuals who had taken pains once to study the house through field glasses might continue the practice, and then reached under to its hiding place and removed the passport that was the cause of his disquiet. He stowed it in an inside pocket and descended to breakfast.

The more he considered the matter the less convinced was he that the marauders of the night before had attempted the entry of his room to obtain the document in his pocket. They might have done so, but it seemed scarcely worth so much trouble as these people had been to. Besides, it was skillfully concealed and nothing but accident could have disclosed it. Even reasonable search would not have done so and, as he knew—and as the prowlers must have known—nobody in that household was hunting for passports.

On the other hand, if it were the passport that was their object, then there must be some grave and powerful reason for getting it into their possession. He could conceive of no such necessity. As he reached the door of the dining room he was all but convinced that the passport had nothing to do with the matter at all—which left him more bewildered than ever. Perhaps the passport had been put in to make the puzzle more difficult.

As a practical man he could see nothing to attract a thief except money or valuables, and neither of these commodities was to be found at Newton's White Elephant.

Faith Newton was at table. Grandma had finished her breakfast and was in the kitchen giving orders to Huldy, for her voice could be heard even through the closed doors of the butler's pantry. Keats said good morning absentmindedly and took his place, not paying Faith the compliment of a glance. Had he done so he would have seen that she was not up to her usual standard of youthful freshness and beauty that morning. She showed very much the face and eyes of a girl who had lain awake through the long hours staring upward through impenetrable darkness, and seeing things in it that have no right to be in any girl's room.

"Mr. Dodd," she said presently, and he looked up quickly at sound of her voice, "what do you think of hate?"

"Eh?"

"What is your opinion of hate?"

"My opinion," he said, "is that it is a—er—remarkable subject to discuss at breakfast."

"Or any time, perhaps," she said wearily. "Did you ever hate anyone?"

"Never! I don't go in for the emotions—a defect in my character often pointed out to me. When I was working to become a poet it was said that I failed because I had no soul."

"Then you believe hatred is a matter of the soul?"

"Why, sort of. From what I know of it, it is a species of disease. Don't you think so? A kind of carbuncle that grows on the soul instead of the back of the neck."

"Then you don't think it fine and noble and—the most worthy emotion of man."

"That," said Keats, "sounds like a quotation."

"It is," she admitted reluctantly.

He studied her face now with his keen eyes and saw the trouble there; saw in her eyes what should not be in the eyes of a girl, or of a woman, or of anybody else who is living with normal thoughts.

"Yes?" he prompted.

"I"—there was a moment's hesitation before she uttered the little untruth—"read that the only two worthy emotions of human beings are love and hate, and that of the two hatred is the finest and most profitable."

"Bunk," he said shortly. "I've heard that sort of twaddle in my father's studio. If a thing is bad, it's bad, and it can't be noble or uplifting."

"But," she argued, "can't an evil experience—some dreadful thing lived through—teach the soul?"

"Soul, soul, soul! What's all this about souls, Miss Newton? I know it's fashionable in some sets to talk about them, but where do you get off the train? You can talk about souls till kingdom come and you haven't earned a cent. A soul, Miss Newton, is like a gas engine—the more you leave it alone the better it runs."

"But he said "

She stopped and bit her lip. Keats did not smile, nor did he commit the offense of reminding her she had said she read about hatred and love.

"He said?" he asked.

"I'm upset," she admitted.

"Then don't talk to him. He's bad medicine. I don't know how I know it, but I do. Let him talk to somebody else."

"He talked about hate and revenge as if they were the finest things in the world. Revenge, like the Italian vendetta or the Kentucky feud."

"Revenge, eh? I thought his pose was to be above such things. Now," he said musingly, "that's interesting. Revenge! Um ——"

"He knows so much," she said, "and maybe it is just that I'm unable to understand. I'm not prepared, he says."

"Maybe he told you there was no such thing as abstract moral right and wrong," said Keats.

"Why, how did you know?"

"Heard it by the yard," he said. "In the Village they serve it for breakfast. But that revenge thing! So he's the sort of fellow to play with a vendetta!"

"But just the same," she said, "Mr. Jones is not like other men. He is wonderful! He—he knows things the ordinary person does not."

"As for instance?"

"He read my future."

"I can do that," said Keats; "but you may change your mind some morning and ruin my whole prophecy."

"He proved it."

"No! Now I'd admire to know how anybody can prove a prophecy—until after the thing has happened. Surely it hasn't come to pass already."

"No," she said; "but he says there is no such thing as time. The past and present and future are all one—just mental images printed on something."

"Ingenious, anyhow."

"And he did tell me about my past. He told me things nobody knew but myself."

Keats sat erect and leaned forward eagerly.

"He told you facts out of your past. Would you mind telling me about it?"

"He told me one thing nobody could have told him—a thing I have hated. I hated it so I wouldn't speak of it at the time, though maybe it would have been better for all of us if I had. But I couldn't bear the humiliation."

"And Still Face knew it—told it as it was?"

"Exactly as it was."

"Nobody, not a soul, knew it but yourself?"

"Nobody," she said, and then hesitated. "That is, nobody he could ever have seen or heard of."

"So somebody else did know it?"

"Yes."

"That lets him out," said Keats. "The test fails. So long as another human being knew this fact I refuse to believe he discovered it in any but the ordinary way. Would you mind telling me what it was and who else was aware of it?"

"It was years ago. I was just a girl. A man took me in his arms against my will and kissed me, and I struck him and struck him and ran away."

"This happened in Westminster?"

"Yes."

"Who," he asked, "is the man? Is he here today?"

"He is not here. It was the man who has caused all our trouble."

"You mean?"

"Carl Phillips," she said.

Keats moved back his chair suddenly and half arose.

"Carl Phillips! My aunt's cat!" he exclaimed.

Grandma Newton chose that moment to enter.

"How long you been waitin'?" she demanded of Keats. "Why didn't you call?"

"I forgot about breakfast," he said honestly.

Grandma clucked and eyed him sharply.

"Well, it's a good thing somebody reminded you; but I figgered you was above sich things."

Keats turned puzzled eyes upon Faith when grandma had vanished into the kitchen.

"Now what do you suppose she meant by that?" he asked, and was surprised to note a flush upon her cheeks.

"Grandma's always saying something foolish," she said quickly.

"That one didn't seem to have much to it," he admitted; and then, "I'll bet Still Face had a lot to say about love, too, didn't he? Things that didn't fit in with your notions exactly."

"I'm not sure they didn't fit. Do you really believe there is such a thing as love—the storybook kind? I don't."

"Please, Miss Newton, don't say any of those biological things about love. They embarrass me. They always did."

"I don't know what you mean, but I don't believe in it just the same. I've never seen any of it, and I've never felt anything like it. I don't believe there was ever one of these great passions such as we read about. A man and a woman may like each other, certainly. Lots of husbands and wives are fond of each other; but to love anybody so you would be willing to die for him, or to sacrifice everything for him—well, I just can't understand it."

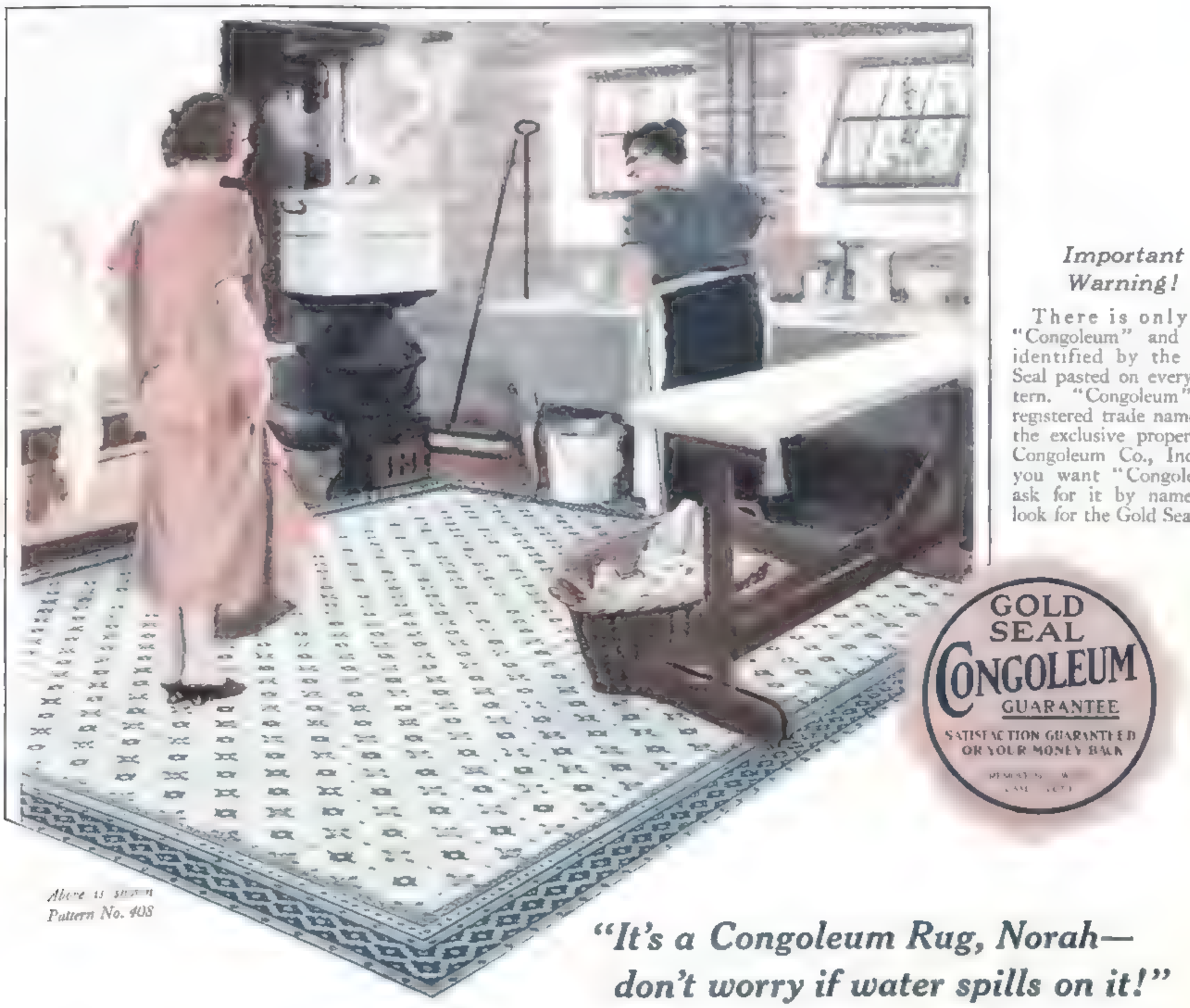
"Your idea then is that people marry because they are friendly toward one another—or for some practical reason—or on account of propinquity?"

"I think practical reasons count most. A girl marries a man because she thinks he can give her what she wants, and a man marries a woman for money or because he believes she will be a suitable wife."

"And there isn't any romance in the world?"

"I've never seen any."

(Continued on Page 70)



Above is shown Pattern No. 408

Important Warning!

There is only one "Congoleum" and it is identified by the Gold Seal pasted on every pattern. "Congoleum" is a registered trade name and the exclusive property of Congoleum Co., Inc. If you want "Congoleum" ask for it by name and look for the Gold Seal.

"It's a Congoleum Rug, Norah— don't worry if water spills on it!"

Of course, water is bound to be spilled and splashed in a laundry. And who cares? Certainly not the woman who has a *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rug on the floor!

Waterproof—Easily Cleaned

For these rugs are absolutely waterproof. They will not rot, no matter how often they are subjected to moisture. To clean them, just go over the smooth, sanitary surface with a damp mop. It takes but a moment and you'll find the bright colors as clear as when the rug was new.

The neat pattern illustrated, No. 408, is but one of several tile and wood-block designs suited to kitchen, bathroom and laundry use. Then, there are dainty floral effects adapted to bedrooms and elaborate Oriental motifs that harmonize with living and dining room furnishings.

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Congoleum Rugs lie flat without tacks or cement yet never wrinkle, never curl up at the edges or corners. And housewives are always delighted with their very low prices.

Popular Sizes—Popular Prices

6 ft. x 9 ft. $ 9.00	9 ft. x 9 ft. $13.50
7½ ft. x 9 ft. 11.25	9 ft. x 10½ ft. [illegible]
9 ft. x 12 ft. $18.00	
Pattern Nos. [illegible]	*Tile*
[illegible] ft. x 3 ft. $ .60	3 ft. x 4½ ft. $1.95
[illegible] ft. x 3 ft. 1.40	3 ft. x 6 ft. 2.50

Owing to freight rates, prices in the South and west of the Mississippi are higher than those quoted

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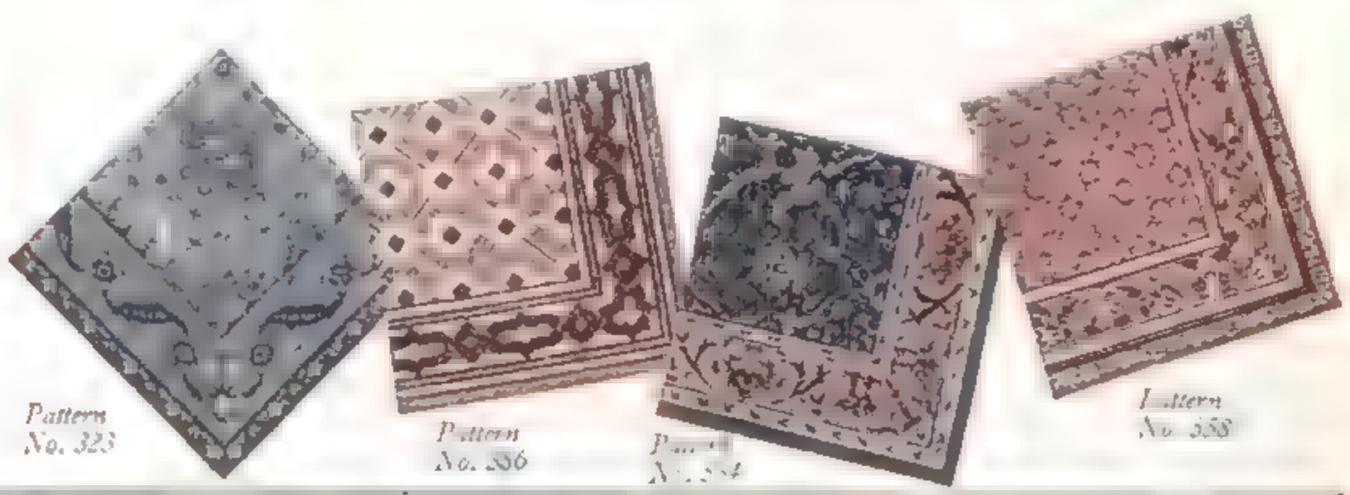
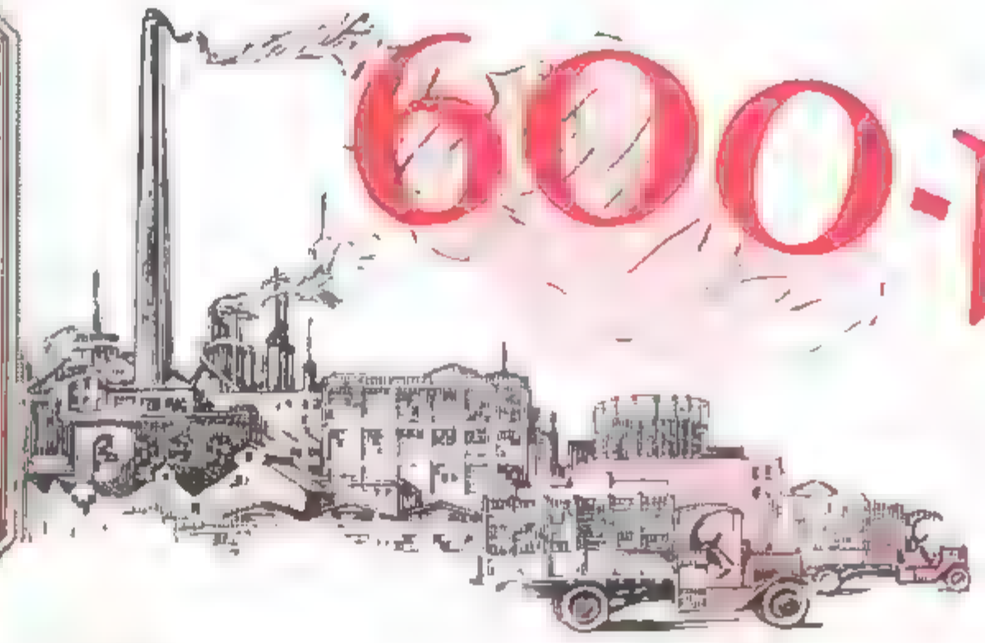


Pattern No. 323 *Pattern No. 386* *Pattern No. 368*

Why lubrication is important to plant executives



Here is specific oil for specific economies

Why is Gargoyle Cylinder Oil 600-W the most widely known steam cylinder lubricant?

Because through sheer merit of service over a period of 47 years, it has become the standard of comparison among steam cylinder oils. As a result, it is endorsed by users and engine builders everywhere. Today, there is more Gargoyle Cylinder Oil 600-W sold throughout the world than any other brand of cylinder oil on the market.

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Its ability to (1) atomize readily over a wide range of steam pressures and temperatures; (2) readily adhere to wet surfaces; (3) prevent leakage of steam past piston and rod packing; (4) clean working parts when it is first introduced; (5) to lubricate without causing char and carbonization.

These qualities result from refining the highest quality paraffine base crudes by the Vacuum process.

Do physical tests determine these qualities?

No. Specific gravity, cold test, flash point, viscosity, and other laboratory tests are not true indications of its lubricating value. The only real test of steam cylinder oil is whether or not it will give the desired results in actual service. Gargoyle Cylinder Oil 600-W so tested will always form a lubricating film between rubbing surfaces and prevent leakage of steam past valves, pistons and rod packings.

What are the dollars and cents benefits to an operator of steam engines using Gargoyle Cylinder Oil 600-W?

Insurance of uninterrupted operation; lower production costs resulting from a decrease in the amount of power required to operate; and lower cost of lubrication through the small rate of feed required. A typical example of the latter:

Careful comparative tests carried out on a horizontal slide valve engine, showed the following comparative results using different qualities of steam cylinder oils.

	Frictional Load	*Oil drops per minute*
No lubrication	22% of rated h.p.	0
Ordinary cylinder oil	18% " " "	10
Better grade cylinder oil	16% " " "	4
Gargoyle Cylinder Oil 600-W	11% " " "	2

The Vacuum Oil Company has other grades of Steam Cylinder Oils which provide for a wide range of operating conditions. However, before prescribing the correct oil for you to use, we always study the mechanical and operating conditions of your steam engines. Write to our nearest branch listed below.

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Vacuum Oil Company

NEW YORK

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Here is a condensed outline showing how the Company's knowledge and experience are brought to bear on individual plant problems:

INSPECTION: A thoroughly experienced Vacuum Oil Company representative coöperates with your plant engineer or superintendent in making a careful survey and record of your mechanical equipment and operating conditions.

RECOMMENDATIONS: We later specify, in a written report, the correct oil and correct application of the oil for the efficient and economical operation of each engine and machine.

This report is based on:

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2 Your operating conditions.

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GARGOYLE

Lubricating Oils *for* **Plant Lubrication**

The Hunchback of the Hesperus

"You Said Once That Two Real Sailormen Could Handle the Hesperus, Mister. We'll See," Retorted the Skipper

By CAPTAIN DINGLE

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

THERE were traces of smartness about the Hesperus as she lay at the wharf. A sailor would have seen rather more than traces. Behind the scarred sides, scaled paint and rusty ironwork of the externals shone the grace of line, the stoutness of fine workmanship and the material of an old sea queen fallen upon dark days. A fat tabby cat purred on the schooner's gangway rail. It looked like a furry cork fender. There seemed to be no life aboard. A small feather of smoke rose from the galley smoke head, but it had no virility. It looked to be rather the expiring breath of a fire than the promise of one. A third-rate sort of sea cook appeared, coming from the forecastle, with a battered suitcase in his hand. He glanced inside the galley cursorily, slammed shut the lower half of the divided door, and with a sharp glance along the empty wharf, hurried ashore as if he were escaping from something horrible. The fat cat mewed. The man picked up a piece of dunnage wood and shied it at the cat and went on his way.

A few minutes after he had disappeared a warped figure stepped on the wharf and rolled toward the Hesperus. This was Capt. Bart Rowe, owner and master of the schooner, a man to arrest the eye. His body, legs and arms were those of a six-foot man. A fine head was set strongly upon a neck which seemed to be sunk between the heavy shoulders. One arm was crooked around a big bundle of wrapped newspapers; the other arm hung loosely, and the big, brown, gnarled hand hung to the knee. As the skipper strode up the single gangplank, as surely as if it were a railed gangway four feet wide, the reason for his stunted form could be seen. There was a hump between his shoulders. It was a grotesquely huge hump. It dragged his coat up at the back until the belt showed.

The fat tabby cat mewed, arched its back as if mimicking its master, and stepped high and daintily along the rail to the gangway. Captain Bart scowled at the beast, swore at it, but rumpled up its fur with a hard hand placed softly.

"Hungry again, hey?" growled the man, turning toward the galley.

The cat purred beside him, rubbing against his legs. The empty galley looked deserted. The skipper's eyes glittered. They were keen, hard eyes, black as hard coal, set deeply under thick brows that overhung them like gray moss. He flung open the door, stepped inside, and after one all-embracing glance around, jerked off the stove lid, kicked open the oven door and cursed the latest departed cook to the uttermost deeps of the sea cook's hell, which is the deepest hell there is.

"You'll have to go hungry 'less you kin eat bread," he told the cat. "Rats all quit the sinkin' ship; but we ain't sinkin' yet by a damsight. Can't figger men out nohow. Mebbe they're scared o' me, hey?"

Captain Bart chuckled grimly. He tossed a piece of bread to the cat, which turned disdainfully from it, then carried his big bundle of papers aft and began to open them on the cabin slide.

Opening them all before starting to peruse one, the man presented an appearance altogether out of keeping with his apparently innocent employment. He was perhaps fifty years old, and but for the hump on his back would have been called a fine figure of a man. Yet as he ripped the wrappers from his papers his face was wrinkled and dark, his eyes gleamed evilly and his teeth gritted together horribly. He noted the date of every paper and placed them all in order. When the last one was opened, and the deck was littered with postal wrappers, Bart dropped to his knees and savagely rummaged among the litter, crushing each torn wrapper to be sure no paper had been overlooked. In the end he rose and his powerful frame shook with passion. The fat cat arched its back, purring at his feet, and he kicked the brute twenty feet away with a curse. Thrusting his papers inside his coat, he stormed ashore and up the wharf to the post office again.

When he returned, waving another wrapped newspaper furiously in the red face of a bareheaded postmaster, between whom and himself a grinning policeman kept peace, a little crowd of town idlers and dock loafers kept them company right down to the schooner, hoping for sport. But there was no sport. Many times that same promise of sport for the crowd had fallen short. Every time the Hesperus went to sea the skipper's newspapers accumulated at the post office; if he found one issue missing on his return he stirred things up until that issue was found. At first men were inclined to regard these outbursts as funny; but once, when two papers were utterly lost, Capt. Bart Rowe beat up the postmaster so badly that the postmaster quit his job. After that, whenever Bart was seen storming post officeward with blood in his eye, the postmaster rolled up his sleeves and the crowd gathered around.

That was the skipper's only recreation, hungrily reading through every line of the little country-town newspaper which he subscribed for. Year in, year out, for ten years past, he had never missed an issue. It was not a high-class sheet. About the most thrilling items it contained were the Society Notes: "Mr. Spikes, the eminent Quashog carpenter, was a guest of Al Nebbs, our popular plumber, over the week-end." Or: "Miss Maybelle Shanks, whose brilliant scholastic career was brought to a triumphant close when school closed last week, has consented to accept a position in the emporium of Herman Zand, the Four Corners dry-goods king." But Captain Bart pored over the mass of old papers as avidly as if they were sparkling with journalistic jewels of greatly desired information.

He read and read, until daylight failed. Then he gathered up his papers and read on in the cabin in the flickering light of a badly trimmed lamp. Food was out of his mind. The fat cat yowled until he threw a piece of stale bread to it. Still it yowled, and he hurled it out and shut the door. It yowled outside, but he was oblivious of the noise.

It was late when he tossed aside the last crumpled paper with a grumbled expletive and turned into his narrow bunk. Bare and chill his quarters were. The floor boasted no covering. The little round ports lacked the plainest of curtains. A pair of plain wood rulers hung over a pair of the plainest dividers against the upended chart board. The walls lacked relief of any kind except over the foot of the bunk. There a picture hung in a rough wooden frame, and its face was turned to the wall. In the morning the skipper turned the frame, gazed at the picture with grinning teeth for a long moment and went breakfastless to town.

By evening he was aboard again, grim and forbidding, bringing two nondescripts with him who looked as if they hardly knew whether to be frightened or amused at him. One went to the galley and smoke soon swirled from the smokestack. The cat ate fish that night. In the morning four more men came on board. Then cargo began to dribble down to the schooner. It wasn't valuable cargo. It could scarcely do more than pay expenses for the voyage, even supposing the Hesperus had the best of wind and weather. Certainly it would afford no paint unless the skipper robbed his crew of proper food.

The schooner went to sea. Winter was at hand when she came to port again, and she looked more forlorn than ever with her rustier iron and her scarred paint and her stained and worn canvas. One of her crew did not return. He had skipped at the other end. Capt. Bart Rowe strode off to the post office as soon as his ropes were made fast to the wharf. When he returned, laden with his armful of wrapped newspapers, the schooner was deserted, the fat tabby cat slept serenely by the wreckage of a pan of half-cooked hash which was to have been four men's supper. Bart appeared not to notice that his crew had gone the way of all his crews of late years, never waiting for pay. He plunged eagerly into his papers, the breath hissing through his grinning teeth as he wrenched off the wrappers.

For many years the little seaport had known Bart Rowe and the Hesperus, and men had once wondered at the queer skipper and his ways. There was a time when the Hesperus made money. She was stout and seaworthy, and could trade as well to the West Indies or to Africa as to coast ports near home; and she was speedy. Shippers put cargoes on board her knowing that they would arrive at their destination in good condition and good time. But troubles began to come; first of all with crews. They said Bart Rowe was a devil; that the hump on his back was his sins. He had to put up with what men he could get instead of commanding the best of schooner sailors. Then he began to neglect his upkeep. Instead of painting and tarring down every voyage, and hauling out twice a year at least, he let the schooner go until she looked twice as old as she was.

Then men said Bart Rowe was getting to be a miser; was saving up to leave a lot of money for somebody to fight over. It made no difference that all men knew the Hesperus was making no money. The silly charge persisted, even when Bart went to jail for ten days for thrashing a man rather than pay the fine imposed. That simply proved how right they were, men said. If any further proof were required, it was in the very fact that the crabbed old hunchback never spent a penny on amusement. He did not smoke or drink or go to a show. He did not even go to church. His one and only recreation consisted in getting those silly little small-town papers and reading them from front page to back, sometimes over and over again.

The new bundle gave him no more pleasure than other bundles had done. He was midway through the accumulation and his eyes were hot and broody. Each paper he finished with he hurled aside with an oath. His face was dark and deeply lined. His powerful body swayed with some tremendous passion altogether out of proportion to his innocent occupation.

Then in an instant came a change; so tremendous a change that it was perhaps as well there were none there to witness it, or the sanity of Capt. Bart Rowe might have been more than challenged. In the paper he held was an item, just a paragraph, of personal interest:

"Paul Hurst, only son of Mrs. Frank Hurst, has taken his examination for first mate and passed with high honors. He will spend a short vacation with his mother before accepting one of the many positions that will doubtless be open to him."

"Glory be!" exclaimed Bart Rowe, carefully reading the item again before folding the paper and tenderly slipping it into his breast pocket. "Glory be!"

Wadding up all the other papers, he hurled them over the side and went to the galley. Seeing nobody there, he called for the cook.

When nobody answered, and even the well-fed cat declined to notice him, he grinned with an unpleasant sort of mirth and helped himself to a cold supper of half-cooked hash from the pan the cat had wrecked. And as he went aft he chuckled noisily. He dressed himself in a better suit of clothes and went uptown with his head held as high as his hunchback would allow, flashing upon all the world a bold, seathing defiance.

"Spent ten dollars telegraphin', I heerd," cackled the town gossip next morning. "I betcha he's sparkin' some woman as don't know him!"

Whatever secret spring had been touched or whatever uncertainty had been solved by that printed paragraph, the Hesperus sprang into life. Drums of paint arrived alongside; men came to slap the paint on. Riggers set up new lanyards and rove off new gear. Not that Captain Bart plunged madly into extravagance. The work done was just enough to make the old schooner look bright and businesslike.

"I bet he's took a charter!" grinned a rigger who had just been stopped in the act of renewing a rope which could be spliced.

"Got married, likely, an' takin' a honeymoon in th' old packet," another surmised.

"Looks more like he'd murdered somebody and wanted to put the blinders on us," growled a wiseacre who had been watching Captain Bart's eyes.

Before the painting was finished a stranger, sportively attired, visited the schooner and spent some hours with the skipper in the bare little cabin. When they emerged together the flashy stranger looked around the ship with a suspicion of a sneer. A new cook was installed in the galley; a newcomer to the port. He stood staring at the two men aft, reading no warning in the glare the skipper directed toward him.

The stranger was talking loudly, meanwhile carefully counting over again some money.

"If I was you, cap'n, I'd clean out them cabins and throw in a few bits o' comforts. You ain't livin' forty years ago, these days. I'll get the man you want. I could get Admiral Neptoon s' long 's you don't care what you pay. But these here young sailormen what can ship in big steamers ain't goin' to freeze onto no old ballahoo like this here unless you berths 'em a bit better'n pigs. Oh, don't worry"—halting the skipper's retort with raised hand as the money was slipped into a wallet—"your man'll be here all right. Leave it to me. I'm tellin' you, that's all."

A red carpet, red curtains and a red-and-black bedspread came aboard next day and the new cook put them into the tiny cabin set apart for the mate. That same day four men signed on as sailors. They were newcomers in the port, too, and when they got their supper from the galley, the cook felt he must talk or burst.

"Never see nothing like it," he said darkly. "New gear for th' mate's berth, an' a white rubber tablecloth for th' s'loon, an' 'is own cabing's as bare as a blessed barn."

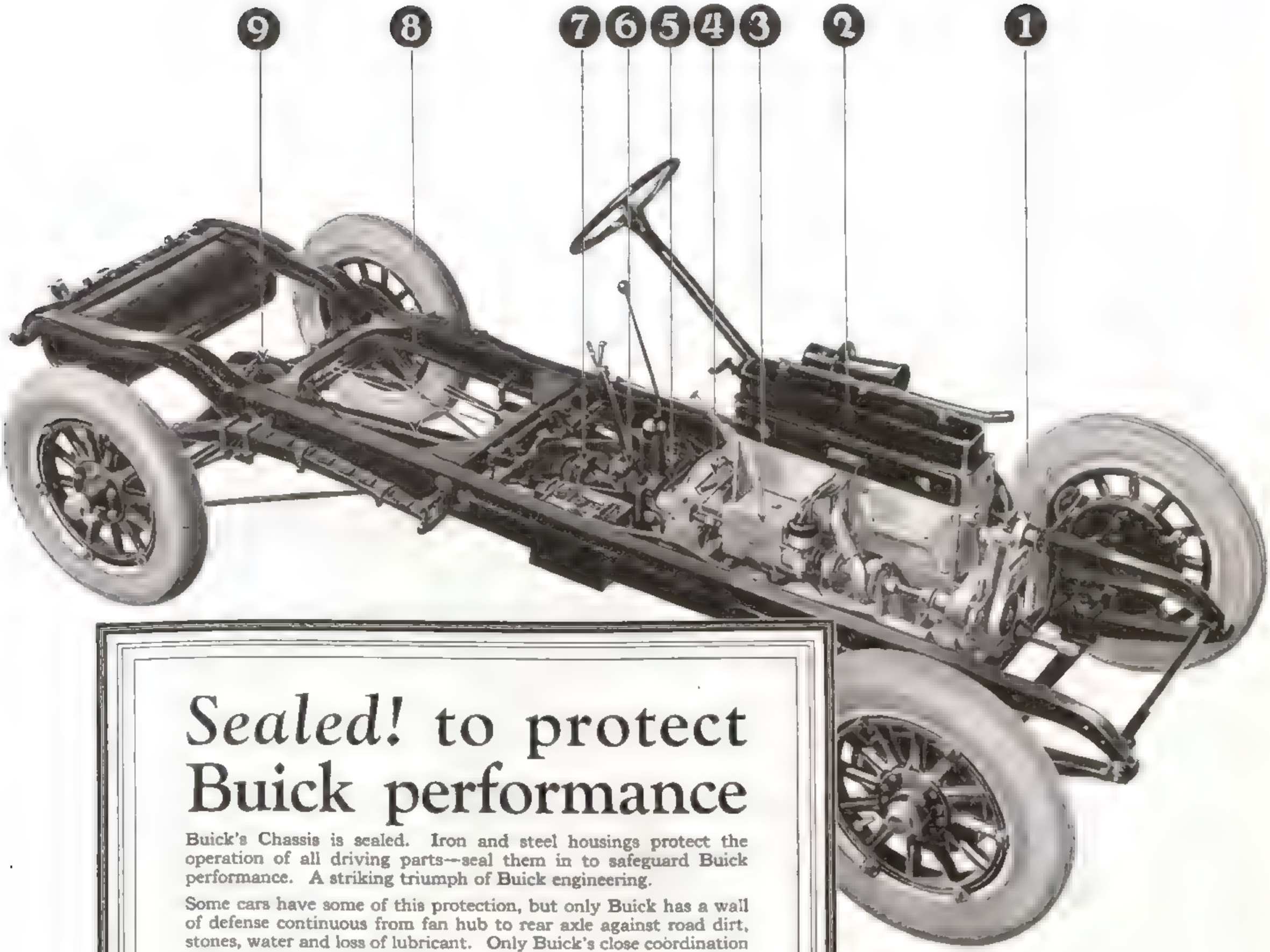
"Th' noo mate must be a love child of hisn and has to be took care of," growled one of the sailors. "Noo carpets for th' mate and rotten grub like this for th' foc'sle!"

"Wot's the matter with th' grub?" demanded the cook hotly. "It's better'n wot he's havin' hisself. He sez, feed the men, an' feed the mate, an' never worry about him. Funny, I calls it."

"You should worry, doctor," grinned another seaman. "Wages is good, ain't they?"

(Continued on Page 48)

That Evening the Snow Began to Drive Fiercely, and Before Morning the Schooner Labored Desperately in a Bitter Blizzard



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Buick's Chassis is sealed. Iron and steel housings protect the operation of all driving parts—seal them in to safeguard Buick performance. A striking triumph of Buick engineering.

Some cars have some of this protection, but only Buick has a wall of defense continuous from fan hub to rear axle against road dirt, stones, water and loss of lubricant. Only Buick's close coördination of driving units and Buick's torque tube drive make possible this important improvement.

A special exhibition of the Sealed Chassis is now being held by Buick dealers. Go in and see why Buick performance is so consistently good. Why Buick parts so seldom need replacement. And why Buick owners are saved so many of the ordinary repair and lubricating annoyances.

Here are the vital points at which Buick engineering provides this extra protection:

1. Fan Hub—Fan bearing totally enclosed—lubricated by its own gear pump.
2. Motor—Steel cover keeps water from short circuiting spark plugs. Steel cover over valve-in-head mechanism keeps dust out, oil in.
3. Starter-Generator—Delco single-unit starter-generator completely housed in single housing. Starting gears housed with fly wheel.
4. Fly Wheel—Completely housed. Starting teeth protected from road damage and accumulation of mud and dirt.
5. Clutch—Multiple disc—completely housed.
6. Transmission—Completely protected. Shifting mechanism holes sealed.
7. Universal Joint—Completely encased in ball joint at front end of torque tube—lubricated automatically from transmission.
8. Propeller Shaft—Buick's third member drive, which is a torque tube, completely encloses the propeller shaft. It is impossible for road dirt to work from the shaft into the universal joint or rear axle
9. Rear Axle—Floating type, totally enclosed in rear axle housing.

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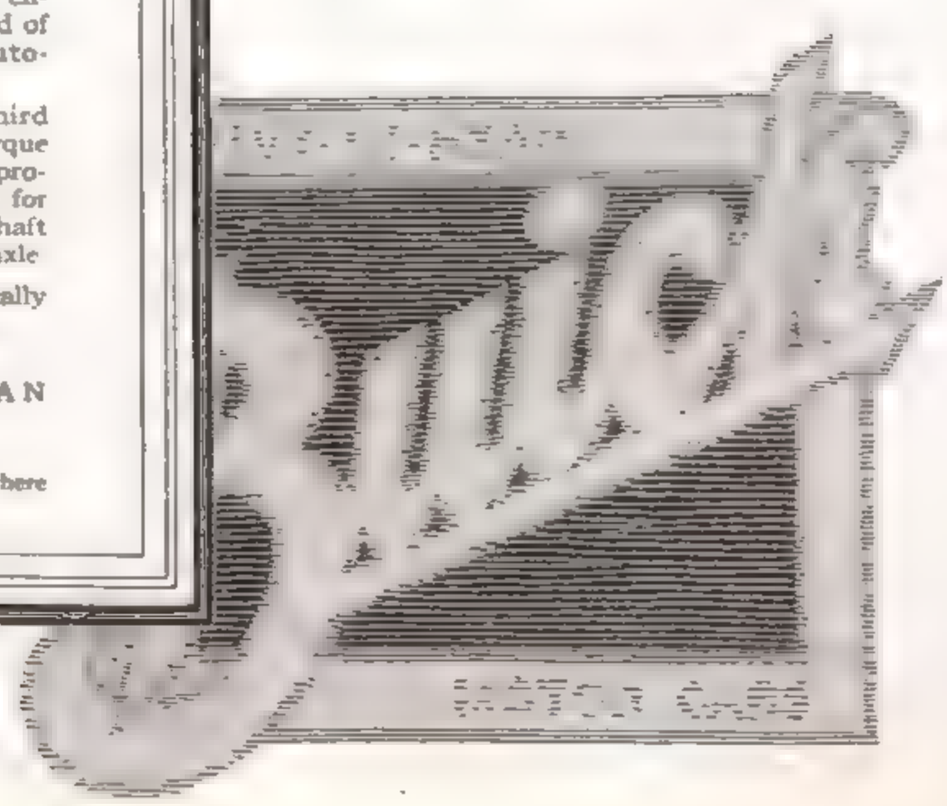

When better automobiles are built, Buick will build them

TUGBOAT AND PILOT MEN

Handling the Big Liners in Port—By M. K. Wisehart

PHOTO BY INTERNATIONAL NEWSREEL, N. Y. C.

The Leviathan Arriving at New York

OLD shellbacks complained that the last thrill was going out of the pilot's life when steam did away with the competitive system, but the thrills have kept on thickening like December fog. It has become, however, a romance of craftsmanship. So far as the pilot's natural obstacles are concerned — gale, tide, shoals, suction, fog and the contrariness of ships—the conditions have remained about the same, but, owing to the increased traffic in the harbor and to the gigantic size of ships in the European service, the Sandy Hook pilot of today must be a craftsman with skill far superior to that required under the old order.

Nowadays the youth who covets a pilot's license must apprentice himself at the age of eighteen. After five years as apprentice he may get a license to pilot ships of eighteen-foot draft. After another year's time, if he has had no accidents, he is entitled to a license permitting him to pilot ships of deeper draft, and in this way his license is advanced in grade year by year. Thirteen years will elapse from the time he becomes an apprentice until he can climb aboard one of the nine-hundred-footers with a draft of forty feet or so, and bring her from Sandy Hook up the Ambrose Channel, through the Narrows, across the upper bay and on up the Hudson to her pier.

In those years he will have ridden on the bridge of somewhere near a thousand ships.

Earning Their Money

A GENERATION has passed since the day when piloting in New York Harbor was a matter of individual enterprise and daring competition. The pilots, who now have a coöperative association, are assigned to duty in rotation. Expenses and earnings are shared in common. The number of pilots is limited—not to exceed a hundred and thirty—and their association maintains three pilot boats which cruise outside the harbor in the vicinity of Sandy Hook with a sufficient supply of pilots for all incoming ships. The full-fledged pilot draws a salary amounting to about two hundred dollars a month, and shares pro rata in a division of the pilotage fees after expenses have been met, making his income from three hundred to three hundred and fifty dollars a month.

The landsman may be surprised at the size of the fee paid for the pilot's services. It varies according to the draft of the ship. For ships of twenty-one feet or over, the charge is four dollars and eighty-eight cents the foot. Thus ships of the six-hundred-foot class with a draft of, say, thirty-six feet, pay a hundred and seventy-five dollars, and ships of the largest class—nine hundred feet in length, with a draft of about forty feet—pay in the neighborhood of two hundred dollars.

From Sandy Hook to the Chelsea piers is about twenty-one miles. Two or three hours may constitute the pilot's entire working time on the bridge, though he may be there many hours. But time is not the measure of his service. Piloting in narrow channels, past shoals and reefs, through fog, sleet and congested traffic is a nerve-racking strain. The value of the property in his care runs into many millions. As already indicated, years of experience are necessary to fit him for his task.

This business of handling the giant liners in port is really shared by two separate crafts—the pilot's and the tug master's. Both require unique skill and have their varied thrills and chances of disaster. But before we size up the astonishing artistry of the tug masters there remains something to be said about the life and craft of pilot men.

Ordinarily the pilot boards the incoming steamship at Ambrose Lightship, some ten miles off Sandy Hook, and brings her in through Ambrose Channel, which is some two thousand feet wide, and forty-six feet deep at high water and forty at low. For some six miles the channel is marked by buoys. By day, in clear weather, it is as easy to follow as Fifth Avenue, and at night the passage is scarcely more difficult, since the lighted buoys make it the pilot's Great White Way.

Not infrequently, however, these channel marks are obliterated by fog. Then, if the fog be not too dense, if he has a head tide and his ship is handling well, the pilot may still proceed, but with extreme caution; but if, when the fog hits him, the tide is flooding, then, willy-nilly, the pilot must seek anchorage where he will be out of the way of such small ships as dare risk going up the channel under those conditions.

Even the small vessel is taking something of a chance in threading the channel in a dense fog. The pilot must nose his ship from buoy to buoy, setting his course when he once picks up a buoy so as to pick up the next one farther up channel.

For the pilot who knows his course—channels, shoals, reefs, tide—the main thing is judgment of speed, that of his own ship and of others in the vicinity. Even in port the big liners when under their own power must proceed at thirteen or fourteen knots, since at lower speeds they don't steer properly. Moreover, the swell of a big ship is a menace to barges and smaller craft, and, if the swell the pilot leaves behind him swamps someone, the pilot is held accountable for the damage. So your pilot always has an eye on the swell he's making. When it gets big enough to be dangerous he must slow down until he loses it, and then start over.

Always there's traffic to watch out for, a long string of slow-going barges from up the Hudson; ships in tow and ships under their own power from the kills, bays, basins and docks; a nexus of traffic that makes the upper bay as fiercely congested with ships as any city crossing with automobiles. Plenty of traffic rules, but no traffic cops in the bay! Your pilot whistles that he has a mind to pass the approaching ship or string of barges port to port. But some road hog whistles a cross-signal, meaning that he desires to pass starboard to starboard; and your pilot is powerless. He must hold his magnificent monster in check until the road hog has crawled across his bow. Then, too, your pilot may find himself handling a ship that behaves as though she had something inherently devilish in her make-up. Take the case of the Black Demon, one of the biggest liners in the European service. Tugs had brought her out from her pier for the outward voyage; the pilot had shaped her down river and was already past the Statue of Liberty. She's making thirteen knots, a westerly wind, fair weather. She comes abreast of Greenville Channel, halfway between the statue and Robbins Reef, when she begins sheering to starboard—a slow, steady, relentless sheer.

The Black Demon on a Rampage

THE pilot orders full speed on his port engines and puts the wheel hard a-starboard, but the Demon calmly disregards this classic treatment and keeps sheering to the right.

There's a mile of water between the Demon and the bell buoy marking Robbins Reef, and there's time enough to use every practical expedient to get the Demon out of her sheer. But on she goes, hits the bell buoy on her starboard, sweeps over it; the buoy comes out on her port side.

And there lies your Demon, six hundred feet off her course with engines still. Neither captain nor pilot knows what to make of her. The captain suggests working her astern.

"Shoal water ahead and astern too!" says the pilot. "Let her lay!"

Five minutes she lies there. Then, as though appeased by having demonstrated that she can have her own way, she swings with a slow deliberate sheer to the left and comes back on her course and is out of danger—without so much as a stir of her screws! Now what do you make of that?

"Wouldn't say she's possessed by a devil!" observed the Demon's pilot laconically. "She's one herself! Every ship handles differently, sure. But most of 'em act the way you expect 'em to after you're used to 'em. Not the Demon! She's got a lust for handlin' herself. Twice she's sheered that way with me, and twice she's come out of it herself. She's done the same with other pilots, and once she didn't come out of it of her own accord. She was pulled out after

(Continued on Page 41)

"All the important activities in life that depend on health and energy are dependent upon proper nourishment of the body."
"Teeth, Diet and Health."

Upon his health depend your dearest plans

Is he struggling under an unsuspected handicap

MILLIONS of people today are struggling under a handicap of which they are entirely unconscious—an insidious physical handicap that makes itself felt in tiredness, lack of energy, a general low state of vitality.

This condition they usually attribute to overwork. But "overwork" in hundreds of thousands of cases, is simply—wrong food.

Today we are face to face with the astounding fact that while overeating is the commonest dietary error of the American people, one out of every three actually suffers from malnutrition.

TWO-THIRDS of all we eat should be made up of a certain class of foods called "carbohydrates." They are an absolute essential to life and health. But the carbohydrates—vital as they are to us—have this peculiarity:

In their natural or "raw" form—which is the form in which we most commonly get them—they cannot be easily taken up and used by the body.

Unless they are broken down and converted into a form that the body can use, without strain and without delay, they fail to supply the body with an essential part of its nourishment.

Worse—they place on every digestive organ the exhausting labor of working over undigested food that is entirely useless—and worse than useless, because it is the most fertile cause of the acids and toxic products that poison the whole system and give rise, not only to digestive troubles, but to ailments that we do not usually trace to our food at all.

Three-fourths of the contents of Grape-Nuts are the carbohydrates. And by a special slow-baking process of many hours, these carbohydrates have been dextrinized—turned into dextrin, of all food substances the one that is most acceptable to the body.

GRAPE-NUTS is an especially desirable food for breakfast or luncheon—meals when your food must be *easily digestible*. It puts no strain on your body when you need all your force and vitality for work.

You can eat it for dinner, too, in one of the 101 delicious dishes that are described in the new Grape-Nuts recipe booklet that will be sent free on request.

An added value to your health

Doctors and dentists are today constantly warning us that we must eat some hard foods that require chewing. The crisp kernels of Grape-Nuts must be chewed—and their pleasant "crunchiness" and delightful flavor tempt you to chewing. This starts digestion in the mouth—where it should start—and gives to the teeth and gums the exercise which alone can keep them in healthy condition.

Served with milk or cream Grape-Nuts gives you in delicious form the essentials of a balanced ration

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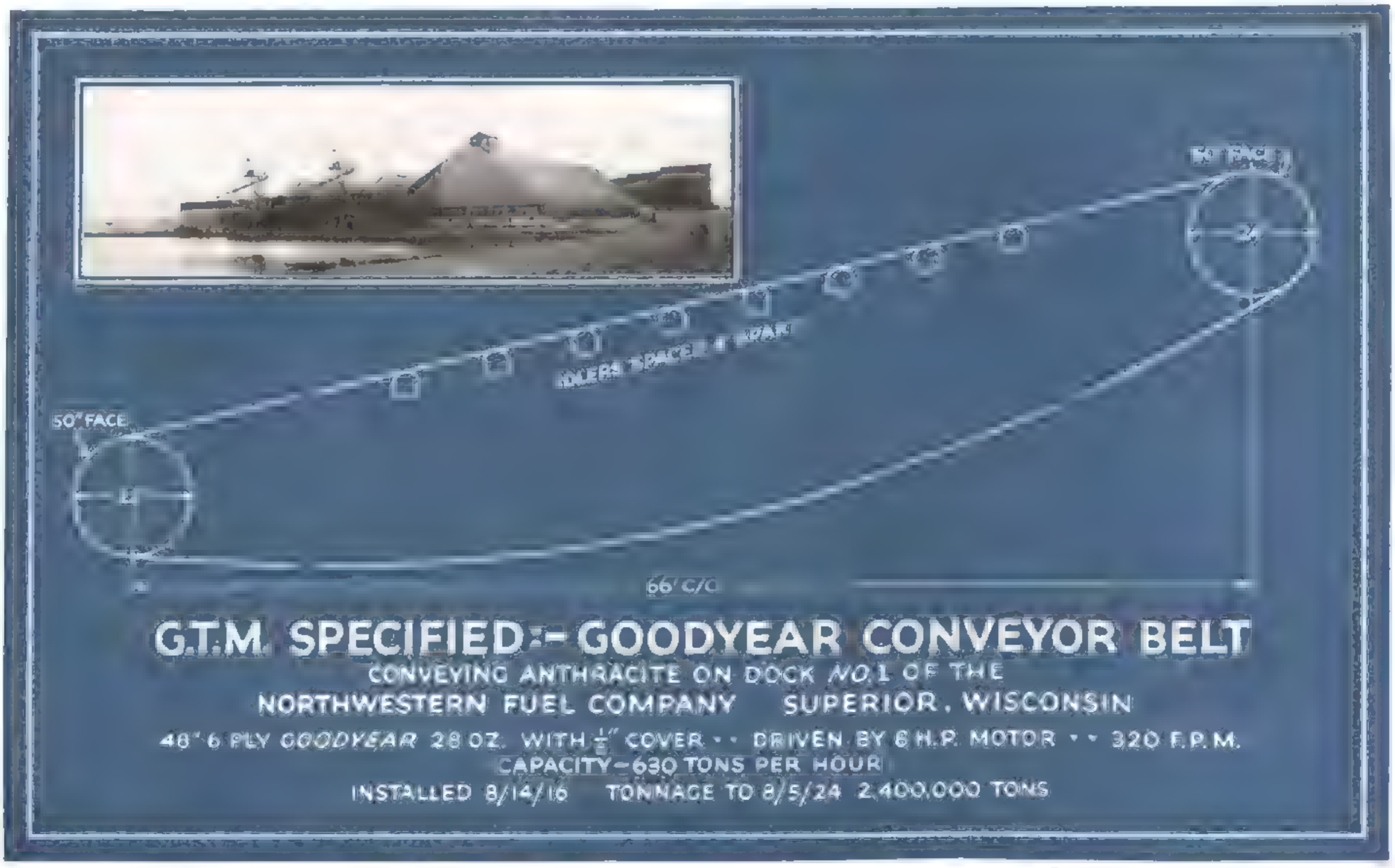
Free! Send today for four of the individual packages of Grape-Nuts—free. Also book of 101 delicious recipes selected from 80,000 prepared by housewives who regularly serve Grape-Nuts.


50" FACE
66' C/C
G.T.M. SPECIFIED:- GOODYEAR CONVEYOR BELT
CONVEYING ANTHRACITE ON DOCK NO. 1 OF THE
NORTHWESTERN FUEL COMPANY SUPERIOR, WISCONSIN
48" 6 PLY GOODYEAR 28 OZ. WITH 1/8" COVER • • DRIVEN BY 6 H.P. MOTOR • • 320 F.P.M.
CAPACITY—630 TONS PER HOUR
INSTALLED 8/14/16 TONNAGE TO 8/5/24 2,400,000 TONS

Blueprint sketch of the Goodyear Conveyor Belt installation on Dock No. 1 of the Northwestern Fuel Co., Superior, Wis.; with inset photograph of the dock

Copyright 1924, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Inc.

Eight Years on the Job—and the G. T. M.

"***Well, sir, it is so long*** since we put on that Goodyear Conveyor Belt, I can hardly remember just how we came to buy it," said Mr. B. A. Galleher, General Superintendent of the Northwestern Fuel Company, at Superior, Wisconsin. "I know the G. T. M.—Goodyear Technical Man—came up here and made two analyses of our anthracite coal conveying at Dock No. 1, first before he specified the belt, and later to check up its actual operation.

"***As I recall,*** we bought this belt on the G. T. M.'s recommendation, and many Goodyear Belts since because of the service we got from this one—eight years of conveying and a tonnage of 2,400,000 tons. Its record speaks for itself."

Those were the early days of the G. T. M., and few people then saw what industry generally sees today, that a belt to be most efficient and economical, ought to be scientifically specified to its work. On that basis the G. T. M. made the analysis, Mr. Galleher remembers, and recommended the Goodyear Conveyor Belt for the job.

Day and night during the rush seasons of war-time, boom-time and normal years, this Goodyear Conveyor has borne the stream of anthracite from the shaker screens to the loading chute, taking the egg and nut anthracite at a 12- to 18-inch drop from the screens, moving it swiftly down to the chute—at top speed, a 40-ton carload every four minutes!

The best belt they had before the Goodyear Conveyor Belt came lasted four years and a half. When the Goodyear had been on the job seven years, Dock Superintendent Worthman ordered an exact duplicate for replacement purposes. That duplicate still is a "spare," never unrolled, waiting for the old one to get through.

"***Can't say it doesn't show its age,***" observed Mr. Worthman to the G. T. M. on the day of its eighth anniversary. "Cover is pretty well gone. Piece ripped off one side. But considerable life in it yet, and we've never had a bit of trouble. Oh, I guess we did fix up some lacing that pulled out once, but that was all."

This is the faithful service you get from G. T. M.-specified Goodyear Belts. The G. T. M. is an expert on belting, has a practical knowledge of many industries, and makes his surveys in co-operation with your plant officials. You may rely on any Goodyear Mechanical Goods he recommends—Transmission Belts, Conveyor Belts, Valves, Hose and Packing—to perform economically and efficiently, throughout a long, long life.

Goodyear Means Good Wear

VALVES · PACKING BELTS · HOSE

GOODYEAR

(Continued from Page 38)

bein' aground for three days. It's not easy to account for such conduct. The Demon was one of the big beauties before the war. She was used as a transport, and, personally, I figure that she was overloaded in war service and lost her lines. That might account for it. Then again it might be suction. Dunno! She's a contrary beast!"

Boarding the liner out at Ambrose Light is itself no mean part of the pilot's job. It's all very nice and pretty in smooth, clear weather, even if it is zero, to climb from a yawl up a rope ladder, forty feet high, and over the ship's rail. But this must be done in fog and snow, blow high, blow low. When the pilot strikes a southeast sea heaving in and a heavy nor'easter blowing against it at seventy miles an hour, he has small chance of making a lee under the liner's side. Once he has caught the manropes and got his feet on the lowest rung of the ladder, he finds the ship heaving in over his head, while he goes up to his shoulders in icy water. Back the other way rolls the ship, till he is lifted thirty feet in air, whereupon he may scramble up the ladder before the next roll gives him another dip. Sometimes he makes it with one dip and sometimes with three, and sometimes a rung of the ladder breaks and your pilot is a man overboard.

In recent years there have been no drownings to deplete the roster of New York pilots, but they find themselves overboard as a regular thing. The average is a dozen overboard a year, and mostly in winter.

An experience that overtook one of the pilots some years ago settles to my way of thinking a question of very general interest. There seems to be among imaginative writers a general agreement that when a man comes to close quarters with the Old Man with the Scythe he must almost certainly live his whole life over in a flash. Well, this kind of thing may happen, no doubt, and again it mayn't. Here's exactly what did happen to a pilot of known repute and veracity.

It was twenty minutes past noon when a wave carried him overboard from the deck of the pilot boat. The first yawl put over for his rescue was capsized in the high seas. The second yawl was a long time getting near him. His discarded oilskin was seen floating. This was picked up, and beneath it, unconscious, the pilot was floating. It was twenty minutes of five that afternoon when he returned to consciousness, his brother pilots being still at work over him.

The Pilot Who Didn't Drown

"It's as clear as though it happened yesterday," said the pilot. "I wasn't a crackajack swimmer by no means; just pretty good. The seas were hittin' hard and gettin' me sure. Thought I was a goner. A cousin of mine was aboard the pilot boat. I see him standing alongside as the second yawl is put over, and I yelled at him, 'Hurry up! Can't last much longer!'

"'Shut up, you fool,' he calls back at me. 'Keep your mouth shut! Save your wind!'

"I kept shut and tried not to swallow too much water. Pretty soon I was all in, done. And I got the biggest surprise I ever expect to get this side of the grave. Drownin's an easy way to die! That's what I thought, and I'd always thought it must be hard. I just settled down as peaceable and comfortable as though I'd been lying down in my own bed. I could feel the bubbles comin' out of my mouth. It sort of puzzled me a bit, but I didn't feel I was in any trouble. It was so good to rest and everything was over.

"And when I come to, hours later, I was an astonished mortal, you bet. 'I didn't drown,' I kept sayin' to myself; 'I didn't drown; I didn't drown.'"

That's merely by the way, an episode in a pilot's career.

Now when a pilot brings a liner within three or four lengths of her own pier the job for which he is hired is usually over. He may put her into her dock, but usually he doesn't. Docking the big ships is a different kind of art, calling for different training and skill.

In the romantic era of sail, when Liverpool packets and clippers and Yankee sailing craft arched the water front with their slender jib booms and bowsprits, it was a common thing for skippers to scorn the assistance of tugs and to put in their vessels alongside the dock with the nonchalance of a catboatman coming alongside a yacht. But the craft they handled were toys compared with the colossal liner. It is possible, of course, to dock even a liner at slack water without tugboats; but with ships valued in millions and worth many thousands a day in service, steamship companies have long since ceased waiting for this favorable circumstance. Almost invariably the actual docking is done by tugs, in number anywhere from six to eighteen, depending upon the size of the ship, the wind and the run of the tide.

The tug captain who directs the operation has an immense responsibility. The towing line he represents is financially responsible for the safety of every plate, plank and rail from the moment the tug master takes his place on the ship's bridge. A little miscalculation on his part, an order misunderstood by the tug captains working with him, and a side swipe may bring the ship against her pier with damages of ten to fifty thousand dollars in consequence.

The process of actually docking a ship can be described in few words. Your tug master, who has charge of the job, puts his own tug in command of his mate and goes to the liner's bridge to direct the tugboat fleet, which is swarming around the liner on both sides and at bow and stern. Having made fast when she is two or three lengths off her pier, they bring her toward the berth without aid of the ship's own engines, and at the proper moment twist her about until she is sticking head or stern foremost into the slip alongside the pier.

Docking a Big Liner

As the liner comes broadside of the tide the pressure on her is tremendous. The tugs must be plentiful and powerful enough to hold her broadside against the tide and wind, while, with a few turns of her screws, the liner gets into her resting place.

It sounds a lot easier than it is. It may take half an hour, using ten tugs, to get the liner into her dock from a distance of only a thousand feet off her pier, and, under unfavorable conditions, the same job may take three or four hours.

No wonder, when he finds a pier coming up under his bows, that the sea captain sometimes has a squeamishly sentimental longing for the expansive ocean over which he has been broadcasting to port.

"Getting a little close, aren't we?" queried a nervous ship's captain of a tug master on his bridge the other day.

"You bet we are!" returned the tug master. "But we're going to get closer, as close as we can get! But I reckon it'll be all right. The pier can't come out and hit us! We got to go in and hit it first!"

The tug master who handles the big ships has spent eight or ten years at his craft before he knows it thoroughly. It may be twenty years from the time he got his first job as deck hand on a tug to the time when he puts his first nine-hundred-footer into her berth. Often he is a man who has taken to tugboat work by force of circumstances; that is to say, from boyhood this job of handling the big ships in port has appealed to him with the same passionate fascination that the deep sea appeals to others. In the course of time he rises to great heights of appreciation in the shipping world as a reliable and resourceful master, but in the larger world his fame is unknown.

When he goes aboard his tug, a month's pay in his pocket, you don't notice his boat sinking down beneath the waves either. His envelope holds anywhere from two hundred and fifty to three hundred and fifty dollars.

Anyone who has crossed the Hudson on a ferry or put his foot on the guard rails at the Battery knows the look of the harbor tugs—low, sturdy, powerful. On the bow the tug carries a heavy mustache of hemp rope, giving her a striking resemblance to a walrus. At present prices the bundle of hemp costs a hundred and twenty-five dollars, and it lasts about six months. It eases the impact when the tug noses in to hold the liner up against the tide.

The tug as it steams across the river, with its rail only a couple of feet above water, gives the appearance of an almost flat-bottomed affair with shallow draft. But she has, in fact, a draft of eleven to fifteen feet. There's room enough below the water line for engines of five hundred to a thousand horse power, ninety tons of fresh water, twenty-five tons of coal, and stores to provide three meals a day for the captain and six men—engineer, two firemen, mate, cook and deck hand.

With ten tugs engaged, and each with a crew of seven, it's easy to see that pushing a liner into her dock is an expensive operation even when it takes only an hour. The minimum charge for docking a sizable ship is a hundred and fifty dollars; the average charge of shoving the nine-hundred-footer into her berth is about two hundred dollars, though unfavorable conditions may run the charge up to three hundred.

Damage to ships while being handled by tugs is comparatively infrequent, for there are more experts than bunglers in the business. One tug master docked more than nine hundred ships last year, and of these three hundred were liners. And not a ship was scratched! Of such tug masters one has to speak in unbounded admiration. A case or two illustrating what the tug master is up against in the course of the day's work will show.

A big steamship owned by a foreign line reached Quarantine one day early last spring in snow and fog. Owing to the fact that every day's delay in putting to sea again meant a big expense for his owners, the captain was anxious to get his ship to her dock at St. George, Staten Island, that same day in spite of unfavorable weather. Six tugs brought her up through the Narrows. A game of blindman's buff! You couldn't see a hundred feet through such stuff. The ship approaches St. George going at the speed of a lame beetle, three or four miles an hour. In that almost complete obscurity under the fog blanket how is the captain of the tug fleet, riding on the bridge of the steamship, going to pick up the pier? There is another complication: The ordinary signals by which the tug master communicates to his fleet won't work in the fog. His gesticulations can't be seen, and the captains under him don't know for which of them his whistled signals are intended. His orders have to be carried by messengers from the bridge and shouted over the ship's rail. A handy reminiscence comes to the aid of the tug captain in this predicament.

Several days previously when passing in that neighborhood he had noticed that a government collier with four sticks had sunk her mud hooks just a little north of the pier where his ship is going to dock. Now, under the fog, he crawls along looking for this landmark. Hearing a bell, he sends away a tug to see if it's the collier, whose exact position he knows. So it is—the tug reports back. Then, having brought his ship within a few hundred yards of her pier, which is still no more visible than if it were on the other side of the Atlantic, the captain orders a tug to take up a position close by the pier and from there to blow her whistle at fractions of a minute. Getting his bearings in this fashion, the captain brings his ship into her berth without a scratch; the ship is an hour and a quarter in covering the distance between her berth and a point three or four times her own length off the pier. A remarkable job any way you look at it.

Lost in the North River

Under the fog blanket many an epic cruise of this kind has taken place within the confines of the harbor itself. There are times when a tug master, within pistol shot of the New York sky line, keeps his compass light going all day long. Some captain of lesser experience occasionally loses his reckoning, and has to ask by megaphone of some fog-bound vessel or a stevedore on a pier how the land lies. They tell of an able captain who lost his bearings and cruised about for an hour looking for a landmark. Finally he came to a shore that seemed dimly familiar, but the captain wasn't sure. From the bow of the tug his deck hand hailed a landlubber:

"Hey, bub! What port's this? Where be we? D'ye happen to know?"

"Aye! Aye!" sang out the wag ashore. "This be the Battery, a stone's throw from the Customhouse, port of New York, U. S. A. Latitude and longitude I forgit!"

And so it goes.

But for epics of a kind that are taking place daily off the doorstone of the metropolis, I know of nothing that compares with the traveling to and fro of the good ship Lemon the day before Christmas. In this affair it happened that I was playing the observer's part, in the wheelhouse with a friendly captain.

The Lemon is a big ship. Her nickname springs from the affectionate derision in which she is held by tug masters on account of her high, square, wind-catching-

Watch This Column

HOUSE PETERS
Coming in "The Tornado"

"I have bought golden opinions from all sorts of people."
SHAKESPEARE, in "Macbeth"

HOUSE PETERS

Public opinion is very valuable to me in the production of moving pictures. One definite reason for UNIVERSAL'S unusual success is that I have not only consulted public opinion but have also abided by its decisions and produced the kind of pictures it wants. It's just common sense. Guesswork in making pictures is just as hazardous as in any other product or form of industry.

Thousands of letters from the public were responsible for *"The Hunchback of Notre Dame,"* now playing everywhere. It cost UNIVERSAL a million and a half dollars to produce it and the money was paid out before there was a penny of income. It looked like a mad thing to do and I was criticized for it. But, don't you see, I was *fortified by public opinion in advance*—likewise by definite public demand. And it has proved our greatest success.

Public opinion was responsible for the production of Booth Tarkington's *"Turmoil"* (featuring GEORGE HACKATHORNE and ELEANOR BOARDMAN); for Mary Roberts Rinehart's *"K—the Unknown"* (starring VIRGINIA VALLI with PERCY MARMONT); for I. A. R. Wylie's "The Inheritors," produced under the name of *"The Gaiety Girl"* (starring MARY PHILBIN); for George Barr McCutcheon's "Husbands of Edith," produced under the title of *"The Fast Worker"* (starring REGINALD DENNY). These are all successes—all by popular authors—produced by popular players. They are a direct answer to public opinion and appeal.

Perhaps *you* have in mind some story that would adapt itself to interesting moving pictures. Why not write and tell me about it? Incidentally, tell me where I am wrong, if I *am* wrong. And don't forget to give your opinion of the UNIVERSALS you have recently seen.

Universal Pictures Booklet sent on request.

(To be continued next week)

Carl Laemmle
President

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Now, the real football weather, the Turkey weather, and even more important to your car, the Allen Shutter Front weather.

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Enjoy the benefits of its use in making a quick start; with its saving of gas and oil—minimize your loss in wear and tear caused by crankcase oil dilution, and greatly retard the formation of carbon.

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stern. This makes her forbidding in the eyes of harbor men, but there is nothing inherently vicious about her. She has been remodeled a number of times to meet the conditions of modern travel, but she has never made money for her owners. It is predicted that she will come to no good end.

The day before Christmas, the Lemon being scheduled for a crossing that same week, her owners decided she should go to Erie Basin and have her bottom painted.

The sun was shining, the wind stiffening, whitecaps were tumbling over the upper bay. The junior officer of the Lemon's line happened to be wielding authority that morning. He consulted the tug master about the advisability of taking the Lemon to the basin.

"It's a bad day for a ship like her to be out," said the tug master. "We don't know how the ships'll be layin' at the basin. Wouldn't like to take her myself."

"Some men I know of are afraid of their jobs!" flared the junior officer.

"So?" said the tug master, easy-going like. "Anyhow, wait till afternoon. Then we'll see."

That afternoon there was a stiff gale. The tug master refused to handle the job. Whereupon the junior officer bestrode a high horse and indignantly ordered the superintendent of his own line to take the Lemon to dry dock. This meant that instead of the tug captain being on the bridge the line's superintendent would ride the ship, and also that the steamship line instead of the tug master's employers would be responsible for any damage to the Lemon. This suited the tug master fine. His tugs would do the work, but under orders from the superintendent.

Give the Lemon credit for going bravely toward certain ill fate. Eight tugs hauled her away from her pier. She behaved nicely while being shaped down river. But as she neared the Statue of Liberty, three-quarters of an hour later, the wind caught her stern and she took a rank sheer, going fifty feet off her course.

"Just about now," said the tug captain, "that fellow on the bridge there would give a month's pay to be home sick abed! His boss is goin' to be sorry he isn't sick abed too!"

The Lemon came within sight of the gap at Erie Basin. A ship's stern was sticking twenty feet or more out in the way. The tug captain looked through his marine glasses at the man on the bridge. The man up there had got his orders. It seemed he couldn't funk. The tug master let off a little steam over the idiocy of the attempt, then grabbed his megaphone.

"Hey, cap!" he yelled to the man on the bridge. "Can't you see them ships in there sticking every which way? Can't make it! Certain smash!"

"More tugs!" bawled the man on the bridge.

"A hundred tugs can't hold her in there!" megaphoned the tug master. "Better anchor! Wind—tide—something awful. You can't hold her nohow!"

And after a moment's deliberation the man on the bridge with a sweep of his arm turned the tug fleet back toward Liberty, and the Lemon went to anchorage.

The rest of the afternoon she lay there, waiting for the wind to drop. It didn't. Just before dark, orders came for the Lemon to make her pier. She would have her bottom painted on her next trip back from Europe. The tugs, which, meanwhile, had been off on other errands, took her in tow again.

It was slow work getting the Lemon back to her pier. The run of the outgoing tide and the gale made a night job of it, illustrating the nicety of harbor work.

The Lemon is a ship that has to go into her pier stern first. Under these circumstances the most important station is the stern line, which will hold the hulking Lemon against the tide when she begins backing into the slip. Eight tugs brought the monster's stern just even with her pier, her nose pointing straight down river. Because of tide and wind she should have been towed at least two or three piers above her berth before being twisted around, but it so happens that a scandalously inartistic tug master, a special addition to the fleet for this difficult occasion, had the line at the Lemon's bow.

He sheered out and began the twisting much too soon, bringing the Lemon broadside of the tide.

Then a grand and glorious slide began. Twenty tugs couldn't have held the Lemon in that position. Before she could be stopped she had drifted, tugs and all, several hundred feet downstream.

Our captain of the stern tug tried megaphoning, but the gale drowned his commands. He wanted the bow tug to let the Lemon's nose swing straight downstream again, so she could be brought back up, stern foremost instead of broadside. This natural strategy never occurred to the bungler on the Lemon's bow. Whistle blasts called additional tugs to aid in the job, and they put their nose to it.

Then began a tremendous struggle—a pretty sight—the sheer black hull of the Lemon rising like a cliff above the water, while sixteen tugs with their Herculean push stole a march against tide and gale. Sleet came with the vicious roar of a cold, biting wind. Whistle blasts, bellowed commands, puffing outbursts of flame-lighted, star-saturated smoke from stubby funnels, creating a rosy dawn for their own labor in the belly of the night.

The starboard tugs let up a bit so the Lemon could ease in. A last push and she slipped stern foremost into her berth. That bungler at the bow had needlessly used up two hours' time of sixteen tugs, each with seven men aboard; that is to say, two hundred and twenty-four hours of man time and numerous tons of coal. It's scandalous, indeed, and doesn't happen often. Our captain let loose a few hot words that sizzled to a crisp in the cold night air, and added with dry humor, "This bein' Christmas Eve, I'd planned a little shoppin' trip with the missus, but I guess not! As 'tis, it'll be just about Christmas by the time I git home."

There is an observation dropped somewhere by Joseph Conrad to the effect that a certain expertness in performing the tasks of a daily routine may rise to the level of an art. It's under this remark that the able tug masters qualify.

There may be bunglers among them; one who will ride a ship through the congested waterways of the port and fail to keep the sheer out of his ship's position; another who will, in a moment of aberration, handle a line so contrarily, so much against nature, that his ship gets broadside of pounding tide and roaring gale and fetches up downstream far below her berth. Such conduct appears to your master harbor man as nothing less than monstrous. He characterizes it solemnly, grimly. "It's unnatural!" says he.

A life apart, that of harbor men, and not fairly well comprehended by those who watch from a pier or liner's rail as the snub-nosed water bugs rush out to grapple their prey. The casual observer is innocent of the meaning of time, tide, gales and the skill required for smooth performance, of the instinctive resourcefulness of the tug master under exacting conditions.

A tug is not merely a hulk with some five hundred to a thousand horse power below her water line. To the unsympathetic eye she may seem clumsy, with her clamshell lines and bale of hemp on her nose; a mere brute designed for a prosaic part in navigation. On the contrary, your tug has the wit of quick response; an instinct that determines whether or not she gets in the right shove or haul at the crucial moment. True, the cleverness of your tug is energized in the quick brain of the captain, for the character of a tug can't be separated from the company she keeps in her wheelhouse. It's the coördination of a ready captain with the steadfastness that dwells in every right-minded tugboat that makes your tug a thing of sheer beauty through fitness, with a character to be seen through all her doings.

There's no steadier fidelity in the world than that between a sympathetic captain and an understanding tug in their relation to the work of the harbor. At any moment—in a second—the complex of lines, power, wind, suction, shoals may shift radically. With your master tugman a glance gives the cue to the effective control of all the elements involved. Quick, sure, safe work, offsetting even the errors of blundering tug and blunderbuss captain, is the rule; not a second will be lost between the appearance of the new and dangerous factors and decisive action, and the result is often a swift moment of perfect drama, mastery, art—nothing less.

American Manners in France

By VIOLA IRWIN WILLIAMS

"EACH nation," a young French friend said to me once, "should give to prospective travelers to foreign countries, with their passports, a booklet entitled How to Behave in —— This should be brief, gay, written by a clever author possessing a sense of humor and an intimate knowledge of the country in question. It should take up no question of right or wrong, make no moral comparisons, but give practical advice, explain essential differences with their historic, climatic and racial causes; all with the object of leading these people to live together without spoiling the joy of life! This would be the most simple, direct and economic fashion of foreign propaganda. Why should not Americans, the greatest travelers, start it? Frenchmen abroad—citizens of every nation—need it just as much, and would gladly follow suit."

That is a joyous idea, is it not? Wouldn't you love to read booklets entitled How to Behave in France, written by a German, an American, an Englishman, a Japanese? How illuminating to us would be the same set written on How to Behave in America!

Our manners, when we go abroad, have suddenly become important, because America has become so important. Economic forces have put the leadership not only of the race but of the world in our hands. The question from every point of view becomes daily more acute: How are we going to use this power?

Power has an immediate and terrific effect on manners. Military power supreme in one nation has, down the centuries, always resulted in that nation's citizens' becoming, to a greater or smaller degree, bullies and tyrants. The citizen of Rome at the height of her power was surely an intolerably arrogant and overbearing tourist! Has America's economic superiority had anything like the same effect on the attitude of her traveling citizens? Are the manners of the American tourist of today good or bad?

Usually his manners are good; Americans traveling, struggling with a foreign language and worse than foreign customs, usually call on perhaps our greatest national resource, our sense of humor, to tide over the worst. Sometimes during this past season the American tourist's manners were very bad. Sometimes he was painfully aware, and took care that foreigners should be, that he was a rich citizen of the richest nation.

I shiver as I write it down, and bow my head to the scornful indignation of my homefolk. Well, all my great-grandparents were born in America, and that makes me unusually American as things go these days. As a member of the American family, grateful for that privilege and proud of all it implies for myself and my two boys, I have a right to say, if I wish, that American manners abroad are sometimes bad. Besides, I can prove it.

Americans are great travelers. They have a restless desire to see everything there is to see; and, since the war, a real need to observe and understand the complex civilization of the Old World. The French do not in the least understand this. Seeing the thousands of our summer tourists pouring in, they conclude that it is because France is so incomparably more beautiful than America. They have always thought so; and they themselves have no desire to travel. How many of us have ever seen a French citizen, aside from business or profession, touring America? Yet the French citizen would be at least as much benefited

(Continued on Page 44)

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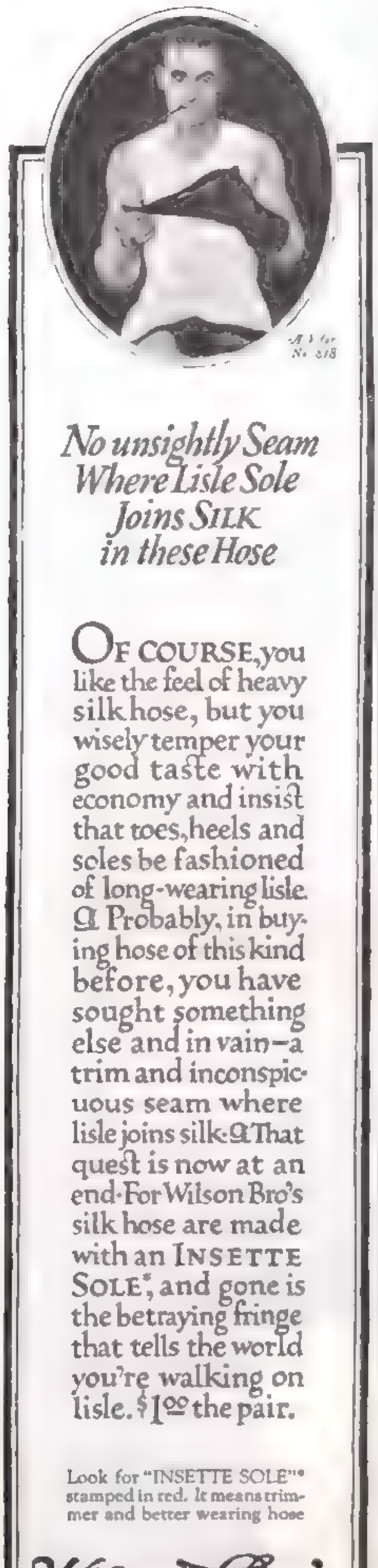

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(Continued from Page 42)

by a visit to America as is any of us by one to France. Every slight detail in American life and work would be a surprise to him; some of it he would find shocking, just as Americans find shocking things in France; others he would find admirable, and he would go home and imitate them.

America is the youth—almost the child—among the great nations of today; less than one hundred and fifty years old, in comparison with the centuries of France and Italy! Into her hands, as into those of a five-year-old king, have been put immense power, incredible riches. Her virtues and faults are those of extreme youth; the jaded, admiring Old World is ready to be touched by the one and indulgent to the other. Enthusiasm flaming high overnight at the touch of the right match and burning clearly as long as fed by a high ideal; a capacity for hard work that makes of it not a means but an end; a limitless generosity with the vast riches in her hands—these are peculiarly American characteristics. Wherever in the world disaster arrives—famine, plague, flood or earthquake—scarcely behind it comes American help; charity not merely of dollars, food, medicines, but of long, loving service of hands and brains. We are always the first on the field.

We have the quick clever hands, the strong body, the restless brains and feet of youth; youth's winged imagination, romantic impulses, reaching out to impossible ideals. We have also its crudity, often; its too loud voice and laugh, its impatience of *convenances*, formalities, usages of another generation or an unfamiliar setting.

But, like the little king, we must learn quickly; if ever in history *noblesse oblige* meant anything, then today it means that Americans abroad must, in great things and small, worthily represent America.

Each nation has its 10 per cent of vulgar, its 5 per cent of undesirable citizens. All America's 5 per cent come abroad, be assured, and occupy the limelight while the traveling entities of the 95 per cent pass unremarked. The 5 per cent citizen invariably has much money; he is almost as invariably loud—in clothes, voice, sentiments. An American newly rich, abroad for the first time, ignorant, boastful, overdrinking, does more harm to our reputation than, to that of England, ten silent, tactful pickpockets.

The 95 per cent Americans come with eyes and hearts and brains wide open; they see and understand things in a splendid generous way. We have more citizens of this type, probably, than has any other nation. They see in France much to criticize, and they say so. But they wonder, also, why our streets, even in our big cities, cannot be as immaculate as those of Paris; why our subways should not adopt the French methods of avoiding inhuman crowding; why our surface systems and omnibuses do not install the excellent, smoothly working French ticket system, resulting in the first comer entering first; why the rivers in our great cities should not, little by little, be made to lend to them, like the Seine, beauty and charm. Traveling through the countryside, they note the exquisite neatness everywhere; even in manufacturing districts rubbish piles are disguised or hidden. Commerce is forced to sacrifice a bit to beauty.

Why Leave Home?

A resident in France for twelve years, no one can tell me an exasperating French method with which I am not horribly familiar. I have wept to watch bad tempers and disasters inevitably created by century-old forms and formulas. But most French people with whom I have talked see them just as clearly and deplore them much more keenly than we do.

France is old; she must change slowly. When her ancient beautiful stone houses, built before the first American log cabin, are replaced, she will have as many bathtubs as America.

A peculiarity of the 5 per cent American is that he comes abroad, apparently, to find the same food, the same amusements, the same manners and customs that he has left behind, and is thoroughly aggrieved when food, amusement, manners and customs in France turn out to be quite different! Paris has a dozen or so tea shops where American dishes and meals are served; I go to them often for beloved home delicacies such as fish balls, corn bread, fried chicken, sundaes. But I am constantly amazed to see the crowds of visitors to Paris who apparently never eat anywhere else! Why, in Paris for a few days or a few weeks, not grasp the opportunity to eat French food, even though strongly suspecting that American food is better?

"But I don't want a course meal at lunchtime," one of my friends remonstrated to this; "and you can't order anything but a course meal in a French restaurant. I'm not hungry at lunch; I want just a snack. I don't see how the French can eat the enormous luncheons they do! I go to American places because I can order just as little as I want—milk and a sandwich, even!"

This difficulty is because the visiting American insists on eating in France as he does in America. He astonishes and upsets his hotel by ordering a regular breakfast—at least fruit, cereal, eggs, coffee; and is surprised and indignant, when *en pension*, to find this charged extra on his bill. If he accepted the French custom of beginning the day with coffee and a roll, he would appreciate a hearty lunch. And the day would be smoothed a trifle for himself and his host. He would be following that old and wise advice to do, when in Rome, as the Romans do. He might decide, as many of us have, that the American way is better; but this opinion and many other opinions of French customs will have no weight if he has never tried them.

Expert Faultfinders

The 5 per cent citizen goes to Prunier's, Paris' famous fish-and-oyster house, for lunch, feels the urge to plain ham and eggs or corned-beef hash, and proclaims in definite terms his opinion of a great restaurant that cannot fill so simple an order. He arrives at the Louvre, the Invalides, or some museum, bright and early on Monday morning, only to find it closed for the day. He cites this as a convincing example of French laxity and laziness; he has neglected to inform himself that in France all museums are open on Sundays, the day when most people can visit them, and close Mondays instead—a delightfully intelligent measure which we would do well to copy.

The 5 per cent citizen will tell gloatingly, when he gets home, of the half dozen bathtubs in a great Paris hotel; of the irritating formalities of getting into one's theater seat; of the ridiculous delays of all vehicles entering and leaving the gates of Paris; of the time-consuming methods of the great department stores, doing all their bookkeeping while client and saleswoman wait. All this, moreover, is only too true! He relates to incredulous friends that in his hotel he could not even buy a newspaper, much less a cigar or a box of chocolates; that in all Paris there is one lone shoeblack. His wife will form a group apart and tell of the horrid sights to be witnessed at the Folies-Bergère; no 5 per cent citizen visiting Paris ever misses that show.

It is all true, alas—and much more, infinitely harrowing. But the 5 per cent citizen notes as deplorable not only the things that in America are done better, but also the things that in America are done differently.

Last spring, one evening, a 5 per cent American made himself poignantly evident in a new cabaret, Chez Camille Desmoulins. This "cave" in the Palais Royal buildings was, for a few months, a relief from the sad procession of cabarets each with a decoration, orchestra and price list more frenzied than its predecessors. The musical program changed every week and was always notably good. Its base was a Slav orchestra inimitable in fire and rhythm; the director, who himself played the Hungarian cymbalum, had an ugly froglike face as fascinating as Balieff's; he both conducted and played with frenzy and perfection. One evening, toward the end of the program, "by request" from an American visitor, were played The Rosary, the Merry Widow Waltz and finally The End of a Perfect Day.

I do not criticize this choice. But I asked myself at the time, why the person making it took such a long and expensive journey to hear these things played in this particular place.

Two races as psychologically alien as are the Latin and the Anglo-Saxon cannot come together, either in peace or as battle allies, without clashing to some degree. The Latin in France, Spain and Italy seems in general, to his northern visitor, overemotional, theatrical, insincere, mean and small on minor points. To the Latin, the Anglo-Saxon appears as crude in manner, overbearing often, generally barbarous in artistic perceptions and appreciations.

The intermingling of the American Army with the French civil populations resulted in disagreeable surprises on both sides. An elderly lady said to me last winter in America, "Ah, our boys brought back with them from France many disillusions."

"They left some there also," I replied.

All the unfortunate and disagreeable incidents of daily military life in France were naturally classed by our soldiers as French, whereas they were merely human. American soldiers, for instance, declared—and still do—that they were disgracefully overcharged in France. They were. But they will admit that when they arrived in France they ostentatiously scorned the pathetic French small paper money—notes for as little as five sous! They refused it as change or flung it in handfuls to the children, under the bewildered gaze of their parents. The French population concluded from these and similar incidents that money meant nothing to these men from Golconda. Also, be it noted that these same men, sent to camp again in America before demobilization, proclaimed proudly after a few weeks that the French were mere amateurs at the game—that our native sons had them licked to a frazzle at the catch-the-coin game as at so many others.

Departing visitors of the just-finished season, like the soldiers, are surely taking with them many disillusions. They, too, feel that they have been often overcharged; prices everywhere were much higher than they had been led to expect—for hotels, clothes, theaters, gifts. However, not the French Government but American steamship companies spread the glad news, last spring, that one could live in a princely apartment in France for the price of a hall bedroom at home. It is possible now, as it has always been, for the student or the careful sojourner to live much more cheaply in Paris than in New York. But the prices of first-class hotels, luxurious restaurants—the cost of high living, in fact, is about the same in every great city of the world.

In a little Normandy village, a famous beauty spot on the Seine, friends of mine, two American writers, are stopping at a tiny hotel facing the river and its wooded islands. They have two rooms, immaculately kept, the French breakfast of rolls and coffee, excellent three or four course lunch and dinner, for the equivalent of a dollar a day each. A small regular check from America easily keeps them going, at this rate; and they plan to remain for two years in France, doing serious work.

The Illusive Benefit of the Exchange

It is still possible to live well and cheaply in France; but not at the big hotels; nor if one insists on familiar American luxuries such as bathrooms and proper shines!

The visiting American this season, even more than usually, offered himself the best. He felt that, with the benefit of the exchange, he could afford to. But visitors do not realize, as the resident in France does, that, as the franc has gone down, prices for luxuries have steadily risen, for French citizen as well as for visiting American. The prices of special articles such as furs, jewelry, antiques, even vary from day to day, following the exchange.

American visitors were therefore often, even usually, astonished at their bills; and they had the quite natural exasperated feeling that as Americans they paid much more for the same things than French people have done. This is true to a much greater extent than they meant! For French people do not pay for these things at all

Many of the visitors finally noticed that in Paris the patrons of the most expensive restaurants, theaters, the chic dancing teas in the Bois, the fantastically expensive Montmartre cabarets, were all foreign. The French can no longer afford them. If the great dressmaking houses, for example, were dependent on their French clientele they would be bankrupt tomorrow.

Then, when the visitor had noticed this, he naturally felt a little richer than ever—felt that his slightest nod, his most infinitesimal need should be heeded and attended to.

In a shop, when preceded by several clients I have seen him rap sharply on a counter to demand immediate attention. I have heard him often, in the presence of French persons, rejoice at the day's fall in the value of the franc.

(Continued on Page 48)

The Landau Sedan, $1645

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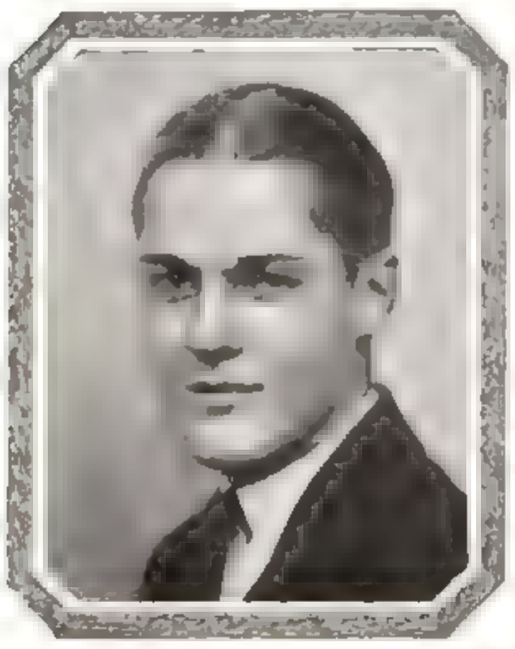

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— A Columbia University Student

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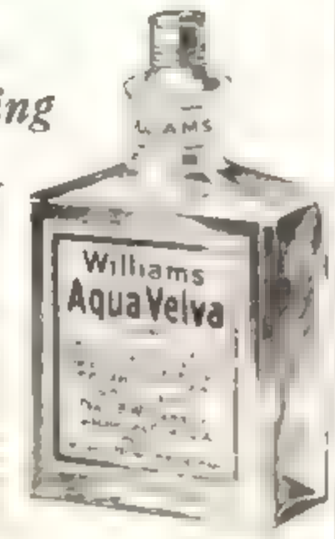

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(Continued from Page 44)

Perhaps 50 per cent of all cases of travelers' bad manners originate in ignorance or intolerance of a foreign country's own particular—even peculiar—customs, daily habits. Customs are different in France. But it is presumably because they want a change from their own home town that most citizens leave it. Yet, once in a foreign country, instead of following its customs, many tourists spend much time and energy in combating them. Many disagreeable incidents result.

I accompanied, one day last summer, an American acquaintance to one of the big Rue de la Paix jewelry shops. He chose a brooch costing twenty thousand francs, and the clerk was flatteringly impressed and obsequious. The American offered a check in payment, which he surely would not have done at home in a shop where he was quite unknown.

However, the clerk accepted, doubtless feeling safe at the address given. The American, about to draw the check, hesitated. "I will write it in dollars, not francs," he announced.

The clerk now looked really distressed. "But I do not know the exchange today, monsieur," he objected.

"Well, find out. I want to pay it in dollars; dollars are about the best thing you have over here nowadays anyway," he informed this citizen of France.

Conflicting Viewpoints

The clerk telephoned to learn the exchange rate, the sale was concluded; and as we left the shop the traveler remarked, "I felt sure he wouldn't take a check; they never do over here, you know. Perfectly idiotic!"

It may not be that; but it is certainly inconvenient and unbusinesslike, to us. Yet as the visitor was aware of this French trait, why not have gone to the slight trouble of providing himself with francs, at least at his bank?

The basic difference between the American and the French way of doing business is a fertile soil from which spring hundreds of daily minor irritations. In general, the French way is small and the American way is big. The American way is big because that has been found to pay in the long run! The great American stores that have adopted the principle "The customer is always right" have done so not from motives of chivalry or courtesy, but because this attitude has proved profitable. On the contrary, to the French *commerçant*, the sou of today always eclipses the franc of tomorrow. If a mistake on his own part or an unjustified defect in the goods sold, involves parting with a sou already in his cash drawer, he will complacently deny it, accepting calmly the loss of a client and some hundreds of francs.

Our big stores, our hotels, our railways, our Government give away articles, services and luxuries which we no longer notice, so accustomed are we to this state of things! But once out of America, matches, clean towels, distilled drinking water, soap, pins are invariably sold, not presented. The woman shopper, tired or unoccupied for an hour or so, no longer finds, in any shop, a warmed luxurious reading room, writing paper, telephones at hand, and music if she cares to wait for it! In Paris, the largest department store, near the Opéra, has one tiny dark dressing room for women, niched on an upper floor in a corner unavailable for any other purpose. Its half dozen basins have cold water only; you obtain soap, towel, anything else you require, from the attendant by paying for them. Most curious of all, there is not the smallest mirror! If you desire to telephone in this shop, you descend to the basement, where you stand in line for your turn at one of the three or four telephones available.

Americans who, usually during hurried shopping or under other somewhat nerve-racking conditions, encounter these defects, are surprised and contemptuous. They should realize that even in America the department stores and hotels are not altruistic institutions; the public eventually pays for all it receives. Just the same, on the day a Paris hotel presents its patrons with soap, a newspaper, free pins—not to speak of The Book—it will reap, from the general stupefaction and consequent advertisement, a rich harvest.

Americans are often definitely irritated by the Frenchiness of French manners. They charge that the famous French courtesy is absolutely shallow and insincere, that it means exactly nothing.

It is true that French courtesies in daily life—so universal and so mechanical—mean nothing in particular. But they mean a great deal in general. I imagine French citizens, and before them French subjects, were as surprised by the first American tourists who began operations of buying, selling, and so on, with absolutely no preliminary greeting, as we should be by any barbarian who put his feet on a restaurant table. The Frenchwoman who enters a department store to buy a paper of pins says, "*Bonjour, mademoiselle.* I wish some pins." When she enters a big restaurant she as definitely greets the maître d'hôtel who receives her; or in a small one, the proprietor. The French citizen entering at night his favorite café, acknowledges with a bow and a murmured "*M'sieu, 'Dames,*" the presence there of fellow humans.

Let us admit that it is rather a decent idea, after all. But the French learned that this is not our custom. They no longer expect it of us. But how nice, for them and for us, if we had acknowledged it as a pleasant fashion to be followed at least while in France! We have learned, alas, that men are not born free and equal; but we could aid true democracy by so slight a friendly greeting to that other human being who was occupied in learning our wishes and serving them.

All through the French countryside, two people passing each other smile or nod a greeting, murmur a "*Bonjour*" or "*Bonsoir*"; a shy country child will yet raise his cap in salute to the passing stranger. Is it not a little to our discredit that the Brittany peasant says charitably, "He does not salute; he is an American"?

The visitor is amused, too, by the French custom of shaking hands on every occasion—interminably. Acquaintances, meeting or passing, stop to shake hands, be it ever so hastily. The failure to do so, in fact, is a definite insult—a sign not merely of unfriendliness but of enmity. A French acquaintance in the country referred one day, casually, to my dislike for a young English girl, a painter, who passed by quite often.

"But I do not dislike Miss —— I find her charming," I replied, surprised.

"But how is it then that you refuse to shake hands with her?" protested the Frenchwoman.

Punctuality, the Unknown Virtue

Interminable, also, seem to us other forms of French greeting, when repeated a dozen times a day. When I meet a French friend on the street we first say "*Bonjour.*" Then she inquires as to my health, that of my husband, and of my children. I answer briefly but definitely, and then express my anxiety to know that the various members of her family are in good health. Not until this ritual is over do we separate, perhaps with mutual thankfulness!

I can hear my scornful fellow countrymen: "Pooh! What a waste of time! We move too fast for that sort of thing!"

True. But the French consider it time well spent. They perhaps exaggerate in this as in many other things. Yet the great American machine of life would go a little more smoothly, and not less swiftly, for a little human courtesy oil.

Time—the definite hour and minute—apparently means little or nothing to the French; and this is one of the permanent causes of irritation to the visiting Anglo-Saxon. A theatrical première sometimes begins an hour or even an hour and a half after its announced time. I cannot recall any great occasion—review, anniversary celebration, patriotic meeting—which began on time. At almost all Paris theaters programs are advertised to begin at 8:30. They actually never begin before nine, and the punctual visitor arriving at eight finds an empty house for the French, of course, understand that 8:30 means nine, and they never arrive before that hour. Trains, even on main lines, often arrive late, for no special reason; and not seldom they start late!

This characteristic runs clear through French life. An employe is really bewildered if reproached for being a mere matter of a half hour or so late. You learn to tell your maids to be on duty at seven if you wish to be sure of their presence at half past! You insist on the delivery of articles several days before you really want or expect to have them. Experienced travelers here carefully conceal from their dressmakers the boat they really intend to take; they know that on that day, their trunks still open, they will be frantically telephoning an unmoved dressmaker, who will explain with a convincing, reasonable air that the garment has not yet come from the embroiderer, but that she will surely send it tomorrow, or, at the latest, the day after. The information that the client will be on the Atlantic by then seems to crush her, not with the weight of a stupidity on her own part, but of an unreasonable misfortune, sent by the gods. "Voilà! It is like that; what will you?" she remarks sadly.

Where French Thrift Fails

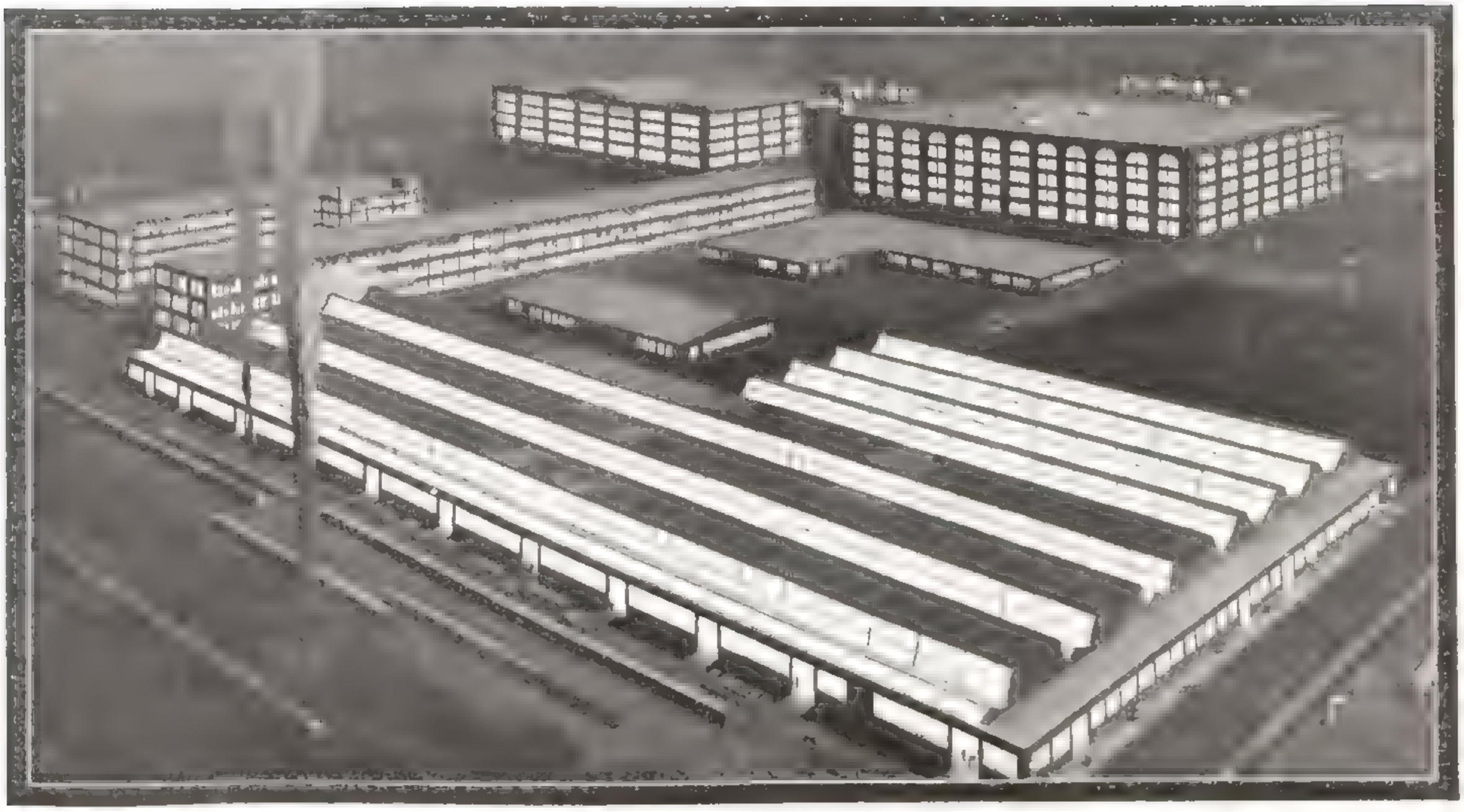
But this characteristic can be charming—not on the sailing day in question, but at some other time! The French citizen wastes your time to suit his convenience, and exasperates you by his failure even to understand that he is doing so! But he will quite as readily and cheerfully waste his own, and other people's, in your own service or interest. A visitor asks a direction; and the sum of exchangeable French and English is found to be inadequate. The Frenchman will pleasantly accompany the stranger to the point in question, finding his hour well spent in conversation.

This is where the national economy falls down; the French will waste time, yours and theirs, to any extent.

We are all tired of war statistics; they mean little now, if they ever did. Still, I can't help feeling that if Americans had, just before sailing for France, been reminded that 16½ per cent of her mobilized population is dead, and 33½ per cent permanently, seriously disabled, some of the phenomena of everyday life which surprised and irritated them would have been satisfactorily explained. One American visitor asked me with surprise how it was that his barber had the Legion of Honor. Another complained of the stiff, awkward movements and therefore imperfect service, of the lift operator. To him Verdun was as far off, as finished with, as Thermopylæ. But Verdun, the war, has crippled France for at least all of this and the next generation. All the little intimate ways of everyday life will continue to be affected by its stupendous losses.

New inventions, economic interdependence, make the world smaller every year; bring inevitably the Old and the New Worlds near and nearer. In the years to come the number of Americans who come to France to visit the battlefields will become progressively smaller and cease; fields of wheat already cover the scars of No Man's Land, and in ten years Soissons, Verdun, Château-Thierry will look like any others of the smiling towns of France. But in ten years, also, France and conditions of French life may be more intimately important to American prosperity than even now. Perhaps, also, by that time, Frenchmen may have learned that, whether or not France is *la plus belle*, it is infinitely to the advantage of her citizens that they visit the New World. No two peoples are more naturally sympathetic and at ease together than are the French and Americans, even because of their great differences. And the great wave of friendly love for America that swept France in 1918 will never ebb entirely.

Therefore, to avoid petty irritations which sometimes have grave results, some American should write, for present-day visitors here, the booklet I have mentioned; and some Frenchman should prepare for the hoped-for visitors to America another—How to Behave in America.



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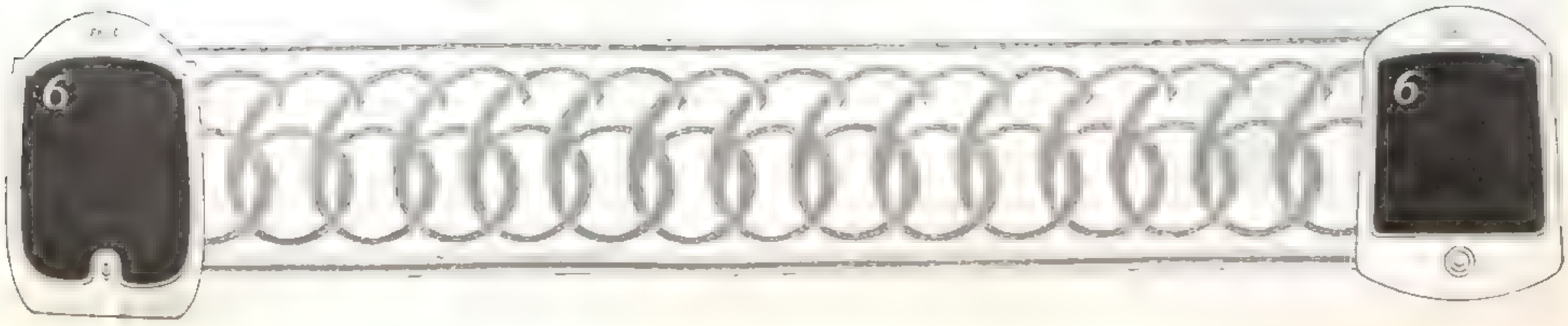

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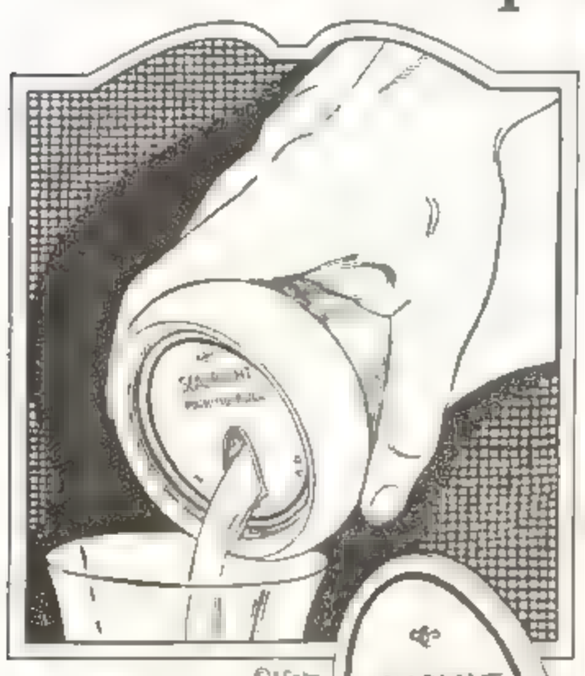

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THE HUNCHBACK OF THE HESPERUS

(Continued from Page 36)

Cargo began to arrive. Coarse salt in bulk. The old wharf had not been so brisk and busy in years. Capt. Bart Rowe grew nervous, at least outwardly, as the day passed. He was dressed in his best suit, and continually glanced up the wharf. In the mealtime rests he walked to the shore end and back to the schooner half a dozen times.

Then just after supper the new mate came on board and Captain Bart's impatience vanished. Paul Hurst was good to look at. Slender and strong as a pine spar, he had a happy eye and a whimsical mouth, and he smiled with cheery optimism as the skipper showed him around the schooner. Captain Bart was anxious, eager, overcareful that he leave nothing unexplained. Hurst smiled at it all. If he noticed the ratlike glitter behind Bart's gray-moss brows, which no amount of eagerness could quench, he gave no sign. He could detect readily enough the painted camouflage of the ancient vessel, which was pitifully insufficient to hide the scars and rust pits from a seaman's eye. But he followed the old man below, carrying a small trunk with effortless ease, and was shown into his tiny cabin.

"Maybe it ain't quite like the big steamers, Mr. Hurst, but then maybe you wouldn't ha' got a big steamer yet a whiles," said Bart with a grin that was more like a snarl. Hurst laughed.

"Suits me, sir. The wages are as good, anyway, and I want a first mate's discharge. Any orders, sir?"

"You'll have tomorrow to look her over. The crew's aboard. Four men before the mast. You'll sign on at noon. That's all. Sail day after tomorrow."

"Bound for Iceland, captain? How about clothes? I've never been anywhere very cold. What do I need more than usual?"

"Nothing. I've got a good slop chest with everything in it."

The skipper jerked out the words irritably. Hurst grinned good-temperedly and threw off his coat.

The skipper left him to unpack his gear and went to his own room with a crouching glide which emphasized horribly the hump on his back. Hurst watched him go, and closed his own door only when the skipper's door was shut.

When the Hesperus towed to sea the skipper paced the little half poop nervously. His gaze was fastened upon the stalwart figure of the mate, forward. Two seamen were aft, one at the helm, and two with the mate on the forecastle, and it was apparent that there was not one real sailorman in the four. The man at the wheel steered well enough—he was a tugboat hand—but the rest knew little about a vessel, and the skipper seemed to expect some comment from the mate. But Hurst smiled and whistled softly, did jobs instead of trying to show men how to do them, and altogether handled his end of the schooner like a he man.

"Men all right, mister?" the skipper asked gruffly when the mate came aft. The sails had been set, somehow, and trimmed, with time and patience. The mate had never lost his cheery smile, even when his men seemed utterly useless.

"Seen better," he grinned. "But I'll have them in shape in a day or two, sir. Hardly expect to get sailors these days. These'll be all right. They've got two arms and two legs apiece. I don't ask more. Two real sailors could handle this vessel."

"Never mind about two men handling my ship, mister!" snapped Bart savagely. "I'm payin' four sailors good wages. Make 'em work. That's what you're here for."

"They'll work, never fear. You don't expect me to drive them bucko fashion, I hope?"

"You make 'em work, whatever method you use. If you was never used to a real ship, get used to it now. You're too blasted soft for men like these. If you're not able, let me know; that's all, mister."

"He ain't so looney over th' noo mate as he looked," the cook remarked sagely when the men got their evening hash. "Bill wos tellin' me ——"

"Bill ain't heard nothink," said Pete. "He only heard wot wos said on deck. He didn't hear nothink o' wot went on when the skipper wos all alone in his berth. Through th' skylight I heard it. His teeth! Jumpin' cats! I thought he wos chawin' bones! And cuss? Ow!"

"Bet th' smart mate don't think he's the blue-eyed boy now, like he did yesterday, any'ow," put in Bill. "He looked as if he wos goin' to teach th' old man a few new tricks, way he wos grinnin' when he come aboard. Ain't nobody goin' to teach that old man much. Wonder wot he's sour on the world for."

"S'long as he don't git sour on me I'll be satisfied," said the cook. "I never see sich eyes. Like tiger's, they are. I believe he's 'arf batty, that's wot I believe."

Paul Hurst began to wonder as day followed day, bringing only bitterness into the old skipper's aspect. The sea continued smooth, the breeze fresh and fair, the old schooner bustled her northerly way in fine style, and even the crew had no chance to show how useless they could be. But Captain Bart scowled and muttered. His eyes blazed like fanned coals under the gray eaves. His speech was curt and scathing. Hurst went to tell him that harder weather loomed up, and surprised him with the picture in the rough frame in the grip of two hands so tense that the knuckles were white under the brown skin.

"Breezing up, sir," said Hurst. "You didn't tell me whether you want me to handle sail as I judge best, or to call you first."

"Damn and blast you for a useless pup!" rasped the skipper. His great hands twisted the frame and broke it. Glass clattered on the bare floor. He hurled down the picture in its wreckage and ground his foot upon it. "If you can't handle a bit of a schooner like this I'll put you in the galley and make the cook first mate!"

Hurst went white with anger. But he mastered the impulse to retort and went on deck. For the next hour the crew believed he was mad drunk. Before the hour was up they knew at least a little about handling sail. When the rising breeze drove the schooner through leaping seas under reduced canvas, and sprays flew high at her bows, cold sprays which stung, Paul Hurst leaned against the cabin hatch and fought down his anger. It was a struggle; but he was of a sanguine and cheerful nature, he was young, and had been brought up to respect age, or, if he could not respect it, to make allowance for it. So he buttoned his coat tightly against the chill of coming night, clapped a cover over his lighted pipe and soothed his ruffled soul with song:

"There's a girl asleep with a blue dress on,
Shake her, Johnny, shake her!
It's an unsafe couch she's resting on,
Shake her and so wake her."

The cabin clock struck four bells, and the mate ceased his song long enough to strike four on the poop bell. It was time to relieve the wheel and lookout, which simply meant that two men changed places with each other. But Hurst believed in kindness until kindness proved to be a mistake, and he always took the wheel himself for five minutes at the change so that both helmsman and lookout might enjoy a smoke midway of their watch. He went to the wheel and resumed his song:

"Storm clouds gathering on our lee,
Shake her, Johnny, shake her!
And soon aback our sails may be,
Shake her and so wake her."

The relieved helmsman shuffled forward and contemptuously told his relief of a singing mate, of a mate who sang about a girl too. It was too good. The men were of the sort to take advantage. They took many minutes, smoking together.

Five minutes after Hurst took the helm Bart Rowe stumbled on deck, bareheaded. His gray hair streamed wild in the wind. He was half dressed, but the chill of the lowering temperature was powerless to make him shiver. He stepped close to the binnacle and peered into Hurst's face.

"Where's the watch?" he snarled.

"I let the men have a smoke for five minutes before relieving each other, sir," smiled Hurst, and began humming the tune of his song over again.

"Stop that mumbling!"

"I was singing, sir." Hurst refused to take offense.

"Singin'! A singin' mate! Men loafin' in the forecastle and a singin' mate to the wheel! Do I pay you big wages to steer?"

The skipper strode forward. On his way he picked up the poop bell lanyard and slipped it from the hammer. He swung this, a murderous flail of four-sided sennit made of cotton cord, Turk's-headed and crowned, and suddenly burst in upon the two men smoking their watch away in the forecastle. He spoke no words, but the sound of his breath hissing through his clenched teeth frightened the fellows into hurriedly putting their pipes away. Then the sound of furious blows of the bell lanyard, applied to head, face, arms and shoulders indiscriminately as the culprits tried to escape, awakened the two other sleeping sailors and showed them the real man behind the skipper's outer mask. In the subdued light of the turned-down lamp, with the shadows dancing to the roll and swing of the schooner, Bart Rowe flogged the two men until even his apelike arm grew weary. His face was the face of a devil. The men whimpered, bleeding and blinded, huddling forward before the resistless attack.

"Hey, cap, don't kill 'em!" protested one of the awakened men.

The skipper turned savagely upon him, but he was nearer the door. His comrade was already out on deck; together they raced aft and bawled their tale of murder to the mate.

"One of you take the wheel," said Hurst sharply.

Both men stayed aft, while he ran to the forecastle with hard-pressed lips. Before he entered he heard the swish and thud of blows. He was not prepared for the sight he saw.

The two delinquent seamen were crouched in the dark angle of the bows, arms over heads, dripping blood; while over them crouched a hunchbacked terror, flogging away with cold ferocity with a red bell lanyard.

"Captain! Captain Rowe! You're killing those men, sir! Come away!"

Hurst caught the upraised arm and the skipper swung around on him with a fearful curse. Wrenching his arm free, he struck viciously at the mate.

"Don't you do that!" warned Hurst sharply, catching the blow in midair. "Don't ever try that with me, Captain Rowe!"

The skipper tried to free his hand again, but it was held in a grip like the grip of death, and the eyes that met his furious glare were steady and unafraid.

"You'll pay for your damned cleverness!" gasped the skipper, letting fall the lanyard. "Get after your men and send 'em to their places. I'll not let my watch do your watch's work!"

"My men are not fit to go on deck, thanks to you," the mate replied quietly. "I'll keep the watch myself. You ought to take some cooling medicine, captain. Another spell of fever like this and you'll be murdering somebody."

"Look out it isn't you!" growled Bart Rowe, slouching from the forecastle and dodging the sprays on his way aft.

Hurst took the helm, sending the two men of the skipper's watch to their beds to sleep out if they could the small balance of time they had. He was excited more than he cared to have men think. The revelation of the skipper's demoniacal fury jolted him badly. There was a bite and a sting to the wind and sprays which had made him think of warmer clothes more than once since nightfall. The seas grew heavier hourly. The schooner, deep-laden with salt, began to take green water over the rail in the waist. But he thought nothing of clothes after quitting the forecastle. He was hot. He was angry, yet he fought with his anger, hating hard feelings. He only wanted to forget that red scene. He wondered if the men would try to forget it. He tried to thrust it all from his mind by his own particular method of singing:

"A seaman brave our skipper was,
And true as he was bold,
So off went we to the Greenland sea
To face the storm and cold, brave boys,
To face the storm and cold."

He stopped suddenly, with a harsh little laugh at his own apt selection. He did not sing again. It was a welcome sound when the cabin clock struck eight, and he hammered eight bells out on the lanyardless bell as the skipper appeared on deck to relieve him and the helmsman shuffled aft with hangdog look.

(Continued on Page 50)

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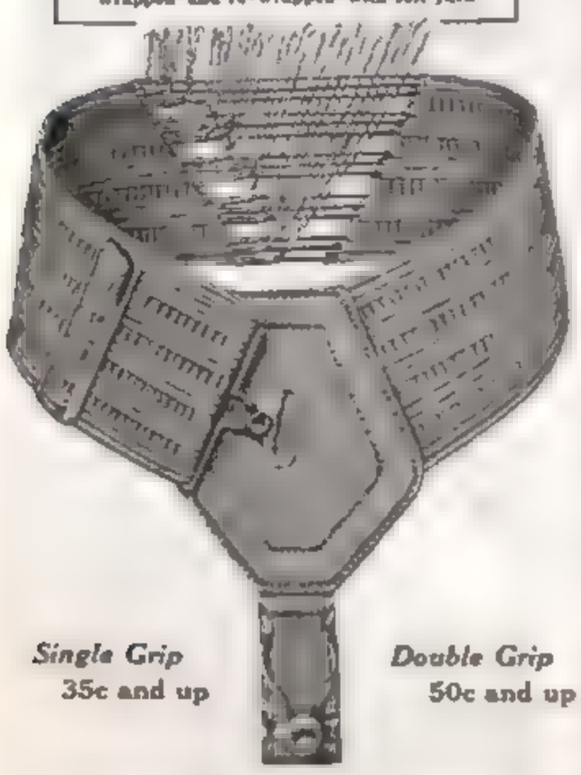
Each strand of specially cured rubber is wrapped and re-wrapped with soft yarn



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(Continued from Page 48)

When another day dawned, gray and bleak, Hurst asked the skipper for some warm clothes. The skipper led him below, flung open the slop chest and asked with a queer expression what was needed. Paul needed almost everything in the way of cold-weather outfit and began to itemize. He paused for a moment and stood staring in amazement at the once fat tabby cat, which sneaked out of some dark corner the instant the skipper spoke, crawled on its belly to the stairs and flew on deck as if its tail was on fire. And it was no longer sleek and fat. It was a misery of a cat. The mate's eyes were glittering with understanding as he recommenced his list.

"Woolen underwear and socks ——"

"I've got cotton, mister. First come first served, you know. Th' crew didn't wait as long as you did. They're good cotton though. What else?"

The mate shrugged.

"Mittens and a watch cap ——"

"Mittens?" The skipper affected surprise, raising his gray eaves of brows and peering into Hurst's face. "A sailorman needing mittens? Afraid I didn't allow for your kind o' sailor, mister. But I got a good watch cap. Here, try this."

The mate glanced at the shoddy wool helmet and grinned sarcastically. He made a comprehensive gesture with both hands. He had seen the men's outfits, had watched them shiver.

"Never mind, captain," he said indifferently. "You told me you had a full slop chest, that's all. I can get along all right. The men are shivering, though, and they don't seem very happy, for all the warm gear you say they took from the slop chest."

"Don't they seem satisfied?" asked the skipper eagerly.

He ignored entirely the mate's innuendo about the supply of clothing, only appearing anxious about the men's happiness; and judging by his face, he was less anxious to know they were happy than to know they were not. The mate left the cabin with something nearer disgust on his face than he had permitted himself to show before. And Bart Rowe watched him go, rubbing his gnarled old hands as he watched, his yellow teeth gleaming behind tight lips. The slop chest was left open, and the skipper went on deck, though it was his watch below and there was no sun visible to make an observation possible. Every few minutes the slaty seas rolled aboard, though the wind was not approaching gale force. The cat had found a dry spot on the saddle of the main boom. When the skipper appeared the cat leaped up, with every hair on end, and, daring the washing seas, bounded along the main deck and took refuge in the galley. Bart laughed evilly. He gazed around the schooner's streaming decks. The man on watch who was not at the helm huddled in the lee of the galley house out of the wind.

"Mister," the skipper began, "you was sayin' something to me about th' men seemin' unhappy. That's idleness."

"What work can they do in this weather, sir?" demanded Hurst sharply. Bart grinned, rubbing his hands.

"Pump, mister. Didn't ye know that salt'll melt in water? Suppose there's two or three foot o' water in her. Did ye think to try th' well, mister?"

"I shall try it at eight bells, sir. I supposed you tried it at eight bells in your watch. If my ways don't suit you ——"

"Yes, yes?" The skipper leaned nearer expectantly.

"—— you must tell me your way. I'm here to do my duty."

"Oh, you are? Then you take the helm, mister, and send your men to the pump. Call out my two farmers as well. This ain't a home."

In due time, not very quickly, four shivering, swearing men stood knee-deep in the swirling wash at the pump. Their faces were turned aft most of the time, but they got scant encouragement from sight of that grim old man standing at the rail with flying hair and grinning teeth. When he turned aside, his great humped shoulders seemed to engage in one colossal shrug of contempt.

"Mister, the men don't seem happy," he said to the mate at last. "I'll take the wheel a spell. You go down an' land a hand. Sing to 'em. You was singin' a real nice pumpin' chantey yesterday."

He glared as if expecting a protest. But Hurst was already stepping from the grating, looking fairly happy too. Truth was, the mate was cold. A spell at the pumps would warm him. He hoped there was water enough in the schooner to make the spell a fairly long one.

Bart Rowe steered, grim as a frozen pirate, grotesque in the attitude he assumed, which exaggerated his hunchback. He scarcely noted course or trim of the schooner. He was watching the little group of men monotonously grinding the pump brakes up and down, while the water foamed at their boots. He listened, too, with head cocked sideways. The men had been talking loudly; they still talked, but less loudly, and they were talking to the mate, who did not seem to try to silence them. When the pumps sucked, Hurst went aft, but the men remained forward.

"I sent the men to get a smoke," said the mate, offering to take the helm.

The skipper's eyes glowed redly and his lips snarled. Hurst forestalled the outburst.

"I wanted to speak to you alone, sir. The men are talking queerly. They asked me about the ship's position and how near we are to the northern steamer tracks, and ——"

"Did you tell 'em? Did you, mister?" demanded the skipper eagerly.

Hurst stared at him. The warped old man seemed actually to expect that his mate had discussed such matters with the crew.

"No, of course I didn't!" retorted Hurst, again offering to take the wheel. This time he was permitted to, and Bart Rowe stepped away, chuckling, and went below. In a few minutes he reappeared with a chart in his hand and held it up so that the men forward could see if they put their noses outside the forecastle. Then he bellowed for all hands and they came sullenly. The cook obeyed, too, and when he came from the galley the tabby cat sat on his shoulder. But when he turned aft that cat leaped desperately and regained the galley just an instant before the door crashed shut. The men answered a further summons and gathered in an embarrassed crowd on the half poop. Sullen they were, and even the cruelly beaten men of yesterday refused to hide their sullenness.

"So you want to know where you are, hey?" the skipper cried, and opened the chart. The men shrank back, staring at his face in sudden terror. But he smiled, as sunnily as such a face could smile, and turned so that all might see the chart. "Catch hold, two o' ye, a corner apiece," he ordered. Then he traced with a great finger the schooner's track to the last noon position pricked off. A little space farther he moved his finger. "You're here, lads. Noon, you'll be hereabouts. Steamer lanes? Here they go. From now until this time tomorrow keep a good lookout. I s'pose that's what you wanted to know for, wan't it? Good sailormen, I bet you are. Want to be sure you keep a good lookout for the Old Man, hey? Well, thankee, boys, thankee. Get for'ard to your smokin' again. Mr. Hurst'll steer the ship for ye."

The men went forward in awed silence. They were frightened. Hurst regarded the skipper intently as he went below with the chart. He was beginning to feel sure that the Old Man was insane. He wanted to see that chart for himself. Up to that moment the skipper had kept his reckoning, with all the figures, and the chart itself locked in his room. Hurst had once taken his sextant on deck; he had been harshly told to take care of the working of the ship and to leave the navigation to the skipper.

He had no opportunity to see the chart. There was no sun for the noon observation. When the skipper relieved the watch at eight bells he locked his cabin behind him. The wind had fallen light. The seas no longer crested and broke. They ran in long slaty swells that looked cold. Air there still was, but very scant. To the northward a glint hung in the sky.

"Ice!" said the skipper, and seemed pleased.

Hurst glanced at him as he left the deck to the Old Man, and was sure now that he was mad. He lay down, with his clothes on, to try to get what sleep he could in case the Old Man's madness took on a more serious phase. Vaguely, somewhere near the middle of his doze, he heard the chirruping clack of tackles. The schooner rolled heavily, as if the wind had utterly died. Suddenly there came a succession of rumbling bumps alongside; not heavy or sharp, but dull and rolling. He peered through his port glass, saw an expanse of sea covered with floating broken ice in which the schooner lay without motion except the rolling. He dozed again, not yet willing to believe that the skipper was crazy enough to cast away his vessel deliberately.

On deck Bart Rowe seemed to be the embodiment of every evil attribute the sea ever knew. He sent the men to the pumps again, the mate's men too. He chuckled at their curses. Then he stole below and locked Hurst's door with his own key, and was back on deck with an agility that was amazing in one of his bulk and deformity. Without raising his voice, he sent the men from the pump to the only boat falls and made them lower away the boat. They glanced at one another meaningly, but secretly, as they saw the boat floating dry alongside, never guessing how little they could hide a look or a gesture from that grim old man.

"Now get into the boat and tow me clear of the ice," he said.

Sore-handed men just from pumping, men who ought by rights to have been below, off watch, looked as if they meditated refusal. The Old Man smiled down upon them, and the smile made them shudder. One of them made a terse, subdued remark, and the rest followed him into the boat. Soon the towline tautened ahead and the schooner moved very slowly through the water, which was already covered as far as the eye could see with lumps of hard ice. Far to the north a mighty berg raised its glittering pinnacles to the sky, touched magically by a shaft of sunlight that shot through a rift in the gray sky. Slow work was that towing. The men cursed, but bent their backs, their scowling faces turned toward the grotesque figure on the schooner's wheel gratings. But as they cursed him and towed his old schooner they carried on a warm discussion in fierce undertones. The cook was especially warm. That was no part of a cook's job, pulling a ruddy big oar in a rowboat. His part in the discussion was given much earnest attention. The skipper's hurricane roar broke in:

"One o' you come aboard and take th' wheel a while!"

In haste the men hauled back the boat on the line until one of them could clamber aboard by the jib-boom rigging. They whispered eagerly as they hoisted him up, and the boat went back to her weary towing.

"See if you can miss some o' them bits of ice," said the skipper sarcastically. "I'll be up again in fifteen minutes; then you can all have a rest—at the pump."

The moment his back was out of sight the man left the wheel and waved a frantic arm to his mates in the boat ahead. Then without further ado he hauled the cabin hatch over and slipped the hasp over the staple. His mates were back and over the rail, excited and more than a little terrified, but determined, almost before he had dropped the hasp. They gathered about the hatch, listening, listening; but no sound came from below. They looked into one another's faces, doubting that the good luck could be without pitfall. But the cook, still sore from his rowing, jerked them back to activity with a word. Between them they cleaned the galley of stores and hoisted a water bareca into the boat. One man, less flustered than the rest, went stealthily to the compass and ascertained the cardinal points with reference to the Hesperus.

"Get a move on!" he bade his mates hoarsely. They piled into the boat. The cook darted back and brought out the tabby cat. He held onto the beast against the protests of the others. "He don't want to stop behind an' drownd, he don't!" insisted the cook.

But before the boat shoved off, the cat decided for himself by leaping back to the schooner he had known as home for so long.

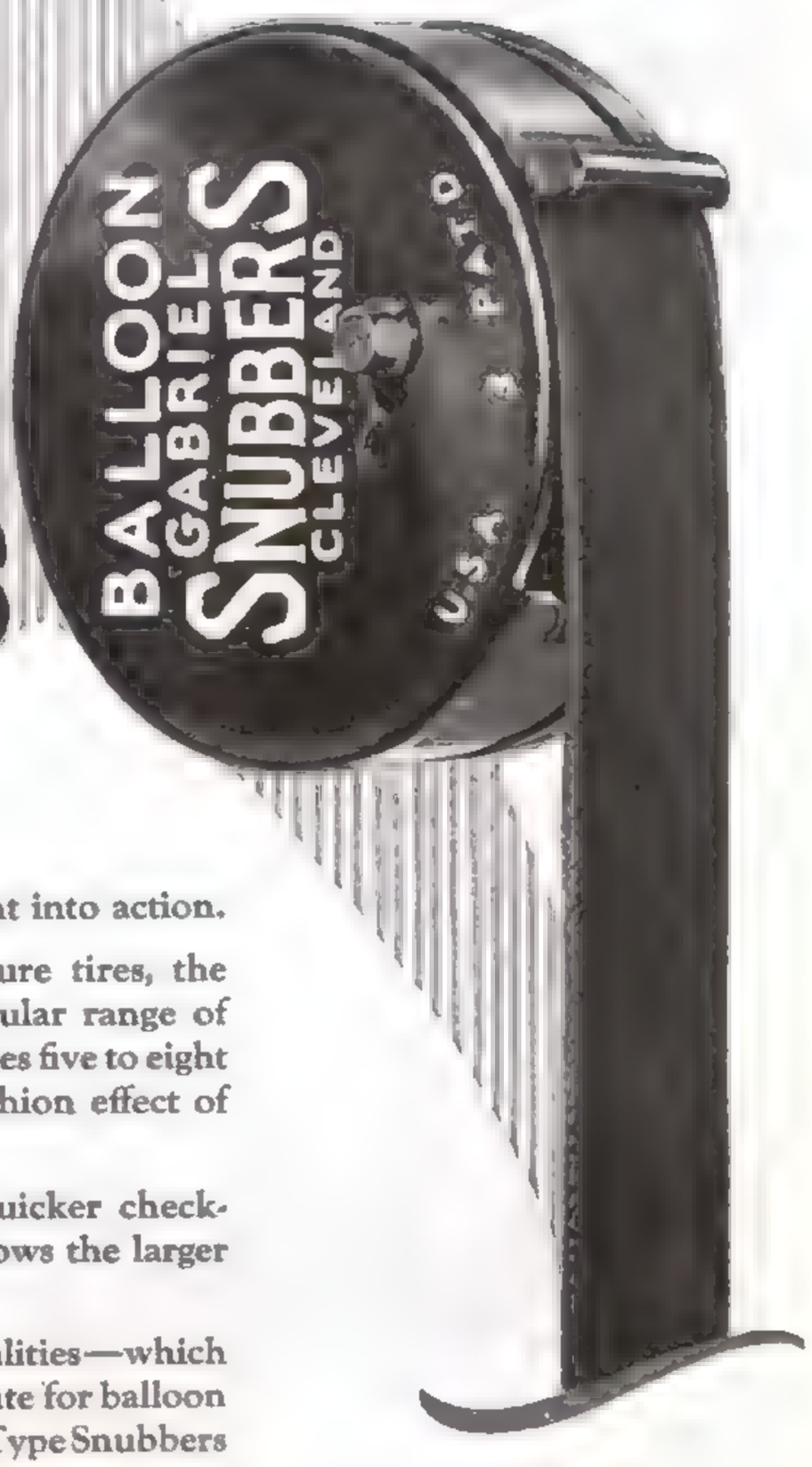
"There y'are!" grumbled one of the men who had been so cruelly beaten, whose spirit was shaken. "Who sez th' bloody cat don't know?"

They silenced him with curses and pulled away.

Just before eight bells Bart Rowe unlocked Hurst's door without noise and then knocked sharply on the panel to arouse the sleeper. The mate replied sleepily, and yawned; satisfied that he was aroused, the Old Man mounted the short companionway, chuckling deeply, and breaking into a harsh laugh at finding the hatch slide fastened. He made no more ado about bursting it open than the seaman had about

(Continued on Page 52)

Gabriels Needed to Get the Best Out of Balloon Tires



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BUXTON KEY·TAINER

(Continued from Page 50)

dropping the hasp. With the great hump on his back pressed against the underside of the slide, he strained every muscle of his powerful frame against stairs and handrails, until one board at the edge of the slide ripped off with a crash. When he stood on deck he looked without hesitation in the direction the boat had taken, and spotted the tiny speck, looking like a water beetle with the quick-moving oars for legs. His grim face was alive with unhealthy mirth. He made no effort to conceal it when Hurst ran on deck partly dressed, alarmed by the smashing of the slide.

"There they go!" chuckled Bart.

One long arm was outflung to the horizon, southward. His heavy gray brows, jutting out by reason of his attitude, made him look like a hoary evil old vulture. The mate stared at the boat, then in honest amazement at the Old Man.

"You scared those men out," said Hurst gravely. "Now what do you expect to do?"

Bart had one hand in his pilot jacket pocket. His eyes were fixed in a glittering gaze on the mate's amazed face. The schooner lay rolling idly in a flat calm, on a long steep swell, and ice cakes were packing all about her. To the north lay the colossal iceberg that had crept up over the horizon on a subtle current; and flanking it now, drifting on the same stream, miles and miles of ice stretched away into the haze.

"You said once that two real sailormen could handle the Hesperus, mister. We'll see," retorted the skipper. His face writhed devilishly and a fleck of foam lay on his lower lip. "Unless you want to follow the rest o' th' rats."

"I can't swim that far," Hurst laughed shortly. "And I don't believe the ice would bear my weight. Anyhow, captain, I signed for the voyage to Reykjavik and back, and I can keep my watch as long as you can keep yours. The deck's relieved, sir!"

The skipper peered narrowly at him, as if to search his soul. But the mate had turned away, humming a tune, and was scrutinizing the sky and the schooner's situation in seamanly fashion. Bart grunted some unintelligible remark, pulled out a pistol from his pocket and tossed it overboard. Then he went below. Paul Hurst watched him with a queer look, gave a glance at the piece of ice which the revolver had broken in its fall, and went forward to the pump. He heaved at the brakes for several turns before the water came, and found the job hard for one man. A deep puzzlement shone in his eyes. His broad forehead puckered and his mobile mouth displayed many expressive lines. But he pumped with vigor, and eased the labor with an old pumping chantey:

"Fire in the galley, fire in the house,
Fire in the beef kid, scorching the scouse.
Fire! Fire! Fire down below!
Keep the pumps a-pumping,
Fire down below!"

Unconscious of the fierce face framed in one of the cabin ports looking out along the deck, Hurst heaved away stoutly in time to the tune:

"Fire in the lifeboat, fire in the gig,
Fire in the pigsty roasting the pig.
Fire! Fire! Fire down below!
Keep the pumps a-pumping,
Fire down below!"

He forgot to sing for a dozen strokes while overwhelmed with the wonder of it all. He could not believe the Old Man utterly insane; nor could he be entirely sane. The situation was weird. And there, to the north, the ice barrier advanced upon the schooner slowly but surely. A breeze was her only salvation, and the skies promised no breeze. Perhaps the crew had been wise, after all. They had been told, amazingly, by the Old Man himself where to intercept steamers. He alone had not had a chance to look at that chart. He had never seen the log. There was a double slate hanging in the companionway, on which he entered the report in his watch; that was copied by the Old Man into the log and the slate washed for the next four hours:

"Fire in the storeroom spoiling the food,
Fire on the orlop burning the wood.
Fire! Fire! Fire down below!
Keep the pumps a-pumping,
Fire down below!"

That stanza reminded him of food. The pump sucked, and he went to the galley. The dingy little sea kitchen was cold and bare. There was a tin of musty flour, a yellow beef bone, closely cleaned, and some dried apples. That was all. He knew where the stores were kept in the cabin, and went there. The place was locked. His face was not quite so hopeful when he went back to the galley and filled his belly with dried apples and water. He decided to get an understanding from the skipper. He knew the ship could not be many days' sail from her port if the wind would only blow; but near or far, he did not propose to starve. He could work. It had been no idle boast when he said two men could work that schooner. But he was young and lusty, and food was very essential, if food there was. He meant, too, to find out the schooner's position for himself. If he could not get to see the chart he would take observations and get the accurate place. He looked at the gray sky. There was small likelihood of getting the sun that day. Unless the breeze came before night and blew the floating ice away, there would scarcely be a clear horizon for star sights after dark.

But having come to these decisions, Hurst felt easier. He spent the remainder of his watch on deck rummaging in the forepeak.

He was followed around by the gaunt tabby cat, which mewed dismally. But the cat refused to go aft, even for companionship. It stayed on the main hatch, and when Bart appeared on deck again it darted inside the galley out of his sight.

"Have ye pumped her, mister?" the skipper asked, with a civility that had a frosty sound. The mate replied that he had. "Then ye may light a fire and make some coffee, mister. I think you'll find some stores in th' galley. Make us a good supper. It'll be a cold night. Then ye may give her a pump on my account. Mustn't let the water get ahead of us, mister. Salt melts in water; even salt water."

Hurst repressed a hot retort with difficulty, answering simply, "Aye, aye, sir. There may be coffee, but there's no grub except musty flour and dried apples, in the galley at least."

"You don't tell me!" exclaimed Bart, raising his gray eaves in mock astonishment. "Well, well! Then we must eat apples, mister. I've et worse food than apples. Can ye make pie?"

"I'm a first mate, not a cook!" retorted Hurst, irritated beyond his limit of patience. "I'm afraid it'll be apples, unless you have some private stores. I can eat apples."

The skipper grinned. Smoke drifted from the galley chimney. A wave of black passion swept across Bart's convulsed face at the sound of a song mingling with the galley smoke:

"A-roving, a-roving, since roving's been my ruin,
I'll go no more a-roving for you, fair maid."

"Sing!" cried Bart, raising his fists high. "I'll give you a new song to sing pretty soon!"

Hurst brought coffee and a handful of dried apples. Bart swallowed the scalding black coffee, bitter as wormwood, and chewed indifferently at a few apple rings. Then he carelessly tossed the rest of the apples overboard and affected not to see the mate's angry look at the waste.

That night snow came. It fell straight and in great feathery flakes that swiftly covered the schooner in a soft white shroud. The sea swell flattened out under the weight of the packing ice. To the north, sounding closer every time it was heard, the growling of broken floes against the icy cliff side of a tall berg kept up a recurrent thunder. The mate cooked some apples and ate them rather than ask for food from the store he believed the skipper possessed. When Bart ate stewed apples at midnight, and did not throw any overboard, Hurst was not so sure about that private store.

"Have you pumped her, mister?" the skipper asked as soon as he came on deck.

"Twice, sir; once for my watch, once for yours; and without any offense, I suggest you lend a hand next spell. It's hard for one man."

The skipper regarded him curiously but let the suggestion pass. All night the ice pounded at the schooner's hull. At times she was partly lifted by the pressure of the pack. And every hour the snow fell; the circle of visibility around the ship was little more than her own length in diameter. And the growling of the drifting berg was incessant. Hurst could not understand a good many things connected with the situation of the Hesperus. For one thing he had not realized that a voyage to Iceland at that time of the year would involve danger of field ice. Then the schooner was taking more water than the few bumps sustained by the floating ice should warrant. As soon as he relieved the deck again, and found the same windless conditions, he mentally resolved to sleep on deck thereafter, or not farther away than the companionway; then he went back to the forepeak and dragged out canvas and spikes and planks which he had collected in his previous rummaging. He searched the ship for iron.

When next he went off watch he rolled himself in a blanket and slept in the companionway. The snow had changed into finer flakes, hard little flakes with a bite to them. He knew that wind was behind the change. The schooner still lay motionless, beset by pack ice, creaking under the pressure. And the growling thunder of the berg was so near that but for the snow it must have been visible in darkness.

He had scarcely slept, for his mind was whirling with his problems, when he was abruptly thrown across the companionway, to come crashing against the other side, and the schooner staggered and rolled down to her beam ends, quivering to her nethermost treenail under a soul-shaking avalanche of ice out of the chaotic sky. Hurst was on his feet and out on deck in a breath, gripping the companion top for support. A sharp breeze blew and the snow drove slantwise in icy points. The Hesperus leaned dizzily, for her sails could not overcome the tenacity of the packed ice so quickly, and she perforce must yield to the wind in some way. She could not go ahead; she rolled down sideways. And in the opaque snowy veil hiding the fore part of the ship, the splintering of wood sounded in between the grinding and crashing of ice falling from a shattered berg.

"Where are ye, mister?" the skipper's voice demanded querulously.

"Here, sir! Where are you?" shouted Hurst.

There was something disquieting in the Old Man's tone. The next instant a harsh, ravenlike chuckle answered, and the mate almost fell over the prostrate form of Captain Bart. A powerful hand reached up, got a grip on Hurst's arm, and Bart tried to drag himself to his feet. He gasped thickly and sank to the deck again.

"What is it—collision?" the mate asked, trying to pierce the snowy gloom.

"Aye. Iceberg, mister. Wind come up sudden. Before I could get her movin' she slammed the main boom across and—feels like it busted my breastbone. I was standin' on th' cabin hatch. Give me a hand up. We got to get her clear. This is a fine fair wind for Iceland, mister." Again that ravenlike chuckle made Hurst shudder as he tried futilely to raise the skipper's powerful body to an erect position. The Old Man's grip was a thing of horrible suggestion. The great hands felt like steel jaws; the muscles of the long arms had the rigidity of taut wire rope.

"Got to get her movin'. Fine fair wind for Iceland!"

"I'll set you near the helm, sir, and do what I can," said the mate.

He half dragged Bart to the gratings, where he could sit and steer. Then he ran forward into the bows, trusting to his luck to escape falling ice. None fell. The schooner appeared to be moving. She scraped heavily now and then; her jib boom was gone and the splinters of it stuck out through the iron crance like a brush The headboards had been ripped off and the bows themselves badly crushed above the water line. All this Hurst discovered by climbing out into the vague gloom, beyond which the ice still rumbled angrily. Out there he could be sure that the iceberg was not in actual contact with the schooner. And the schooner was moving ahead. She leaned less steeply, and the ice-strewn sea slid past her slowly and with many a bump, but steadily, as if she were free. She lacked some headsail, having lost the jib boom, but with the forestaysail and inner jib to balance the after canvas she could still sail if she would keep afloat. That was the trouble. As he clambered back over tons of broken ice, past shattered deck planks, he wondered what the next trial at the pump would reveal. And more than that, he could not get out of his memory that old man's horrible, ravenlike chuckle over the encounter with the ice which had perhaps

(Continued on Page 54)

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Serve and Save

Continued from Page 52

made him a cripple far beyond any disability caused by his hunchback. He stopped beside the pump and heaved at the brakes.

"Can't be far off Reykjavik," he muttered as the water gushed freely about his feet. "He's mad. But he'll need money, whoever looks after him. We'll carry the old Hesperus in for him yet, won't we, old girl?"

He talked as he pumped as if the old schooner could hear and understand. But the water gushed too copiously. One pair of arms could never cope with it. And now, at least, he could not expect help. He went aft. As he passed the galley again the cat leaped to his shoulder, and it did not leave its perch when he stood beside the slumped figure of Bart Rowe. The animal rather clung the tighter.

"Captain Rowe, the schooner can sail if she'll float. She makes more water than I can clear though. If you'll tell me about what distance we have to sail, I'll know what to do."

"Mister, I'll navigate my ship," Bart returned harshly. "You do what you can about the water. You're a good first mate. That's what I paid good money to get you for, and I'm paying you good wages to show how good you are."

"I'm doing all of a mate's work!" retorted Hurst. "You're not fit for much just now. You ought to consider your shippers"

"I'm my own shipper! The cargo belongs to me." Again that harsh chuckle that made Hurst shiver so. "I'm the only loser, if loser there must be. But I don't expect to lose. I feel I'm goin' to make a success out o' this voyage, mister."

Hurst left him after glancing into the binnacle and noting the course the Old Man was steering. The sails were not trimmed for such a course. As he went along the deck he gave a pull on the sheets, until the Hesperus moved more freely, and the lumps of ice began to tinkle as they passed along her sides. He could see nothing beyond the driving snow; but he listened and knew that the growling of the berg was fast receding. Then he got a lantern, went to his heap of wood, canvas and iron rod, and began work upon a windmill pump which he hoped would keep the water down. When he went aft again, to get food and to see if Bart needed anything, he found the Old Man lying across the grating in a swoon, with a trickle of blood at his lips and a fleck of froth on his chin. His skin was ghastly under the three weeks' beard he had let grow since sailing. In his swoon he wore a tight-lipped grin. One hand clung to the wheel, holding it rigid. The tabby cat, which had held a place on Hurst's shoulder while he worked, jumped down and sniffed at the prostrate form. After a second sniff the hair rose all along the cat's back and tail, and it sprang back to its place of safety.

"Don't blame you much, Kitty!" muttered Hurst. "But he can't lie there."

It took all his strength to drag the skipper to the stairs. Easing him down them was not hard. But it was a herculean feat to get him partly undressed and snugly into his bunk. Once there, the mate searched hurriedly for keys, but failed to find them before Bart's eyes opened and fastened upon him in a queerly understanding fashion

"I was looking for your keys, sir," Hurst explained. "You need some brandy or stimulant of some sort. You're ill."

"There is no stimulant of that sort. I've got all the stimulant I need," Bart replied, staring fixedly. "Look after the ship; never mind me. Hold your course, the last one given. That's your orders."

Hurst left him without reply. He knew the ship's greatest need was that windmill pump and he returned to the job. When that pump was working, driven by the same good breeze that was driving the ship to her port, he would demand something definite from the skipper. By lashing the helm he got the schooner to hold her course untended. Then he cleared the water with the hand pump by dint of half an hour's heartbreaking toil, and thereafter did not leave the windmill until he had erected it, connected it and trimmed the stroke to the main pump. And to give him courage, the breeze freshened, the schooner hummed busily along and the water poured from the pump lip to the whirring and clanking of the windmill.

Before going to ask Bart the truth about stores, the mate took his watch from his shore clothes and wound it up. He meant to satisfy himself about the ship's position, and he needed chronometer time for that. Bart was lying with his eyes closed, and his grim old face looked ghastly. The hard mouth was shut tightly and the corners were upturned in a sardonic grin. The eyes slowly opened as Hurst entered, and they held smoldering fires flecked with red.

"If you'll tell me where your stores are, captain, I'll cook — "

"There are no stores," said Bart. "The boat took all."

"Apples and musty flour ——"

"I'm content."

"Suits me then," snapped Hurst. He stared down at the strange old man. That warped body, suffering undoubtedly, held a spirit of amazing perversity. There was even a smile on the rugged old face, a smile that was no indication of legitimate pleasure. Yet the man had cried content. Hurst shrugged his sturdy shoulders. "Shall I wind the chronometer, sir?" he asked. Bart laughed outright.

"Might's well keep her runnin', I s'pose," he said. "Don't know as it'll do ye much good though."

Winding the chronometer, Hurst glanced at the rate-and-error card. Then, without display, he contrived to compare his watch with Greenwich time and closed the chronometer case. He knew, he could feel, that the Old Man's red-flecked eyes followed him from the cabin. But the thing which struck him hardest as he entered his own snug little berth was the sharp contrast between the two cabins. His own was tiny and plain, but it had a carpet and color and looked like a place intended for a human being at least. The Old Man's room was bare and chill. There was not even the picture, with its face to the wall, to relieve the bleakness of the place now. It was a cell. Many a jail was more homelike. And that old vulture, broken and bruised, with eyes hinting at bygone tragedy and present bitterness, could smile.

"If he's clean crazy, all the more reason why I have to get him to port," Hurst decided, taking out his sextant.

The instrument had not been used on the voyage. He turned the index screw to ease it and tried the shade glasses. Then he stared more closely at it. His face darkened. The horizon mirror was smashed. Not a splinter of it remained in the frame. And sudden conviction surged upon him that the Old Man had done this. He was out, across the saloon and into Bart's cabin with the sextant in hand while the clock ticked ten.

"Did you do this?" he demanded "This?" He thrust the instrument into the Old Man's sneering face.

"What's the trouble, mister?" drawled Bart. "Broke yer sextant? That's a shame, ain't it? But you don't need no sextant."

"I need one and, by golly, I'll have one!" retorted Hurst furiously. "I don't believe you know where we are."

"It's gettin' real chilly, ain't it?" grinned the Old Man. "Must be somewheres nigh Iceland, don't ye think? If I wuz you, mister, I'd light a fire in the cabin bogie. . . Drop that!"

The mate had opened the skipper's sextant case and was taking out the instrument. With a terrific creaking and groaning, Bart tried to hoist himself from the bunk, his face purpling with fury. One long arm reached Hurst. The clawlike hand fastened upon his coat and all the young man's strength could not prevent his going where that claw dragged him. Bart fell back in the bunk, gasping, but with him he dragged Hurst, and the sextant fell into the bedding. There followed a grim, fearful struggle. Hurst was reluctant to hurt the Old Man, whom he regarded as almost certainly insane. But he meant to have that sextant, and other things too. He wanted the chart and the log, and the Old Man's grip was shifting to his throat in the plain determination to prevent him. He let the sextant lie, hoping no harm would befall it, and set his teeth to overcome the savage attack of the cripple. He was amazed at the power in that warped frame. Before he tore the claws from his throat he was strangling and his eyes were full of dancing sparks. His coat was ripped from him and great strips of skin were rubbed from the flesh with the sheer tenacity of the Old Man's grip. But Bart could not rise. Youth prevailed, though youth was sorely punished. Hurst wrenched free, snatched up the sextant and stepped back out of reach of the gasping old man, over whose fearfully working features a sardonic smile was already creeping again. Yet, more astonishing, Bart fumbled in his pockets and produced his keys.

"You put up a real nice scrap, mister," he gasped. "Here's the keys. Might es well give 'em to ye or you'll murder me in my bed, I suppose." Bart closed his eyes for an instant, then chuckled as he opened them again. "How's pumpin', mister? Don't let my salt get wet. Pretty hard, aint' it? Dried apples ain't so good as a stiddy diet to pump on, I don't think."

"I've rigged a windmill that takes care of the pumping," replied Hurst, intent upon his examination of the sextant, which seemed unhurt.

"Windmill?" echoed Bart fiercely.

He tried to rise. The news seemed to give him little gratification.

"Aye, and it keeps the water down. But the grub is more of a problem. Even dried apples and musty flour will do as long as they last, but if you have no more stores ——"

"All there is is in the galley, mister. There's plenty, though, plenty."

Hurst went on deck, scarcely hearing. He had seen through the snow a sign of blue sky, giving promise of an observation. But the blue vanished. The snow thickened. He stood there in the icy breeze for two hours, patiently waiting for a sight of sun and horizon. Then he gave it up and returned to the cabin to light a wood fire, for the air had changed to a creeping cold bleakness which penetrated into every corner of the schooner. With fire there, he next thoroughly searched the ship for stores and brought everything into the cabin. There was no more food, except a few moldy biscuits in the deserted forecastle. He regarded the pitiful handful of dried apples and the gray heap of flour, and wondered how long he must wait before he could find out where the ship was. He prepared the Old Man's meager meal and took it in, then sought out the chart and log book. While Bart ate his stewed apples and fried cakes of flour and grease, Hurst pored over the chart and log with puzzled expression. The last position pricked off on the chart placed the ship within two good days' sail of Iceland. But the log figures did not agree. The worked-up sights seemed queer. They had results, but against each calculation was a notation in some queer jargon which he could not understand.

He glanced at Bart. The Old Man was lying back with partly closed eyes, chuckling crazily.

"Captain Rowe, the food is almost gone," Hurst snapped at last. "I believe for some reason you are keeping a false reckoning. Will you tell me our proper position, or must I heave her to until I get a sight?"

"Mr. Hurst," the Old Man returned with equal formality, "your orders are to hold the last course set until I give orders to alter it. I understand my figures. Maybe they ain't so clear to you."

"But your chart position puts us within two days' sail ——"

"Then why worry about the stores, mister?"

Hurst went on deck and shortened sail. When he had reduced the spread to a reefed foresail, and had made fast the mainsail and two headsails, he hove the Hesperus to on what he believed to be the seaward tack. And that evening the snow began to drive fiercely, the wind rose to a gale, and before morning the schooner labored desperately in a bitter blizzard which smashed the windmill pump in the first blast. All that night the mate labored over repairs and kept the schooner partly free of water with the hand pump meanwhile. He was haggard and sorely beaten when a new day brought no lessening in the blizzard. The Hesperus was coated with frozen snow and ice. Her reefed foresail was like a structure of sheet metal. To her trucks she was a glittering piece of awful splendor. But between the frozen mainmast and the rigging, twin columns of ice, rose the frosted framework he had erected with his own scarred hands; and on it hummed the windmill that was keeping the ship afloat again. Then he permitted his mind to turn toward rest. But before lying down in his blanket in the companionway he attended to the crazy old man lying there in the bunk like an embodied spirit of bad intent. He lay wakeful, worn out though he was, for an hour after lying down, pondering over that hateful old skipper who appeared superhuman in his indifference to the

Continued on Page 56

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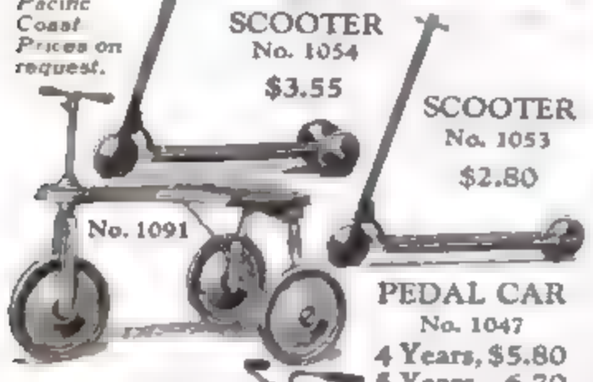

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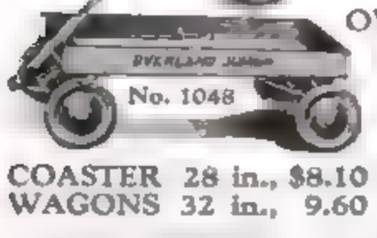

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(Continued from Page 54)

schooner's fate and his perverse antagonism to himself. The sleep of exhaustion mercifully came to his ease while the problem was yet unsolved.

Two days the blizzard raged, and the schooner wallowed under the weight of the ice that armored her. Then the sun came out. Hurst took an observation and worked up his longitude with a supposed latitude as near as he could approximate it from the unsatisfactory log. The result was so astounding that he refused to accept it. He took the Old Man a reduced ration of stewed apples and one small flour cake. It was a meager allowance, but Bart Rowe made no comment. No verbal comment, that is; his eyes spoke eloquently, and Hurst left him with the vivid impression that those mossy-eaved eyes bestowed upon him every bitter curse known to man. He waited impatiently for noon. When the sun reached meridian he procured a perfect latitude; with that he again worked up his morning observation for longitude, and the combined result, the accurate position of the Hesperus, drove him with whirling brain to the skipper's cabin. Bart's eyes met him and they gleamed feverishly. But the mate bent over the chart with rulers and compasses and did not look at the Old Man until he had definitely pricked off the precise place; then he stood over the bunk, gazing down into those unwinking eyes. Over Bart's head an inverted telltale compass hung in the deck head, the card swinging rhythmically as the schooner came to and fell off the wind, hove to.

"You know where we are, I suppose?" gritted Hurst. Bart smiled mockingly. His face was lined with pain and his breath was uneasy, but the red gleam in his eyes was as lurid as ever. Hurst spoke rapidly, to get through what he had to say before anger choked him. "I knew you were cooking figures, though what for, God knows! You've probably murdered us both. We're right up against the ice-bound east coast of Greenland, and nowhere near Iceland at all, and never were! You knew it all the time!"

"What sort o' navigator 'ud I be if I didn't know it, mister?"

The query was put in the most matter-of-fact tone. Hurst could not believe such an insane idea as that tone implied. He stammered in his stress:

"But the boat? The men you drove out of the ship? You showed them where the ship was, and they—don't you see you sent those men adrift on a false course? Can't you see you've murdered them as surely as you've murdered us? What are you? You are shaped almost like a man."

"Yes, I sent 'em adrift, mister," Bart cut in harshly. "They deserted my schooner. They deserve to get lost and die. They won't though. They'll get picked up. That sort do. But you won't! No, sir!"

Bart's voice suddenly rose to a metallic intensity. He raised his heavy body on one arm and glared straight into Hurst's bewildered face. With his other hand he fumbled under the pillow and drew out a crumpled piece of stout paper, ground into holes by a vengeful boot. This he flourished as he unburdened himself of a heart full of bitterness.

"Here! See this! You know who it is, I see!"

Hurst's bewilderment was growing at sight of the piece of roughened paper, on one side of which was a marred photograph of a young woman.

"I know. It's mother. And I know you. I knew you the day I joined your ship. But what has all that to do with your madness in trying to kill all hands and lose your ship?" said Hurst. "I heard you were a bit crazy; but I put that down to your hump. It was my reason for making allowances for many things on this passage. What's it all about?"

"You say my hump makes me crazy!" gritted Bart savagely. "It did! Your father was my shipmate and friend till we fell out over a girl. I played fair. He didn't. We had a row and agreed to fight it out, loser to give the other a fair field and no favors asked in courtin' your mother. I kept the date. Did he? Like hell he did! I stood there waiting for him, like a lunatic, and he came with his crew behind me on the cliff and rolled the rock down on me that gave me this hump and nigh killed me! And your mother married him, for a hero, no doubt. I only know I went to sea when I recovered health without wanting to see her again, and when I came home from a Java voyage I heard of your arrival. I was goin' to get even with him; but you offered better game. I waited, for many a long year, and got you at last, didn't I? Didn't I do well? Can't you smell hell already? A frozen hell? Starvation hell? Can't you speak? Are you dumb? Damnation! Are you grinning at me?"

"I told mother of your agent's offer and she urged me to come with you," said Hurst quietly. "She'll be surprised when I tell her." The young seaman ignored the Old Man's fierce gesture. "You know, I've seen your picture a hundred times. It always hangs in her room. It has hung there alongside father's ever since father was lost in the lifeboat that capsized when he was going out to the Boreas on the sands one bad winter."

"Boreas?" cried Bart. "That was the ship I lost before I bought this schooner! And Frank lost his ——"

"Besides, my father never rolled any rocks on you, Captain Bart. And he never took a gang with him. He often told me that story. He was late in getting to the spot because he hated to fight with you. But when he did get there you were crushed under some rocks that your old crew rolled on you in payment for your treatment of them, or something of the sort. Father always said they were crazy, that you never treated men bad enough to earn that. Maybe he was right. But anyhow I know you have always been spoken kindly of in our home. I was glad to come with you, because I looked on you as something in the way of a story hero. Sometimes on this passage I have been inclined to believe that crew knew what they were doing when they rolled those rocks down."

Hurst left the Old Man to his thoughts and went on deck to shake out reefs and put the Hesperus on a course. As he passed forward in the diminishing snowfall through which a pale sun shone, he kicked the dead body of a big eider duck lying with broken wing and neck at the foot of the windmill supports. At first the significance failed to strike him. But as he let go the reef earring of the foresail, and his belly grumbled hungrily, he knew what that duck meant. He left the reefed sail and hurried to pick up the heaven-sent addition to the larder. The bird was frozen stiff. He hung it in the cold and deserted galley and hunted for wood to build a fire. The cabin bogie stove was all right to fry or boil things on, but here was a duck, a noble bird indeed, worthy of a decent place in a real oven. As he split wood his eyes roved the heavens for other birds. There were a few remote specks in the deepening blue overhead, but nothing near the ship. Going to the cabin for matches, he peeped in upon the skipper. The Old Man was lying like a corpse, pallid, immobile, one gnarled hand on his breast with the picture in his grip, and Hurst noticed with a shock the change that had come over that grim, implacable face. The rough, coarse hair was almost white. The heavy brows were drawn together in a spasm of pain. The bruised breast rose and fell gently, but with a wheezing of breath that gave the lie to peace.

When the short twilight faded there was a roast duck in the galley oven, and a brightly burning lantern fastened to a rope high up between the mainmast and main rigging, right in front of the middle of the windmill. Hurst gave that a last glance as he picked up the cooked duck and took it aft. On the half poop he paused to give the compass a glance, and before going below he stepped over to the rail and appraised the schooner's speed with calculating eye.

He woke the Old Man with a plate of steaming roast duck thrust under his nose. Bart opened his eyes, glared, sniffed and shut his eyes again, clutching the photograph to his breast and cursing softly. Hurst took a wing and touched the Old Man's nose with it. That made the awakening complete. Stewed apples and flour cakes might do in the prosecution of vengeance; but with that picture at his breast and the smell of roast duck, vengeance was out of the question for the moment. Bart's face darkened momentarily when he saw who offered the tantalizing meal, but the grip of the picture reminded him of things that had happened more recently. He sat up with astonishing energy and took the plate in both hands. Sitting up, he cast his eyes upward to the telltale compass.

"Better change that course, mister," he said. Then his teeth sank into the juicy meat.

"She's heading for Reykjavik, captain," Hurst told him.

"Never mind. Put her on a course for home, Mr. Hurst."

Never a word as to the source of the unexpected feast. Hurst watched him amusedly. There was such a change in the Old Man that resentment simply died of malnutrition. Gone was the grim, ferocious, vindictive glare. That weather-scarred face was childlike in its peaceful acceptance of present gifts, to the exclusion of past memories. Past memories were not wholly excluded though. But they seemed to be pleasant ones.

"It's a long way home, captain, and stores are almost gone," Hurst answered, busy on his own feast.

"Never mind. You obey orders, my son, if you break owners. I'm owner here, and you won't break me, unless you've let the salt get wet. Shape course for home and drive her!"

"Aye, aye, sir!" responded the mate, and gathered up the empty plates and went on deck.

The Old Man watched the telltale compass while it swung in an arc of half the circle. Then, his precious picture clasped to his breast, muttering softly to it, he fell into a deep sleep which brought healing with it.

Two days later Bart complained of the heat. He said the cabin bogie was red-hot. Hurst opened the doors and slide and told the Old Man it was imagination. But the mate gazed anxiously ahead when he regained the deck. The sun shone brightly, but the air was frosty. The Old Man's fancy led him homeward, and he believed that the weather was actually warmer. Hurst was worried about the stores. His lantern by the windmill had lured two

(Continued on Page 58)

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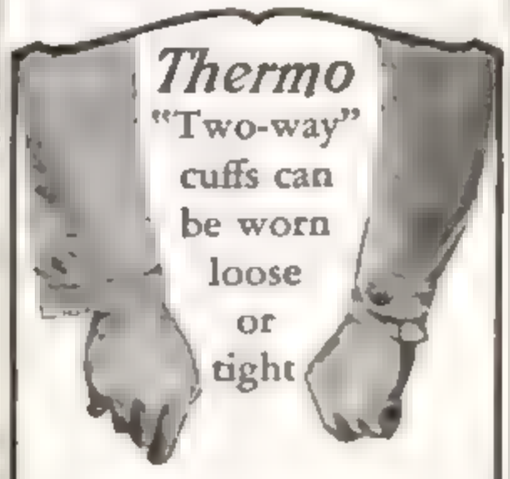


Easily slipped on—reversible strap at wrist for loose cuff comfort or snug cuff for warmth, as desired,—no stretching out of shape.

"From Sheep's Back To Yours"

(Continued from Page 56)

ducks to death against the whirling sails; but no more appeared and those two were reduced by half already. The apples and flour were mere scrapings now. He watched the schooner's trim closely, getting every fathom of speed out of her. He slept by the wheel and slept little. The Old Man had threatened to come on deck, but he persuaded him not to, yet. Before lying down for a brief nap Hurst climbed aloft and searched the horizon. Nothing was in sight.

A wavering haze, which might be over ice, land or over nothing but sea, lay low right ahead. He lay down. He slept longer than he had wanted to. When he awoke Bart was standing beside the wheel, peering into the binnacle with a puzzled expression. The Old Man stumbled over to the companionway, was about to go below again, when Hurst got up. It had been nightfall when he lay down; the short night had gone and dawn was in the sky now.

"What's come over the compasses, mister?" demanded Bart irritably. He still clutched the old picture to his chest. "My telltale p'ints sixteen p'ints different to this steerin' compass. You been ——"

Hurst ran forward to the main rigging and swarmed aloft, avoiding a reply. At the main crosstrees he stopped, shading his eyes under the sharp of his hand and looking long into the rising dawn. In a moment he caught hold of a backstay and flashed to the deck, heedless of icy splinters. He faced the peevish old man on the half poop with a smile.

"Hey, what's come over the compasses?" reiterated Bart. "One p'ints fer home an' Mary, the other p'ints ——"

"For Reykjavik, captain. Stores wouldn't carry us home. Ducks don't tumble out of the sky every day. And if the breeze died for a day the schooner must sink under us. Your salt cargo wouldn't do you any good back home either. What do you want to go home broke for—even if you got home? Over the bow is Reykjavik. We'll be at anchor tonight, and there's a market there, a doctor, a cable and a repair yard where the Hesperus can get her ills cured while you are getting yours put right. Sell your salt, stop your leak and"—Hurst stepped across the deck to a point above the skipper's bunk and kicked something out of fastenings in the plank—"buy stores. We'll sail her home alone if you say so, but sail her home right, like a self-respecting shipmaster."

"What was that you kicked out, mister?" stammered Bart.

"A magnet. That was all that was wrong with your telltale. It kept you quiet below until we got here anyhow. Maybe if God had sent more ducks the magnet wouldn't have been needed; but one brace of ducks wouldn't carry us home. Don't you think you'd better get back to bed, sir?"

"There's nothing the matter with me, mister. You get along for'ard and get the anchor shackled on and over the bow ready for bringin' up. I'll take the helm a spell. Then you better light a fire and get a bit of breakfast ready."

He carefully placed the picture inside his jacket, next his shirt, and stood like an old viking at the wheel. The cold breeze blew through his whitening hair and some of the pallor had gone from his cheeks. Hurst stopped at the galley and lighted his fire so that it might burn up while he was working, though he had but a poor idea of the breakfast he was to get. Chiefly he was bent upon keeping the Old Man happy. He went forward when the fire was started and rigged his purchase to lift the anchor to the bow. Then, with handy billy and nipper, he set about the heavy job of raising the massive hook. It called for a song:

"Only one more day for Johnny,
One more day.
Oh, come rock and roll me over,
One—more—day!

"Only one more day a-sailing,
One more day.
Oh, come rock and roll me over,
One—more—day!

"Only one more day a-growling,
One more day.
Oh, come rock and roll me over,
One—more—day!"

"Damned singin' mate!" growled Captain Bart, frowning, albeit a twinkle, lacking any red glint, flashed from under his heavy gray brows. The tabby cat, leaner than ever, and heedless of the cold wet deck, crept aft cautiously at sound of that gentle growl and sprang onto the wheel gear casing. It cringed, but did not fly, when a heavy, gnarled hand rumpled its scanty fur; after the first touch of that hand the beast arched its back and purred rustily, as if purring was a forgotten art to be relearned.

"Damned singin' mate, Moggie," he said again to the cat. "That sort's capable of sayin' anything. But"—he took out the battered photo again—"Moggie, he says she kept my picture! D'ye believe he'd lie about that? Hey, ye old thief, where ye been all these days, anyhow?"

THE VOYAGEUR OF COMMERCE

(Continued from Page 15)

and said it must seem droll to a foreigner to see such a manifestation of small-town egotism. He was right in assuming, was he not, that in America there is no jealousy of the little ville toward the big one?

The voyageur could well afford to be in a jovial mood, for he had sold a bill of hardware. It was, to be sure, merely an assortment of hand drills and amounted to only fifteen dollars in American money; but a sale is a sale, even though one's commission be only thirty cents, and it is always lucky to sell something the first day of a trip. That night in the town of Argentan he told me something of the traveling-salesman profession in France and of his own arrangements in particular.

He gets a straight salary of two dollars a day, besides his 2 per cent commission and an allowance for traveling expenses. These last are not exorbitant from an American standpoint. On this first day he had traveled 120 miles at a cost of about eighty cents, this being one-half the regular third-class fare. His meals had been ninety cents and his room that night would be forty cents at the hotel which specializes on the trade of the voyageurs of commerce. He had checked his valise twice at railroad stations at a total cost of four cents, and this sum represented his incidentals. Altogether his first day's expenses were about $2.25, and that was about the average amount for the rest of the trip.

Entertaining Customers

The voyageur was tremendously interested in America. Someone had told him that voyageurs of commerce in that favored country often take a taxicab at the railroad station and drive right up to a client's office, thinking nothing of the expense; that they sometimes stop at hotels where the cost of living is four or even five dollars a day; that business firms allow their voyageurs to entertain clients with dinners at restaurants and charge the cost of them on their expense accounts. During the war he had met an American who was, he had heard, in private life a voyageur of commerce and earned no less than $4000 a year! Could these things of a reality be true?

I assured him that his information was not grossly exaggerated. Then I asked him about the entertainment feature in France. Was it not necessary sometimes to spend a little money on a client in order to sell him a good bill? A visit to the café, perhaps? Or maybe a packet of fine cigars?

"Sometimes no and sometimes yes," he answered. "To offer entertainment to the proprietor of an establishment would be an indiscretion insupportable. He would see through the artifice and I would hurt my cause instead of promoting it."

Then the voyageur had a moment of great hilarity.

"But it sometimes happens that in the important establishments the buying of the hardware is done by an employe instead of the proprietor. Then it is possible! Only last month in a city of Southern France I visited an establishment on the same day as one of my rivals. The buyer was an employe and I saw my chance. While my rival was still at the hotel, I invited this buyer to the near-by café and bought for him two *apéritifs* out of my own pocket. Then, right in the café, I produced my catalogues and sold him a splendid order. It was droll!"

Apéritifs in France cost four cents a glass.

In Argentan the voyageur made something of a record for speed. We arrived in the town at nine o'clock in the evening, too late, of course, to do any business. But at nine o'clock the next morning he had made his calls and was ready to move on, having meanwhile visited the four hardware establishments of the place. He had, it appeared, been out on the street since seven o'clock.

He found, unfortunately, that one of his clients had died and the shop was closed. Of the other three, two had no need of extra merchandise; but the fourth had bought an assortment of hand drills amounting to more than thirty dollars.

"In smaller cities of France it is quite possible to work so fast," the voyageur explained, "because invariably the merchants live in apartments above their shops. Only in the great cities does a very rich merchant sometimes reside away from his business. In the small places I may visit an establishment early in the morning and find only the apprentices sweeping out, but it is always possible to call the merchant downstairs. They know it is economical for the trade to assist the voyageurs to finish their work promptly."

I suggested that France was a pretty good business country.

"*Mais non*, monsieur," said the voyageur, shaking his head sadly. "La France is *belle*, and knows to economize. But she cannot be called businesslike."

On another subject the voyageur was more cheerful. He called attention to the fact that in Argentan, counting the dealer who was so unfortunately dead, there were four hardware stores. There were also four bookstores. Pretty good, was it not, he demanded, that a ville of 7000 inhabitants should support four flourishing bookshops? Of course it might not seem so good to a visitor from America where the education is on so grand a scale, but for France it was certainly good. For instance, now, how many flourishing bookstores would there be in an American ville of 7000 population? A full dozen—or even more perhaps?

I replied evasively that I was sure New York City had fully that many.

A Couple Without a Country

It was in the next town that we encountered the people without a country. They were sitting on the terrace of the principal café—a man and wife of around sixty years of age. They were born in the town and went to the United States on their wedding trip just thirty-five years ago. They did not intend to stay, but it happened that there was an opening with one of the big insurance companies for a man who could write the French language, and so instead of returning to France the newlyweds settled in America. Of course America was crude and different, but it was a good place to make money in; and there was always the prospect of going back home to live when the fortune had been accumulated.

In 1920 it was decided that the fortune was sufficient; and besides, prohibition had deprived them of their *vin rouge*. Naturally they had American friends whom they disliked to leave, but they felt sure the friendships in the old-home town would be still more enjoyable; and that year they moved back to France, taking their fortune with them. But things were not quite what they expected. They had been thinking about the people in the home town during all those years, but the home-town people had not been thinking about them. Besides that, they missed American conveniences. Oil lamps are messy after one has been used to electricity, and a pump in the back yard is vastly less handy than hot and cold running water in the kitchen.

For the first year they busied themselves by modernizing the house they had bought and struggling with French workmen. It seems there was practically a mutiny when the lady insisted on having her own way in the matter of stationary washtubs with hinged covers. Stationary washtubs in themselves were droll enough, but to put hinged covers on them was quite insupportable! When all the American-style improvements had been installed they had an

(Continued on Page 60)

Watch-dogs of Comfort

- gas engine ignition
- telephone and telegraph
- doorbells
- buzzers
- motor boat ignition
- heat regulators
- tractor ignition
- starting Fords
- ringing burglar alarms
- protecting bank vaults
- electric clocks
- calling Pullman porters
- firing blasts
- lighting tents and outbuildings
- running toys
- radio "A"

Columbia Hot Shot Batteries contain 4, 5 or 6 cells in a neat water-proof steel case.

HOOK Columbia Eveready Dry Batteries to your heat regulator and stop running up and down stairs all day to tend the fire. A thermostat to tell the batteries your rooms are too cold or too hot—powerful Columbia Evereadys to open and close the drafts: these save you thousands of steps.

Columbias are an independent source of electrical energy always on the job even though all other power fails. In its water-proof steel case the Columbia Hot Shot laughs at leaky pipes, at dust, at dirt. Connect it with the heat regulator and say "Ha! Ha!" to cold weather and the coal man. Feed the furnace twice a day and let these powerful batteries boss the heat for you.

Don't just ask for a "dry cell." Ask for Columbia Eveready Dry Batteries by name and get 100% efficiency. Columbia Eveready Dry Batteries are sold by electrical, hardware and auto accessory shops, marine supply dealers, implement dealers, garages and general stores. Columbia Eveready Ignitors can be purchased equipped with Fahnestock spring clip binding posts at no extra cost to you.

Manufactured and guaranteed by

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC., New York—San Francisco

CANADIAN NATIONAL CARBON CO., Limited, Toronto, Ontario

Can you enjoy a pipe?

Mr. Moxley says he couldn't until he found this tobacco

There are smokers of tobacco in other forms who look with envious eyes on the contented and comfortable pipe-puffer.

For there is an obvious peacefulness about pipe-smoking that rests the nerves and invites the soul to calm and pleasant contemplations.

Millions of men do smoke pipes with undiluted satisfaction. Other thousands try a pipe, get their tongues burned, find the draught too strong, or have some other unhappy experience that discourages them.

Our business, in a word, is to make pipe-smoking pleasant and enjoyable to any man that fancies this mode of tobacco incineration. We strive to do this by providing a tobacco that doesn't bite the tongue, doesn't smoke too strong, doesn't leave an after-taste.

But we'll let Mr. Moxley tell it. Here is what he writes:

St. Louis, Mo.
March 10, 1924.

Larus & Bro. Co.
Richmond, Va.
Gentlemen:

Please allow me to say a word of praise for "Edgeworth." Last fall I thought I would try again to smoke a pipe—so I bought a pipe and a can of "Edgeworth" and can say very gladly that so far I have not had any sore tongue nor do I feel any "after-taste" from smoking. This is more important when you take into consideration that heretofore I had been unable to smoke a pipe on account of the sickening sensation I had afterward, but that is gone forever and I for one am truly glad to be able to get the one good smoke, "Edgeworth."

Give my regards to Mr. Joe Rivers and Mr. James Edmund.

(signed) Al J. Moxley

(We infer from the last paragraph of Mr. Moxley's letter that the good lodge-brothers Rivers and Edmund are credited with giving him the real inside stuff on Edgeworth. Our acknowledgments to them.)

Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth so that you may prove out all the virtues that its smokers claim for it. If you like it, so much the better for us both. If you don't—well, that's *that!*

Write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 1 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidors holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

We'll be grateful for the name and address of your tobacco dealer, too, if you care to add them.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

(Continued from Page 58

opportunity to sell the house at double what it cost, but the lady stated she would not go through the struggle again for any money.

However, with the finishing of the house, all novelty and excitement were gone. They found that they were not exactly French after more than thirty years in the U. S. A. One thing especially has discouraged the gentleman with life in his old-home town. No one will believe him when he tells that in the building where he worked in New York 100 scrub women came every day to clean the offices! For this and other reasons they would like to go back to America; but, unhappily, French law prevents their taking their capital out of France. Their sole pleasure is the afternoon session on the terrace of the café. One wondered if they chose their seats by design. To the right of the café, at the side of the square, is a romantic and massive tower built before the time of William the Conqueror; but the lady and gentleman sat with their backs to this monument and faced a large billboard on which was advertised an American brand of soap.

It was in this town also that the voyageur had trouble with a client. The hardware establishment was the biggest in the place, located on the principal corner, its show windows bristling with scythe blades, axes, corn cutters and small tools of all sorts. The proprietor was sitting at the desk working on his books, a temperamental man with an enormous red beard and a high-pitched squeaky voice which comported strangely with his whiskers.

"I do not love to see you," he said explosively to the voyageur as the latter approached; "neither you nor your firm. The drills that you sell are of a quahty insupportable. My business is ruined by them."

With that he resumed his bookkeeping, jabbing his pen furiously into the ink bottle and shaking the superfluous drops onto the floor. For some minutes the voyageur waited. The merchant spoke again.

"You are still here?" he demanded. "For why?"

"Because I am desolated to think," said the voyageur, "that the monsieur should believe badly of the drills made by my firm. Perhaps the monsieur will do me the honor to demonstrate why my drills are of the so bad quality."

The merchant went into his back room and brought out four steel drills which he plumped down on his desk.

Cementing Firm Friendships

"Regard them!" he said sternly to the voyageur. "Drills that I have sold to a client and when he has made to use them they bend—bend like a crooked finger! It was necessary that I give the client back his money! The transaction was insupportable!"

The voyageur could not dispute that the drills had bent. He regarded them seriously, mournfully.

"An investigation shall surely be made," he said. "And meanwhile my firm will make haste to send you perfect new drills to take the place of these. The new drills will come to you all free of railway charges."

The merchant's expression relaxed a little behind his red whiskers and the voyageur went on briskly.

"All free of railway charges," he repeated. "And if the monsieur desires to order a few more drills they can come in the same box. About four dozen, one might say?"

"Not quite so many as that," answered the merchant. "Let us say three dozen."

The merchant and the voyageur shook hands twice at parting, the latter murmuring something to the effect that the little storms only serve to cement the firm friendships.

Business in small towns of France is a curious combination of efficiency, enterprise and Old World conservatism. The business people keep long working hours, usually from seven A.M. until seven P.M.; and this includes the professional classes such as lawyers, notaries and bankers. There is an astonishing amount of bookkeeping done. No matter how small the shop, the proprietor or his wife is invariably at the desk industriously working on the books and directing the help between entries. Failures seldom occur, because the buying and selling is largely for cash or at most on thirty days' time. The hardware business is especially strongly intrenched, resting as it does on the trade of the farmers, who are France's most prosperous class. Even during the slump of 1921 there was no bankruptcy among the more than 15,000 hardware dealers in the country.

Local spirit in the provinces runs high, for France, it must be remembered invented the chamber of commerce 100 years before the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth Rock. In one town I visited with the voyageur there are still rumblings over an event that occurred two years ago and of which an American was the unintentional author. It appears there was a function connected with some war anniversary and this visiting gentleman was prevailed on to make a few remarks. All would have gone well had he confined himself to safe platitudes about the traditional friendship between the two great republics of Europe and America, but foolishly he went further and tried to be especially pleasant. He meant to say that he was charmed by the beauty and hospitality of the *jolie* ville, but by a slip of the tongue called it a *jolie* village. The word "village" in France has precisely the same meaning as with us; and the local weekly newspaper came out a few days later with a scathing article demanding to know if any community should be called a village which had a population of more than 12,000 souls, which was the capital of a department, the trading point of an important apple-growing section and the fourth largest lace-making center in the republic!

Shops That Will Not Sell

At Rennes, in Brittany, there is a wonderfully executed bronze group in the public square that would satisfy the most loyal chamber-of-commerce member of any ambitious American city. The group commemorates the union of France and Brittany in 1491. Of the two principal figures, one is kneeling before the other in an attitude of supplication. Does the kneeling figure represent Brittany begging to be received by France? *Mais non!* France does the kneeling!

Coupled with this chamber-of-commerce attitude toward outsiders, there is a peculiar code of ethics among the business men in the same town. In one hardware establishment we entered there was a heated argument going on between the proprietor and a man who had the appearance of being a prosperous farmer. The conversation was too fast and explosive to be followed by an Anglo-Saxon, but one could see it had something to do with the purchase of a scythe and some other farming tools. One got the impression that the farmer was trying to buy the articles on credit against the wishes of the merchant, but the voyageur explained it differently.

"That farmer," the voyageur said, "has been a client of another hardware merchant in town, but through some misunderstanding he is desirous of changing his patronage, and this morning came into the establishment of my friend to purchase the scythe and other things. My friend refused to sell him, because to do so would appear like stealing his competitor's trade. My friend has at length agreed to speak to his competitor and if everything is agreeable he will sell the farmer what he desires. The farmer is to come back this afternoon for the decision."

I said that in America if a customer received such treatment he would probably tell both hardware dealers where they could head in, and if there was no other place in town he would drive forty miles to buy from some less stiff-necked merchant.

"In the so great and rich America," the voyageur commented, "one may do many things not possible in France. The farmer will not be offended, because he understands. If the two merchants constantly intrigued to get customers away from each other, soon the expense of selling would go up and the farmer himself would have to pay more for his goods."

Which was the voyageur's way of stating that too-feverish competition is apt to develop extravagance; but one may reasonably affirm that small-town France is still quite a distance from the danger line.

In the wholesale and manufacturing lines these distinctions are not maintained so precisely. France is a country of voyageurs of commerce, there being more than 200,000 men who so list themselves in the census returns. Nevertheless, one would not advise an American traveling man to transfer his activities to France unless he was prepared to live on a different scale from that to which he is accustomed. There may be voyageurs who sometimes travel first class, and even those who use a sleeping car occasionally; but if so, I have not seen them. Ordinarily one travels third class, and French third-class accommodations are not luxurious, especially on the branch-line railways. From Alençon to Laval is sixty miles; the voyageur and I left the former place at six in the morning and arrived at the latter at half past ten. It was a mixed train, and a mixed train in France is really mixed. Next the engine there was a freight car full of horses; then there were two coaches for human beings; at the rear were two cars entirely filled with cows.

With so many voyageurs, there is a good deal of competition for the business of the retailers, which usually takes the form of calling early and often. At the hotel in Vitré, a town of 6000 inhabitants, out of thirty guests at lunch one counted precisely seventeen voyageurs of commerce sitting at the long table reserved for those of their profession. Some cover their territory in automobiles, two men of noncompetitive lines often traveling together to share the expense; but the majority go by train, which is cheaper, considering the half-price fares allowed them by the railroads. I asked my voyageur how it could pay him to visit the small-town dealers every month and take their tiny orders. It would seem more economical, I suggested, to concentrate on the big-town merchants and only occasionally call on the little fellows, trusting that they would send in mail orders between times.

"The philosophy is good," he answered sagaciously, "but unfortunately there is the human nature. The big merchant will send in the mail orders, but seldom the little merchant will do it. The big man, one remembers, has a stenographer to whom he can dictate a letter in five minutes, ordering the drills and other things, and presto, it is accomplished! But the little man must search for his pen and ink and paper and take perhaps half an hour to write his letter. It is what one calls a big job. He may prefer my drills and other articles above those of my competitor; but if my competitor happens to call, the merchant perhaps will give him the order to save himself the trouble to write the letter to my firm. *Alors*, it is necessary that I call often on the small-town clients."

An Occasion for Diplomacy

Which was precisely the same statement I had heard from many traveling salesmen in the United States. One noticed another matter which showed that human nature does not change by reason of environment. The voyageur carried an umbrella of a very shabby character, but of which he appeared extremely solicitous. On the trains he tied it to his valise with a piece of string and at mealtime in the hotels he did not trust it to the hatrack, but hung it always on the back of his chair. One day he explained.

"There is in a shop window on the Boulevard Sebastopol in Paris," he said, "a wonderful umbrella costing 100 francs, of pure silk and a handle ornamented with real silver. For my birthday next month my wife has promised me that so beautiful umbrella. But there is a condition. In the past I have lost umbrellas, and my wife will not make me the gift unless I carry this shabby one over my whole route without once losing it."

It was in one of the larger Brittany towns that the voyageur ran into a situation the delicacy of which will be appreciated by anyone who has ever sold goods on the road. Unexpectedly he learned that a man whom he had known as buyer for a firm in Southern France had come to this town and opened up a new business for the sale of tools and small machinery to garage men and machinists. If it had been a regular hardware store catering to the farmer trade, the voyageur would not have hesitated; but in France exclusive tool and machinery dealers do not stand so high as the hardware men, and it was necessary to learn something of the new merchant's financial resources before opening an account with him.

In America the voyageur could have applied to the local branch of one of the national credit agencies for this information, but in France the credit agencies have not developed as with us.

"It is an occasion for diplomacy," the voyageur stated. "On account of old friendship the merchant will be inclined to

(Continued on Page 63)

Why drive a shabby car?

A 5th Avenue Finish—by Mr. Auto Painter

IT'S easy to keep a car looking new—and it pays. Any good professional automobile painter can restore your car's brilliant, lustrous, protective finish with Valentine's Varnish—*and your car will be new again!*

A coat of Valentine's Varnish applied in time will save most of the money that a complete repaint job would cost. Also, revarnishing takes only a few days, whereas a complete repaint requires a couple of weeks. A new looking car has an appreciably higher resale value than a shabby car.

The automobile painter you choose probably uses Valentine's Automobile Varnishes and Colors regularly—for Valentine's Varnishes are the first choice for high-grade work the world over. The most famous automobile and body builders and the finest paint shops use them as a matter of course. See the automobile painter in your town today.

VALENTINE & COMPANY

Largest Manufacturers of High Grade Varnishes in the World—Established 1832

New York Chicago Boston Toronto London Paris Amsterdam

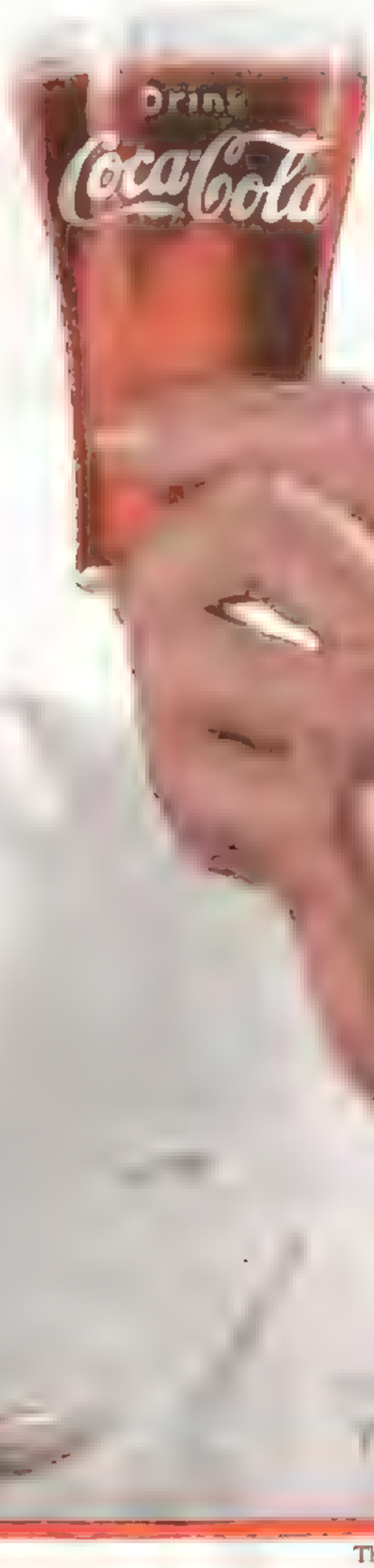
W. P. Fuller & Co., Pacific Coast

Postscript

If there is no professional automobile painter near you—or if you wish to finish your own car, use Valspar-Enamels, of course. They are heat-proof, waterproof, weather proof and easy to apply.

VALENTINE'S Automobile VARNISHES

"I get it pure by the barrel~ You get it pure by the glass"



The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

REFRESH yourself with this beverage of insured purity—made so by scientific care in preparing the syrup and the well known expertness with which the drink is served at soda fountains and in sterilized bottles.

Every ingredient is a pure product from Nature of the highest possible quality. Except for tremendous volume and established distribution, it would be impossible for so good a beverage to be sold at so popular a price, 5c.

ITS DESCRIPTION, "DELICIOUS AND REFRESHING," IS AS WELL KNOWN AS ITS NAME

(Continued from Page 60)

buy from me. But it would spoil that friendship if I should make bold to ask him how much capital he has got. It would be still worse if I should take his order and later my house should decline to ship him the goods."

The voyageur tried a little detective work on his own account. He inquired at one of the local banks, but was told the merchant had come to town so recently that the bank could give no authoritative information. Then he had a conversation with the owner of the principal café, who said the gentleman came for a cup of coffee every evening and was very pleasant; but beyond that he knew nothing. One or two others gave equally indefinite information. The voyageur decided on the bold course of making a personal call. It was important, he said, that he should hold the new merchant's friendship until his firm in Paris had time to make the necessary inquiries.

In so delicate an interview it was, of course, out of the question that a third person should be present, but one gathered later that the mission had been a great success.

"My strategy was admirable," said the voyageur with pardonable self-praise. "I did not dare to sell him, because of the lack of information. I did not dare to leave the city without calling on him, because he would be sure to learn I had been here and would be terribly offended at my lack of courtesy. Of course, I adopted the negative course."

One inquired what the negative course might be.

"I called on him," the voyageur said, "and tendered my felicitations and wishes for his good success. I said I hoped he would buy a great deal from me. And then I added in a quite regretful voice, 'But of course you do not need anything from me at present, do you?'

"Naturally," the voyageur concluded, "when a client is approached in such a fashion he will meet one halfway and say no."

One respectfully commends the voyageur's method to any American traveling man who may ever find himself in a similar position.

Even the most resourceful person occasionally has setbacks, and in the very next town the voyageur lost a chance to sell a bill of goods through no fault of his own. It was another market-day situation, the voyageur consulted his route list and found it would be impossible to return to the town on his present trip, so decided to solicit the trade anyhow. Of the three hardware dealers, two declined to talk business on account of being so busy with the market-day crowds; but at the third place he appeared to have a chance to get an order. It was the largest hardware establishment in town, occupying the principal corner, with a huge scythe blade over the front door to indicate the nature of the business, and the two show windows bursting with wrenches, drills and axes to attract the farmer trade. There were no show windows on the side street, but the merchant had made the most of the space by painting on the blank wall pictures of gasoline engines, plows and other farm implements.

The Belligerent Perfume Seller

The merchant himself was sitting at the cash desk as we entered, a dignified man with long white whiskers and an air of solid prosperity. There were many customers in the store, but he agreed to go through the voyageur's catalogue and called his son to preside at the desk while he and the voyageur should go into the back office for their session.

Just at that moment a tremendous commotion occurred in the public square directly in front of the store, where an individual who styled himself an Egyptian and who wore a red fez to prove it, had set up a booth for the sale of perfumes of the Orient. The commotion was the result of an altercation between the perfume seller and a client, and the shrill cries of the latter brought the market-day crowd running from all directions. Customers and clerks together piled out of the hardware store and the merchant had to break off his interview with the voyageur.

To the assembled crowd, the perfumer's dissatisfied client, a tall young man from the country, told his wrongs. The perfume seller had insulted him grievously. He had been quietly standing with his young lady friend in front of the perfume booth when the insolent one in the red fez had approached and sprinkled the young lady with perfumery from an atomizer. This was done, the young man said, to force him to buy a bottle of perfumery for the young lady, and he resented it. He did not mind buying perfumery, but he would not buy it from one in a red fez who took such liberties. When he and his young lady friend started to go away from there the perfume seller had called him a stingy. It was the insult unforgivable and he should demand the retraction.

The one in the red fez did not seem inclined to make retraction. While the young man was making the appeal to the crowd he came out from his perfume booth, his red fez cocked belligerently over one eye, and stood listening cynically. The voyageur, who had come out of the hardware store, whispered that he was not a true Egyptian and the nearest he had ever been to the Orient was the Faubourg St.-Antoine in Paris; but his appearance was none the less sinister, and the tall young countryman evidently had no wish to come into physical encounter either with a cynical Oriental or a Paris Apache. He allowed his lady friend and two others to lead him away from the scene, but just before reaching the corner and safety he made a mistaken gesture of defiance. Breaking away from his friends, he rushed part way back to the perfume seller and shouted twice, "*Cochon! Cochon!*"

Another Sale Lost

The perfume seller made no vocal reply to this discourtesy, but stood stolidly in his tracks for perhaps ten seconds, facing the young man, all the assembled crowd looking on breathlessly. Then, still silent, he made a horrible grimace at the young man, pulling his mouth toward his ears with his two thumbs, at the same time waggling his ears with his two first fingers and sticking out his tongue in frightful fashion.

The effect of this grimace on the young man was electrical. He made a dash toward the perfume seller as if to annihilate him on the instant, but just before coming into physical encounter he changed his course and instead galloped three times around the perfume booth at top speed. Then, exhausted, he sat down suddenly on a roll of fence wire in front of the hardware store and called loudly for a policeman.

The policeman arrived. The young man demanded that the Oriental from the Faubourg St.-Antoine be arrested. The latter stated that he was perfectly willing to be arrested if a single person in the crowd would say he had done anything to be arrested for. The policeman, who was not a strong character, looked around for someone to back him up, and happened to see the hardware merchant, who was looking on from the door of his store. The merchant was evidently a man of authority in the town, for he stepped out on the street, indicated that the policeman should bring the two combatants, and the four marched toward the hôtel de ville, the merchant leading and the three others coming behind, arm in arm.

The incident was finished so far as the crowd was concerned, and everyone had enjoyed it immensely; but the voyageur had lost his chance to sell a bill of goods. He waited a full hour for the merchant's return, at the end of which time the merchant's son told him it would be better to put off the business until the next trip, as his father might be detained a long time.

On the train going to Rennes there were two voyageurs of commerce in the third-class compartment; one from Lyons, with a line of silk goods, and the other from Marseilles, with soap. Had not their talk been in the French language, one could easily have imagined them representing firms from two well-known and justly celebrated California cities. It should be explained that Marseilles has recently passed Lyons in population and now is the second city of France.

"Marseilles has 700,000 people," said the voyageur from that city triumphantly, "while Lyons has only 500,000."

"It may be so," the Lyonnais admitted; "but how did it get that many? By taking in all the little towns around! If Lyons should take in all the little towns around it would easily have 1,000,000!"

The voyageur from Marseilles was quick with his comeback.

"That may be even so," he said earnestly; "but everyone in France knows that Lyons tried to do the same thing, but the people in the little towns would not vote themselves in!"

It was in the city of Rennes that one noticed in a hardware-shop window the sign *Outillage Américain*, which translated means a stock of American-made farm tools. As there were no American brands in the window display, I asked the voyageur the meaning of the sign.

"One is led to suspect," he answered "that the hardware merchant has not changed his window display since before the war and that the sign has rested there all these years. In former times the tools of American make were much preferred by French farmers, but of late the prices are too high on account of the exchange. My own firm used to sell American tools along with those of its own manufacture, but it is impossible to do so now."

He illustrated the situation by showing me the picture of a certain tool in his catalogue that he said was a practical duplicate of an American tool formerly imported by his firm. When the franc declined to its present level three years ago the head of his firm went to the United States and bought automatic machinery for manufacturing the article.

Now instead of importing the article the firm manufactures it in its own workshops just outside of Paris. Forty people, the voyageur said, are now employed to fabricate the article, using the American automatic machinery.

I asked him if his firm could produce it at a lower price than charged by the manufacturer in the United States.

"Considering the customs duty and the transportation, yes," he answered, "because the French workmen receive so much smaller wages. But that is not all. If business was only a matter of figuring on paper, all would be so much more simple. But always there is the human nature to be reckoned. Is it not clear? I will explain:

"You see, the French people in the country districts do not realize that their francs are less valuable than they used to be. To them a franc is still a franc. They know the cost of living has gone up, but think it is because of the war and the taxes. Never could they be made to comprehend that it takes eighteen francs to buy a dollar now, when it used to be only five. The farmer will pay a high price for an implement made in France because he knows all other French articles are higher. But when he sees a foreign-made implement equally high-priced he is resentful at what seems to him an injustice."

American Machinery in France

To this explanation the voyageur added a bit of his own philosophy.

"For the franc to be worth only five cents," he said, "is fine for the American tourists. But it is bad for the business affairs."

Ten days later, in Paris, the voyageur's employer gave another explanation of the disappearance of the *outillage Américain* from the show windows of the small-town hardware dealers.

"Under ordinary conditions," he said, "my firm would have been perfectly satisfied to buy that particular implement from the American manufacturer and sell it at wholesale here in France. But with the constantly fluctuating exchange, this became too risky a business. We have to print our catalogues and price lists several months in advance; by the time our men were out on the road the value of the franc might have changed to such an extent that every time we sold one of the implements we lost money.

"This was the reason that prompted me to go to the United States and buy the automatic machinery for making the implement in France. The machinery was expensive and it cost us a good deal of money to get our factory going and to train our help to operate the machines. But now we know at least what we have got to charge the trade for the implement. We have got a fair sale for it now in France, and next year we are sending a salesman to put it on in the market in Algeria and other French colonies."

Truly, the voyageur was right when he said that a fluctuating currency is fine for the tourists but bad for the business affairs; particularly for the United States manufacturer who is trying to do an export business and whose customers' currency jumps up and down, while he himself has to meet his operating expenses month in and month out in stable American dollars.

Four Tubes—
Only One Dial

RADIO is revolutionized by this new receiver. A four-tube set whose range, using loudspeaker, is almost unlimited. Basically new, employing the new *non-radiating* Paradyne Circuit. Exquisite, natural tone. Extreme sensitiveness, and selectivity. And the *simplest* set ever to operate—one dial control.

May be used either as a three-tube or four-tube receiver. Operates successfully with any standard tubes, either dry or storage battery type. Built as only Paragon sets have been built in the past.

And priced one third of what you would expect to pay for such value.

One of an entirely new line, including the New Paragon Two, $27.50 and the New Paragon Three, $48.50.

Ask your radio dealer to show you these new receivers. Or write us for free descriptive folder.

The New Paragon Four, $65

Probably the greatest value in radio today. Employs the new Paradyne circuit—non-radiating. New type *single dial* control. May be used as a 3- or 4-tube set. Handsome solid mahogany cabinet, [illegible] by 8 inches.

The New Paragon Three, $48.50

An exceptionally sensitive, selective, fine-toned [illegible] Selected mahogany cabinet, 16½ by 7 by 6¼ inches.

The New Paragon Two, $27.50

Excellent tone and volume on [illegible] from stations within [illegible]

DEALERS: Write for attractive new Dealer Proposition and address of nearest Paragon Distributor

ADAMS MORGAN COMPANY, Inc.
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PARAGON

Look for the Red Triangle

Eyes Need Daylight

NOTHING is more injurious to sight than glaring or misplaced lights. Daylight, when available, is the best working light because Nature made it right for eyes.

With Emeralite every desk and machine can have daylite in any location. An exclusive feature is the special device which eliminates glare and changes ordinary electric light into soft, eye-saving daylite—a friendly window for dark corners.

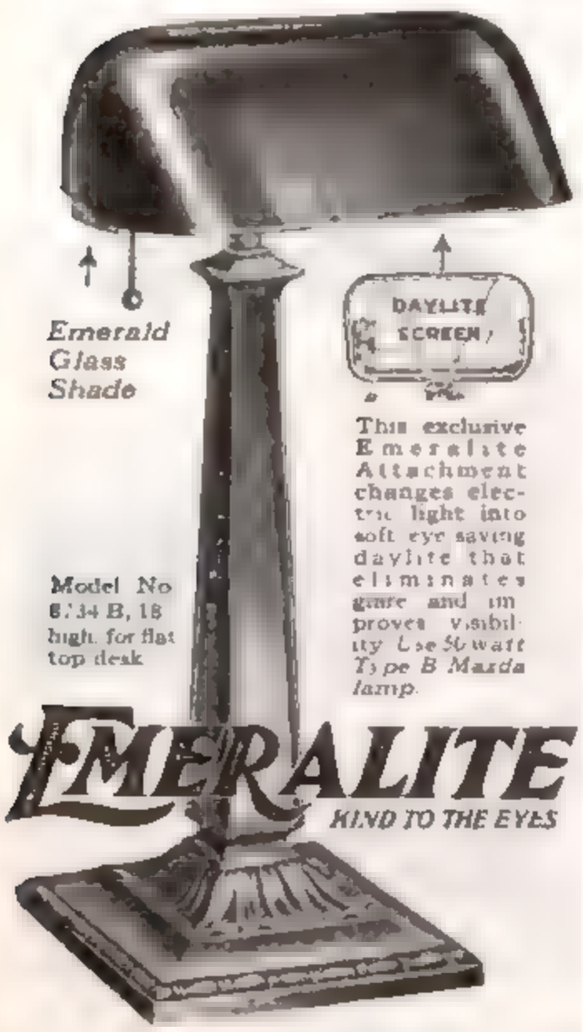
Busy eyes enjoy the restful glow of Emeralite and work contentedly throughout the day. Nothing expresses refinement in the office or home better than these good looking sight-savers.

Your business needs this inexpenaive eye-insurance that promotes comfort and increases output. Emeralite your office—protect the eyes that serve you.

Ideal for reading, writing or sewing at home.

Genuine Emeralites are branded and are the only lamps having the Daylite Attachment. Look for trade mark. It is your guarantee of satisfaction. Buy them by name.

Sold by office supply and electrical dealers. Booklet illustrating over 50 patterns in color sent upon receipt of coupon with dealer's name.


Emerald Glass Shade
DAYLITE SCREEN
This exclusive Emeralite Attachment changes electric light into soft eye saving daylite that eliminates glare and improves visibility. Use 50 watt Type B Mazda lamp.
Model No. 6134 B, 18 high, for flat top desk

EMERALITE
KIND TO THE EYES

COUPON

H. G. McFADDIN & CO., 37 Warren St., N. Y.
Makers of Lighting Devices for 50 Years

Send free Emeralite Booklet (P-4

Name

Address City

Dealer's Name

On Guard—By Clara Belle Thompson

"IS THIS cut tissue pad fat enough?" I was gingerly wrapping glass grapes, and the price tag made me want to be exceedingly careful in the handling.

But my instructor, a chubby little Irish girl, was not attending me. She was gazing, wide-eyed, at a man in gray who had passed through the wrap and walked over to the gallery railing.

"Can you beat it?" she asked.

I seized her arm, to get her notice. "What is it? Tell me, what is it?"

A sigh of pure happiness escaped her. "He is detecting," she vouchsafed. "Oh, gee!"

I was sufficiently new to business for everything to be full of interest. I stepped over to the man's side and followed the direction of his glance. A woman, young and very pretty, was fingering silk scarfs. Suddenly she held up a tan one and a blue one for closer inspection; she shifted them to secure a better light; and then, more quickly than my eye could follow, they had dissolved into thin air. But this was no sleight-of-hand performance; this was stealing.

"Get her," I urged to the man. "Quick you can get her." Still no move from him. Then I added, "If you don't I will." And I turned swiftly.

The last statement aroused him. He stepped quickly in front of me to intercept. "You must be pretty new at the game to try to stop them inside," he said scornfully. "Do you want to be pinched yourself?"

"Pinched?" I repeated. "Why, no, thank you. But I should think that anyone would try to save merchandise. I feel like screaming for help."

He looked at me curiously and suspiciously. "I don't believe that you are a detective. No, I don't!"

I had not pretended to be one, but I felt that the incident was becoming involved, so I returned to my wrapping.

"Gee, you got nerve," said the little Irish girl. "Did you see anything?" I answered her question with another. "Do they arrest persons when they catch them stealing?"

"Not inside the store, sure not. Suppose, say, you put a bottle of perfume in your pocket, and walked to the door. Well, if they stopped you you could say you were looking at it. See? And, say someone said you swiped, why you could sue them! Pretty soft."

So intent was she on her conversation that her movements became mechanical, unthinking. With a deft movement she swung her paste brush over a pink satin camisole. I jerked the bit of lingerie away just in time for the wrapping table to feel the force of the brush.

Unguarded Merchandise

"Look out. Watch what you are doing!"

"Sure," she agreed. "Thanks. But, say, you don't act like a spotter. Are you one?"

"Spotter? What is that?"

She shrugged. "Oh, someone to snoop around and watch us, and report. At first everyone thought you were one. Now they don't. Are you?"

My denial was indignant and thorough. And so I was introduced to the great protective system in a department store, that was on guard on the inside as well as the outside.

But this was the merest introduction. As I became better acquainted with the system, I was astonished at the devices not only to protect the merchandise from theft, but the employes from temptation. The entire personnel was under strict orders in regard to post of duty. With everybody at his post the public could be watched as well as served.

A temporary lapse in this respect by a floorwalker cost the store a nice sum. A woman, stout and apoplectic looking, halted the man with a question. Before she had finished making her desires known she gave a low moan and fell, a large, ungraceful hulk, at his feet. He had orders covering just such cases, and he followed them at first. He had one sales person call the hospital for a wheeled chair, and another to fetch water. But when the chair did come, instead of letting the attendant and, perhaps, a sales person accompany the sick woman, he escorted her in person to the elevator. The other sales persons, near by, formed a small informal retinue in addition. It was courtesy ill-repaid. When the man returned to his department several dozens of fine imported gloves had vanished. Some ten minutes later the stout person had recovered from her surprising attack sufficiently to leave the building. Her illness, however, was deeply regretted by the floorwalker.

Another woman was very anxious to have a hand bag of exactly the same shade as her frock. Now daylight lamps are designed for just such cases. They are a convenience for the customer, and they prevent persons in large numbers cluttering up an exit. However, for this individual even the daylight lamp was insufficient. She wanted a match of such a niceness that only real daylight would suffice. As she walked over to a near-by door the sales person hovered at a respectful distance, but with her weather eye on the fifteen-dollar bag.

"It seems quite perfect with your gown, madam," she said encouragingly.

Attempts at Thievery

"Yes," replied the woman. "I'll take it." And before the surprised sales person could ask her name, the customer had slipped the bag over her wrist and left the store. The girl instinctively ran after her, but in a moment the crowd swallowed up bag and customer. When she returned she reported the incident to an assistant buyer. But the buyer was not at all crestfallen.

"It's all right. She was being shadowed all the time. This ought to convict her." Later it did.

The sales persons are always urged against gathering in small knots for social chatting. Many of them resent this mandate as a heartless disapproval of even a little relaxation in a busy day. Aside from the fact that many customers hesitate to break up a group of chattering girls or boys to make a small demand, there is the equally serious danger of unprotected merchandise. Small articles like handkerchiefs, laces, inexpensive jewelry and lingerie can be whisked from a counter in a twinkling, sometimes even under a vigilant eye.

A woman with a child of six or seven was walking through the toy department.

Suddenly the child lifted from a table a new kind of toy. A young salesman saw the act and addressed the child, "Shall I show you how it works?" And he tried to take the toy.

The child lifted up its voice in grief, and the mother spoke in anger: "What are you doing to little Edith? There, there, dear, mamma is with you. There, there, dear."

The young man flushed in some embarrassment and explained.

"What!" exclaimed the woman. "Are you accusing me and my little girl of stealing? Here, you," she shouted at a floorwalker. "Does this store stand for such treatment to its customers? A child cannot walk through here with a toy without causing a riot. Come, Edith." And she swept out of the department in righteous anger.

The floorwalker called the office of the chief of detectives and gave him the case.

Not all would-be defaulters are so brazen, however. A man, highly indignant, approached the shoe-exchange desk. He flung a pair of fine golf shoes before the clerk and said, "Money back—and quick."

"Are they the wrong size?" asked the girl politely.

"Yes, but I didn't come here to be examined. I am in a hurry."

"Certainly," was the reply. "Just let me have your name, the day you purchased them, and the amount you paid."

He gave his name and address, added the price, and said that he had bought the shoes two days previously. The girl gave him an odd look, took the shoes and assured him that she would return in no time. She was as good as her word, but on her reappearance she was accompanied by a man.

The man was suave. "When did you say you made your purchase?"

"Day before yesterday. What of it?" was the ungracious response.

"This," said the polite man. "These shoes were only put on display half an hour ago, and not a pair has been sold. You better come with me to the store superintendent." They left together.

The customer had evidently picked the shoes up, had them wrapped near by and returned for his money.

Another customer showed much greater finesse. She bought two blouses from different saleswomen. One blouse cost her twenty-five dollars, the other sixteen-fifty. The next day she approached the second sales person.

"I am afraid we were both a bit stupid," she said pleasantly. "I was looking at so many blouses that I paid no attention to price. But see, you charged me twenty-five dollars, and the tag reads sixteen-fifty. Which is right?"

The sales person was dumfounded. "Of course the right price is sixteen-fifty," she agreed at once. "But I cannot think how I came to make such a stupid mistake. I never did before."

But the customer was very kind and took the eight dollars and a half of refund without a complaint.

She bought two purses, too, and two boxes of stationery, and two silver belts, and two pairs of hose, and then—two vacuum bottles. As chance would have it, the sales person who had charged the customer nine dollars for a six-dollar bottle had to call on the relief floorwalker for the refund, as the regular department man was at lunch. He did relief work in hosiery and leather goods too. The woman had a familiar look. Before he went to her to give the refund he passed quickly among the other sales persons and asked them if they had waited on her recently. One of them spoke up instantly.

"Yes, I sold her a vacuum bottle a couple of days ago."

"And for how much?"

"I am not sure." But a quick messenger brought her sales record and the sale was found to be nine dollars.

The customer was quick to be regretful, and criticized herself soundly for mixing her sales slips so foolishly. But the floorwalker let her finish her explanation to the detective chief. To him she ultimately made a full confession; even admitting that she changed the sales numbers on the sales slips so that the sales persons would be quite unsuspicious.

Tricks of the Shoplifters

Another customer traded on the courtesy of the sales person. She was carrying a top-heavy bundle, which suddenly gave way, spilling small parcels recklessly over the parquet floor. The salesman stooped to retrieve the packages. As even a small mishap brings idle spectators, five or six persons watched the operations. When he had gathered them all together he looked in the direction of the customer.

"Shall I have them all wrapped together?" he asked pleasantly.

The person addressed showed surprise. "You are not talking to me, are you, sir? I did not drop anything."

The salesman looked again. "No, beg pardon. But to whom do these things belong?" His eyes swept the group. No one spoke, and in truth no one of those around him was the woman who had had the accident. At a loss, he referred to a floorwalker. He was on the point of sending the merchandise to the lost-and-found department, when the cord slipped from a parcel, revealing a crushed piece of newspaper. Further investigation showed that all the packages were worthless—crushed paper, small pieces of wood, an empty box. But the two umbrellas that were soon missed were top price!

At a recent sale of lingerie there was a crush of customers, waited upon by sales persons who brushed one another in the rush to give service. A man, unhatted, pushed in.

"Miss Gentry," he said quickly to one of the older clerks, "we need a dozen silk slips at the west counter."

Miss Gentry handed him an armful.

"Who was that?" asked another sales person who had been close by.

"New stock man, I guess. I don't know. Why?"

In less than an hour the buyer came to the counter.

"I am taking some slips to the west counter," she said.

(Continued on Page 66)

All America Has Taken The Chrysler To Its Heart

The Chrysler Six sells itself every time it exhibits its dashing appearance on road or highway. The contrast between it and other cars is so marked that the desire to own one is bred then and there. But that desire is as nothing compared to the delight induced later on. If its only charm were the charm of appearance, the attraction would soon wear off. But the Chrysler is just as unusually attractive as it looks. One after another it reveals these unusual qualities even before it gets under way. Just to sit in the car and look about reveals first a quality all Americans love—compactness, conservation of space, neatness, artistry and a complete elimination of unnecessary elements. You look *up* from the cradling comfort of the Chrysler as other cars pass and almost laugh. You see needless height, needless bulk, needless weight, needless length as you never saw them before. Your motor is as compact as the car itself—a jewelled watch with the busiest, most alert, most effective flow of power you ever experienced. Your whole motoring world is changed for you—delightfully changed, economically changed, efficiently changed. That the American people have taken the Chrysler to their hearts is no surprise at all—it is a very natural, logical thing. They are almost extravagantly enthusiastic about the Chrysler because the Chrysler has shown them delights in motoring they have never known before.

CHRYSLER MOTOR CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Division of Maxwell Motor Corporation
MAXWELL-CHRYSLER MOTOR COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED, WINDSOR, ONTARIO

CHRYSLER SIX

BOSCH Ignition System for FORDS

TYPE 600

IT'S A BIG, dependable waterproof ignition system for Fords—with automatic spark advance and many new features.

It produces intense, perfectly-timed sparks that make Fords start easily in the coldest weather, and run smoothly at all times.

It adds power, keeps plugs clean, eliminates timer troubles, stops "bucking" and saves gas and repairs.

Type 600 is built by the makers of the world-famous Bosch Magneto! It incorporates Bosch mechanisms as used on many of America's finest cars.

Sold by 2500 Bosch Representatives and by live dealers everywhere. Try it—you get your money back if you're not entirely satisfied.

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Dealers: Big advantages open to live dealers who can become Bosch Sales Agents and sell the Bosch Long Line of Automotive Necessities

PRICE $12.75
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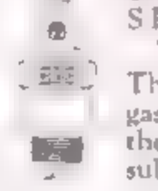
You need these other BOSCH Necessities

BOSCH Shock Absorber

A new device that controls car springs perfectly and provides true riding comfort at low cost. Prices per pair: For Fords $10. For Medium Cars $15. For Heavy Cars and Trucks $20.

BOSCH Windshield Wiper "Electric"

An absolutely reliable automatic cleaner that is operated electrically. Not affected by engine speeds. Puts no burden on the battery. Requires no attention. $9.50 each. A real quality unit.



BOSCH SPARK PLUG "The Red Plug"

The big sure-firing gas-tight plug with the unbreakable insulator and the real nickel electrodes. Get the genuine—it's red! Regular Sizes $1.00. Ford Size 75c.

(Continued from Page 64)

"More?" asked Miss Gentry. "We sent some over awhile ago."

"No," said the buyer. "These are the first we have wanted."

At all events they were the first to arrive. The man with his armful of silk slips never did reach the counter. Perhaps he could not find it!

However, with the increased care and supervision taken by department stores, loss from theft diminishes every year. Mutual-protective bureaus act as a clearing house of valuable information. All stores belonging to them will be furnished with data in regard to characters that have come under suspicion as well as the best tried ideas for general protection. In addition, every store is taking measures of its own to bring such loss to an irreducible minimum. Galleries have been built which give facility of survey for an entire floor, besides their ostensible use of housing merchandise. Trained eyes and ears are everywhere under any guise—sales person, wrapper, floorman, customer.

A good-sized store may have from fifty to three hundred persons so engaged. Costly merchandise is kept under lock and key, and the salesman has the key. Displays are made in cases under glass, where there is no temptation to slip away the candy or ribbon, the lace or comb. And within the organization there is a careful interdepartment check.

Sales persons do not do their own wrapping or make change. This falls upon the cashier, who acts as an inspector. Sometimes in the departments in which the sales involve many small amounts—notions, school supplies, ribbons, trimmings, holiday cards—the sales persons do handle their own money and deliver the merchandise. But it is considered to be a wiser method for the cashier to receive the money that the sales person collects from the customer. The cashier is under very strict orders concerning the wrapping of her goods. Only after the sales person has handed her the goods, money and sales slip is she to cash in the money and wrap the article. A cashier who is lax in this particular may unwittingly help a sales person to become a thief.

It was extremely busy at a novelty counter. Half a dozen saleswomen were pushing money and purchases at a cashier. Presently an overrushed sales person handed the girl a fancy pincushion.

Light-Fingered Sales Persons

"Please, wrap this next. You can have the slip in a minute."

The cashier obliged and the saleswoman put the five-dollar bill in her pocket while she waited on another customer. The cashier forgot and so did the saleswoman—until that night. Then she found the bill still in her pocket, the one she had intended to put on a sales slip with the pincushion. Well, there was no hurry for her to decide what to do about it. There was no record of sale, however, and she had plenty of uses for a five-dollar bill. At the next rush, when a sale brought even money from a customer, she tried it again, and again, and again; until presently she had lost all usefulness to the store, and very nearly to the state as well.

The cashiers are also urgently enjoined not to give bags, paper or cord to sales persons at their request. The supplies are not theirs for disposition in the first place. They are to be used in wrapping merchandise just purchased by customers. But they often fear to seem disobliging.

"Any tissue handy? I want to dust my counter." And the cashier crushed three or four sheets and handed them to the sales person for a temporary dust remover.

"Lend me some paper. I am going to line my counter shelves." And ample heavy paper changed hands.

"I want to collect these as-is gloves. I could use a few bags."

The words were true enough. The bags, filled with new and not as-is gloves, left the store under the arms of her sister.

On a par with this petty larceny is another which centers at the cashier's desk. The cashier is supposed to go carefully over the sales slip to see that the items correspond in price, measurement or quantity with the articles she is wrapping. This is no small feat, if the customers are waiting six deep to carry their merchandise with them. There is the greatest temptation to let the sales persons help with the wrapping, to omit measuring the yard goods, to take for granted that the number and price of the hose are correct.

Several sales persons took advantage of this situation in a yard-goods section. The cashier was with complete unawareness wrapping three and four yard lengths as two yards, five and six yard lengths as three yards and a half, and other lengths in like proportion. A profitable arrangement for the family and friends of these sales persons!

But there is always a small cloud on the horizon, even if it's no larger than a man's hand. One day an extra cashier was required for the rush of business. And she found in a short while twenty overmeasurements which belonged to but three sales persons. She reported her data to her chief, who knew exactly what to do and how to do it. Doubtless the three sales persons are convinced now that honesty is the best policy, that evil communications corrupt good manners, that the mills of the gods grind slowly but they grind exceeding small, and all the other copybook axioms.

Even Exchanges

In another department—sweaters—a sales person was doing an even more lucrative business—temporarily. As new stock came in many sales persons had to take their turn in the invoice, marking goods by attaching the small price tags. This enterprising young woman brought with her a pocketful of the tags. When someone she knew purchased a forty-dollar sweater she substituted a thirty-dollar tag and so recorded the sale. And, of course, the inspector who found the price tag and sales slip corresponded, would do the wrapping. Later, outside of business hours, the sales person would meet her friends and split the difference. She made from two to ten dollars on every sale, and all her friends came to buy! But the inspector was no dumb dora herself. While sweaters varied greatly in value, her constant handling had given her some idea of the proper price. Her suspicions were aroused. She took a sweater that was priced fifteen dollars and found its counterpart in the department. It read twenty-five dollars. She took out others and found further discrepancies. Afraid that she would be regarded as an accessory, she passed her information on. And another high financier was nipped in the bud.

Just a little different from the system used above is the even-exchange trick. Floorwalkers and exchange clerks are supposed to insist upon seeing the merchandise brought for exchange. But in a rush they may simply O. K. an exchange slip—that is, if they are not wary. Then with sales assistance the customer can buy a pair of shoes for eight dollars, bring them back for even exchange and take out the next pair, priced at fifteen dollars! And the record is clear. A pair of shoes was purchased, returned, and another similar pair was carried away. To minimize such possibilities, most stores require a sales slip to be made out at the time of exchange. Oftentimes, sales persons do not realize the underlying need for a clear record, and prefer to swap the goods.

I had one experience that even today makes me want to avoid a certain department in a large store. I had ordered a shirt for my brother with collar size fifteen and a half. When I opened it at home I found a fifteen. The next time I was in town I stopped at the same counter and found the very salesman who had waited upon me.

I drew the shirt from the package and told my difficulty.

"Sure, you can have a fifteen and a half," he said. And with a furtive movement he slipped the right-sized shirt into the same bag, as he added, "Look out! He almost saw us."

I flushed and looked guilty, as I always can if I am perfectly innocent! And the floorwalker strolled by, regarding us both. I seized my package and fled. Now with my superior business training, I realize that the salesman should have referred the exchange to the floorwalker in the first place. He is the guilty one, not I. But I have no intention of going back to straighten out that department.

There is the greatest stress put upon the sales record, as set down sale by sale in the sales book. And it is of extreme importance. A part of it finds its way to the auditing department to be used as basis for computing sales salaries. A part of it is reserved for the customer as her proof of purchase. In a charge transaction a part

(Continued on Page 68)

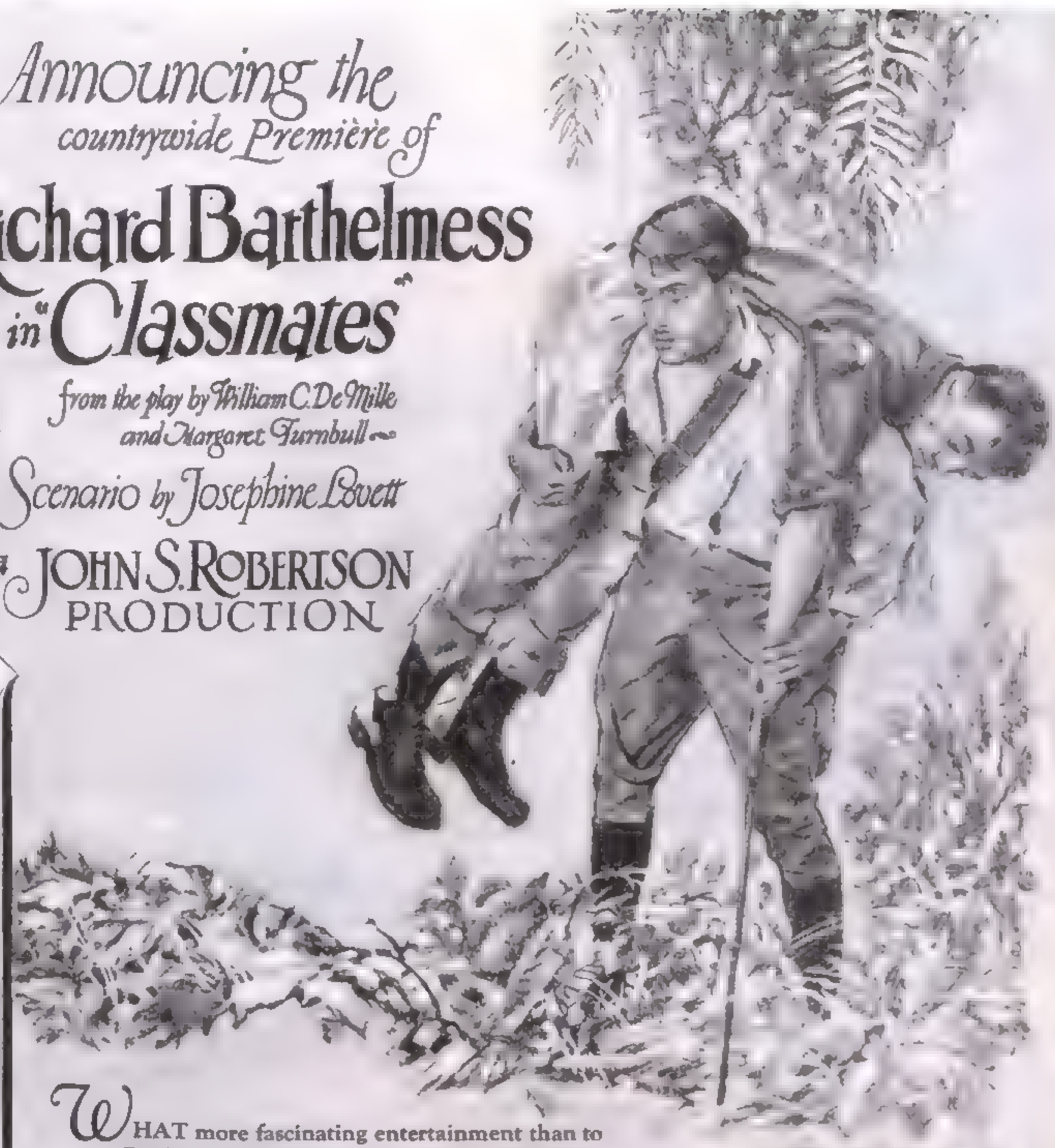
Announcing the countrywide Première of

Richard Barthelmess in "Classmates"

from the play by William C. DeMille and Margaret Turnbull

Scenario by Josephine Lovett

a JOHN S. ROBERTSON PRODUCTION



Showing at the following prominent Theatres — Week of Nov. 23rd

Akron, O.	Strand
Altoona, Pa.	Strand
Amsterdam, N. Y.	Rialto
Ann Arbor, Mich.	Arcadia
Atlanta, Ga.	Metropolitan
Baltimore, Md.	Rivoli
Bayonne, N. J.	De Witt
Binghamton, N. Y.	Star
Birmingham, Ala.	Trianon
Bloomington, Ind.	Harris-Grand
Boonville, Mo.	Lyric
Buffalo, N. Y.	Shea's Hippodrome
Butte, Mont.	American or Rialto
Chicago, Ill.	Chicago
Cincinnati, O.	Walnut
Cleveland, O.	State or Allen
Colorado Springs, Colo.	Burns
Columbus, O.	Southern
Davenport, Ia.	Garden
Dayton, O.	Strand
Denver, Colo.	Colorado
Des Moines, Ia.	Des Moines
Detroit, Mich.	Capitol
Duluth, Minn.	Garrick
El Paso Texas	Ellanay
Eugene, Ore.	Rex
Fresno, Cal.	Liberty
Glens Falls, N. Y.	Rialto
Grand Rapids, Mich.	Majestic-Gardens
Green Bay, Wis.	Strand
Hartford, Conn.	Princess
Hoboken, N. J.	U. S.
Ithaca, N. Y.	Strand
Jackson, Mich.	Majestic
Jamestown, N. Y.	Shea's Opera House
Jersey City, N. J.	Tivoli
Kansas City, Mo.	Main Street Theatre
Lawrence, Kans.	Bowersock
Lockport, N. Y.	Hiart
Logansport, Ind.	Paramount
Los Angeles, Cal.	State
Louisville, Ky.	Majestic
Madison, Wis.	Strand
Manhattan, Kans.	Marshall
McKeesport, Pa.	Victor
Milwaukee, Wis.	Wisconsin
Minneapolis, Minn.	State
Newark, N. J.	Branford
Newark, N. J.	Central
Newark, N. J.	State
New Haven, Conn.	Olympia
Niagara Falls, N. Y.	Strand
Oakland, Cal.	T & D
Paterson, N. J.	Regent or Garden
Pittsburg, Pa.	Grand
Pittsburg, Pa.	Liberty
Pt. Huron, Mich.	Majestic
Portland, Ore.	Rivoli
Rochester, N. Y.	Eastman
Sacramento, Cal.	Senator
St. Louis, Mo.	New Grand Central
St. Paul, Minn.	Capitol
Salt Lake City, Utah	American
San Antonio, Texas	Palace
San Francisco, Cal.	Warfield
San Jose, Cal.	California
Seattle, Wash.	Liberty
South Bend, Ind.	Orpheum
Spokane, Wash.	Liberty
Springfield, Ill.	Gaiety
Stockton, Cal.	California
Syracuse, N. Y.	Robbins-Eckel
Utica, N. Y.	Avon
Waco, Texas	Strand
Washington, D. C.	Metropolitan or Liberty Tivoli
Wheeling, W. Va.	Miller
Wichita, Kans.	Olympia
Wichita Falls, Tex.	Dome
Youngstown, O.	

WHAT more fascinating entertainment than to see Richard Barthelmess in this characteristic Barthelmess picture—clean, sparkling, virile and magnificently acted — the sort of picture that Barthelmess fans will adore. See it and become a Barthelmess fan forever!

The charm of "Tol'able David," the romanticism of "The Bright Shawl" and the intensity of "Fury" are all combined in this picture of Barthelmess at his best!

"Classmates" takes its plot from an outstanding stage success. As a play its dramatic love story packed the theatres of America for many seasons. And what a story for the screen artistry of a Barthelmess, with his wistful, playful, gallant moods and flames of white-hot spirit! The boy's bashful adoration of the girl who does not know—and his dream of West Point, that he may become a hero and win her—his dream realized—his triumphs as a Cadet and his wonderful moment with HER. Then sudden misunderstanding—unmerited disgrace—and the scene shifts to dramatic situations in the tropical jungle—hardships and heroisms—which win back the girl.

Here you have love, drama and humor beautifully blended under the rare direction of John S. Robertson. All the glory of West Point faithfully portrayed under Government supervision for the lover of good pictures.

The picture will be released November 23rd—Thanksgiving week—and can be seen that week at any of the theatres listed in the margin, also at many others. Soon afterwards everywhere.

FIRST NATIONAL PICTURES

Nicholas Muray

Men and women everywhere are using Pebeco to overcome the dangerous condition of dry mouth. Pebeco keeps your teeth not only white—but safe

THOUSANDS *revitalizing* their Mouths

By gently aiding the mouth glands you can now keep your mouth healthy and your teeth safe

YOUR mouth glands are either *protecting your teeth or they are actually injuring them.* It is their failure to act which leaves the mouth dry and causes tooth decay.

Everyone must fight dry mouth—brushing not enough

Everyone today eats soft, cooked food that requires little chewing. From sheer lack of exercise the mouth glands dry up. And without their alkaline fluids the acids that cause decay collect on your teeth.

Brushing only removes these acids *while you brush.* You cannot brush your teeth all day long. But you can restore the normal flow of the protective fluids.

This tooth paste makes the glands flow normally

When Pebeco enters your mouth it acts immediately on these important salivary glands. They start to flow more freely

By the end of 10 days, good healthy streams of saliva are pouring through your mouth—*all the time.*

These alkaline fluids counteract the mouth acids as fast as they form. They keep your mouth healthy and your teeth clean and safe.

Send today for a trial tube of this new tooth paste. Pebeco is made only by Lehn & Fink, Inc. At all druggists'. Canadian Agents: Harold F. Ritchie & Company, Ltd., 10 McCaul St., Toronto, Ontario.

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Name

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Free Offer

(Continued from Page 66)

must reach the accounts to be transferred to the customer's bill; and in a paid, both the sales person and the cashier require their part as proof that the transaction passed through their hands in the regular way The cashier's register receipts, her paid slips and her money must balance. If the findings show more money in the cash drawer than the receipts total, the surplus is held in her favor unless a customer reports and substantiates a similar deficit On the other hand, if there is less money than the totals would indicate, the cashier has a shortage. There are all sorts of good alibis. Two small bills may have clung together and have been handed out as change. Or she may have handed change for a five-dollar bill when change from a one was correct, and so on, ad infinitum. But a shortage is a shortage, a very grave consideration.

In order to guard cashiers against this serious criticism, the most careful and adequate instruction is given to them. They are never to allow anyone to touch the cash drawer or to stand near them when they are making change. They are to refer any notes that arouse the least doubt in their minds.

They are to count change aloud into the hands of the sales person. If they find that they are lacking in small change they are to exercise the utmost care in sending to the head cashier for it.

When I had listened to the rules I was so impressed that I did not see how anyone would ever dare to be lax. Yet two days later I saw a note that had passed as ten dollars, with the poorly pasted ciphers almost falling off from the true one-dollar note. And shortly thereafter a nice-looking boy of some fifteen years stopped at four cashiers' desks and asked them if they needed any change. And all trusted him with from five to twenty dollars. "Trust" is right; their confidence has not yet been vindicated.

Another cashier extended her confidence even to casual customers. A woman returned half an hour after her purchase and addressed the sales person, "Did you realize that I gave you a two-dollar bill and received change from one?"

The sales person, who was very inexperienced, turned to the cashier.

"Yes," agreed the cashier. "She did have a two-dollar note." And she handed out another dollar! That sum proved to be her treat to the customer.

Incredible But True

Of course the report may have been true, but in any event the case was a question for an adjustments bureau and not for a cashier.

When a shortage does occur, every effort is made to trace the discrepancy. One girl with a ten-dollar deficit said naïvely, "When I opened my drawer my sleeve caught and I thought something fell, but I could not see anything."

It sounded almost too thin, but even a tiny clew is traced. And one of the night cleaners had handed to the store superintendent a ten-dollar note which she found in her sweepings near that cash desk! That girl ought to believe in the philosopher with his best of possible worlds. But she did not show the surprise and pleasure that we evinced. No; she said, "Yes, when I opened my drawer my sleeve caught and I thought that something fell, but I could ——"

"We know about that," was the hasty interruption. "But you are a very fortunate girl to have the money found and so promptly turned in."

"Yes," she agreed. "When I opened my drawer my sleeve caught ——"

The matter was closed, firmly.

When the shortage is a bona fide one, not bad luck or mischance, but one that the cashier understands, there is endeavor to trace the cause of the first misstep. And seven cases out of ten the girl says, "Edna takes a little money all the time and she gets away with it."

When I learned this situation it quite ruined my picture. I had fancied that a girl who dared to steal would be a secretive person with a firm, thin line of mouth and dark, closely set eyes. Instead, most of them brag to others about their small exploits, and induce others to try their luck in the same fashion.

Of the three others out of ten, two do not know why they took money.

"It was just there," explained a weeping cherub, "and I thought I might as well have some "

"I don't know. I don't know," repeated another girl continually, and added in final exasperation, "Do you always know why you do things? I don't!"

The tenth girl confesses that she fell by the wayside.

"I wanted a pink hat, and I hadn't the price. But—I never thought I'd be caught."

"I need the money and the store doesn't" was the philosophic comment from another source.

A Collection of Ties

So many have followed almost an identical pathway into wrong-doing. A day or two before pay day they borrow a quarter or half dollar with the idea of paying back from the next salary. They may even return the money the first time. But in a short time they are borrowing regularly, without any thought of reimbursement

When they are confronted by the facts of defalcation the majority ultimately confess, generally with tears and lamentations. Often those who have presented the coolest demeanor at the outset show the most complete change of front and almost insist upon going into minute detail. They seem to derive a melancholy satisfaction from wallowing in a veritable slough of despond. In most cases, however, I have reminded myself of the difference between repentance and remorse.

There are other thefts besides money too.

A cashier called to a salesman, "Your slip calls for eight ties and there are only six. Let's have the other two."

The salesman tossed them over, but remarked to another in an undertone, "She is always saying we hand her short goods. I am going to watch."

"So will I," agreed his companion

Later he called him again: "I want you to see that I am taking over six ties." The second counted them carefully.

In a moment the cashier's voice arose: "Hey, you Number 26. You're short a tie."

When the matter was finally sifted the girl's room was found to contain between fifty and sixty dollar ties. She had no male relatives, no one to whom she gave them. She just took them anyway.

Opportunities present themselves more frequently in holiday seasons or at sales. Then the sales persons in their abnormal rush are likely to give short merchandise unwittingly. When the cashiers ask for more goods they generally get them without question. And while employes would not be permitted to carry packages past the door guard unless they were authorized, there are plenty of places in which small articles may be secreted without detection. And the door guard has no blanket search warrant for use at discretion.

There seems to be no particular type that is affected specially by the meum-tuum complex. There would be a better case if it might be said that the persons who cross the dangerous borderline are extremely poor folk with a blind groping desire for a life richer in beauty. Alas! Quite as often the defaulter is a pert young miss whose earnings are her pin money. Regret at being caught seems the most general ruling motif, with an occasional heartening note of real repentance and face about.

Of course the great majority that enter business are quite as honest as you or I. Perhaps more so. And the contacts with a differently motived few remind again of a good old fencing command: On guard!

Low-Cost Transportation

NEW STAR SEDAN
$820

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A MILLION MILES OF PROOF

AN automobile is economical only when a low selling price is followed by low operating costs.

Continual repair jobs change a low-priced automobile into a most costly one.

In reliability of operation and freedom from repair bills the Star has acquired recognized leadership.

Ninety-five Star owners drove 1,100,307 miles and spent $563.68, about 1/20 of a cent a mile, for mechanical repairs and replacements, according to letters received at our New York offices

Star owners who made this record live in various States of the Union and in Canada. The record represents Star car performance under all the variable conditions of road and climate that exist in the United States It is average performance of average Star cars under average conditions of every day work.

Ask the nearest Star dealer.

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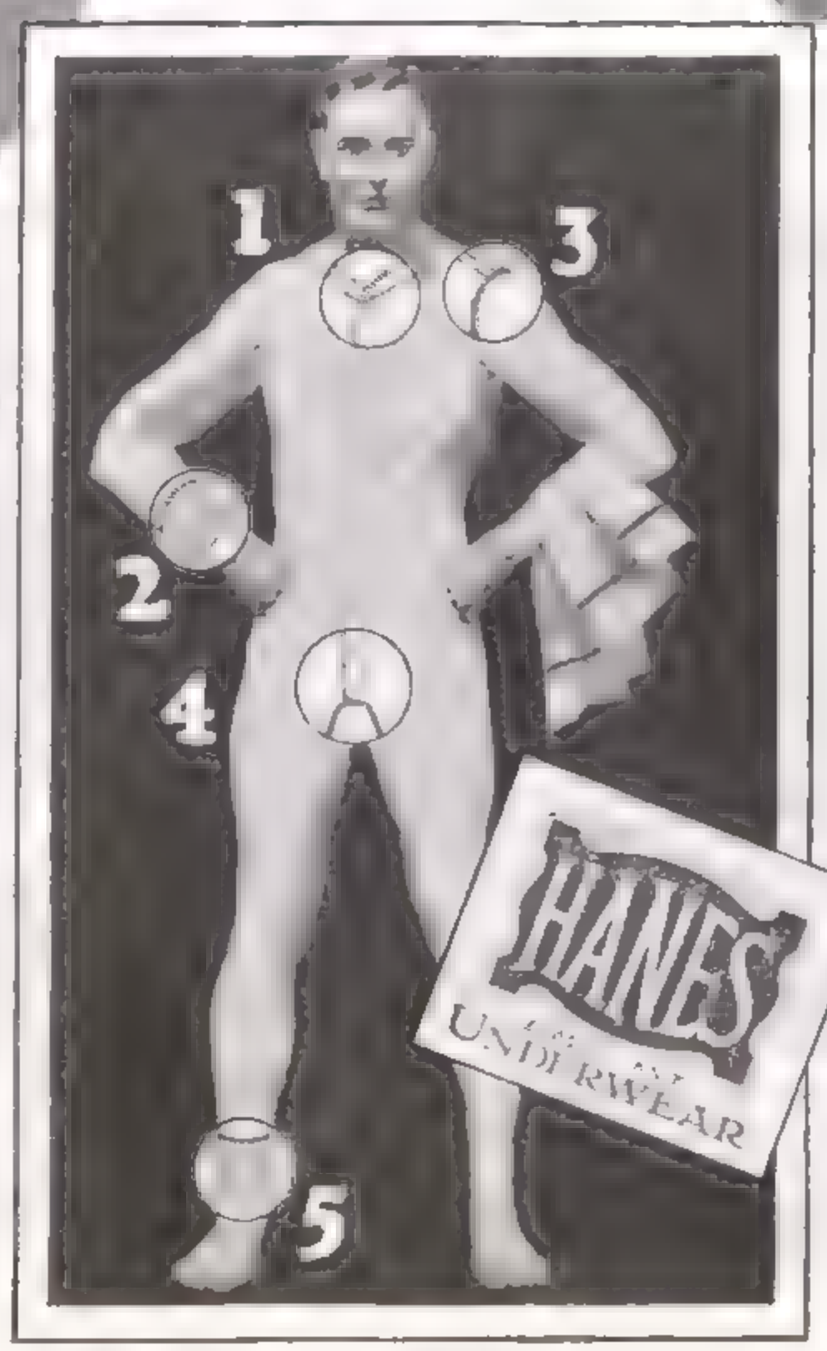


1 HANES *Collarettes are cut to size. A 40 suit has a 40 collarette. Won't roll or pucker. Protect the chest from cold draughts, and let the top shirt lie smooth.*

2 HANES *Cuffs won't pull off. They snug the wrist. Reinforced on the end to prevent raveling and gaping. Sleeves are exact length—not uneven.*

3 HANES *Elastic Shoulders give with every movement, because they're made with a service-doubling lap seam. Comfortable. Strong.*

4 HANES *Closed Crotch really* STAYS *closed. Double gusset in thigh another comfort feature. Crotch can't bind, for* HANES *is fitted by* TRUNK *measurement, as well as chest.*

5 HANES *Elastic Ankles never bunch over the shoe-tops. No ugly pucker showing under the socks. One leg is exactly the same length as the other. They're mates!*

You get so much and pay so little!

YOU'RE happy in HANES because it's so downright comfortable all over, and in every single part. You can walk and reach and stoop and stretch, and HANES will follow every little movement, without a bind or a bunch!

HANES shuts out icy blasts and blocks the sharp-fanged cold that would like to reach in and bite. Three weights meet the winter requirements of every climate. We especially recommend the HANES Heavy Weight for all practical purposes.

In no other underwear can you get so much and pay so little. Millions of men and boys who are happy in HANES will tell you it's the best winter underwear in the world for the money—and that's that!

HANES Underwear is guaranteed absolutely—every thread, stitch and button, or your money back. Go to the nearest HANES dealer and compare this big value underwear detail by detail with the 5 Famous Points. That's the answer! Union suits, also shirts-and-drawers.

Boys prefer HANES, too, because it's made of the same materials and with the same care. Union suits only. Two weights—heavy and extra heavy. Sizes 2 to 16 years. 2 to 4 year sizes with drop seats. Also knee length and short sleeves.

P. H. HANES KNITTING CO., Winston-Salem, N. C.

Next Summer, wear Hanes full cut athletic Union Suits!

STILL FACE

(Continued from Page 32)

"I don't like to hear you say such things. They don't sound—well, they —— Anyhow, you don't look like that sort of person."

"How do I look?" she asked curiously.

"You look—um—well, to me you look like the sort of girl who could love a man; love him so that you would turn the world into a place of glowing, golden beauty for him; you look like a girl some man could love so that he never would have a thought but to bring you happiness. That's how you look," he said dogmatically.

"Why, Mr. Dodd, that was sweet," she said, and color made her cheeks lovelier, and her eyes were gentler than he had ever seen them. "It must be nice to—to be able to believe in such things."

"You speak about love as if it was Santa Claus," he said shortly, to cover his embarrassment. "But if you really want to know what I think about it, here it is: I believe the world is full of romance. I believe men love women beautifully, without a thought of selfishness—love them just as heroes love in books. And I believe women give back love that is beautiful and true and miraculous. I believe the world would die if there were no love, and if I thought I should never love a girl so that it would be a joy to die for her, then I should feel my life a miserable failure."

Faith laughed uneasily.

"It's beautiful," she said, "but it doesn't exist."

Keats bent toward her, regarding her face as if he had never seen it before, studying it with a sort of hungry, amazed, startled scrutiny. So occupied was he that he quite forgot himself, forgot how his stare must disconcert her. She laughed again, nervously, hurriedly, breathlessly.

"You—you're staring me out of countenance," she said.

"I'm sorry—I'm sorry," he said in a tone so low as to be almost inaudible; and then with abrupt change of voice and expression, "Miss Newton, do let me say this: Still Face is an unknown quantity, and as an unknown quantity he is dangerous to you. He may be good; he may be all that wonderful face advertises him to be; but we have no proof. It is not safe for a woman to play about with any unknown quantity. I know I am assuming a great deal to advise you, but—beware of Still Face."

She drew up her head resentfully.

"You are assuming a great deal," she said. "I know you no better than I do him. Why not warn me against yourself? I have known you but a few weeks, and you are an unknown quantity—who appeared from nowhere just as Mr. Jones did."

"That is true," he said gravely.

"Besides," she asked hotly, "what is it to you? What possible difference can it make to you what happens to me?"

Once more he was silent to a length that was embarrassing, but presently he answered.

"I could not have told you why a half hour ago," he said, "but I can tell you now. I am startled myself. I did not know, did not realize. But as we sat here, and I told you how I believed in love and the vitality of romance—well, of a sudden I knew. And it is a good reason, Miss Newton. It will be of little interest to you, but to me—it is what I tried to put into words a moment ago. I have felt it and I know it." He smiled crookedly, and his eyes were deep and not joyous. "The truth of the matter is, Miss Newton, that I love you with my whole heart and soul."

He did not look again at her face, nor did he wait for her to break her astonished silence, but pushed back his chair and walked quietly from the room, leaving an untasted breakfast behind him.

XV

IT WAS the sort of discovery naturally to disconcert a young man of Keats Dodd's general mental configuration. It was natural the thing should come upon him unexpectedly, for he was in a state of constant preoccupation with material matters that gave his subjective self an open field, as one might say, allowing it to function in the mysterious way subconscious selves have, and then, in an astonishing moment, to push through into consciousness the results of its frolicking.

Keats had never been in love, and now that he found himself in that condition he had not the least idea what to do with it. So, with remarkable circumspection, he got up and ran away from it. Perhaps, had he been a lady's man of wide experience and high efficiency he might have thought of a more effective way of leaving the lady of his heart in a state of mind, but that is doubtful. Faith Newton was nonplused, which is an excellent and salutary thing for any young lady to be now and then.

As for Keats, he walked down the hill in a panic. His feeling was that of a man who has been caught at something, with disastrous consequences hanging over his head. He tried not to think about it, to supplant turmoil with placidity; but it was not to be done. He endeavored to crowd it out with a consideration of business affairs, of Still Face, of night prowlers; but to no avail. His was a mental condition that fairly might excuse some lapse from discretion—and he did lapse.

Just before he reached the mill he looked up to see Mr. Pinch and his meat cart moving snail-like toward him, Mr. Pinch in shirt sleeves and butcher's apron lopping forward on the seat and whistling through his teeth. The perverse impulse to do the wrong thing seized Keats in his hour of weakness and he stepped out into the dusty road, fumbling in his pocket as he did so.

"Good morning, Mr. Pinch," he said.

"Humid," said Mr. Pinch, who had just made friends with the word. "Don't mind the heat, but this here humidity is wearin'."

By this time the passport was in Keats' fingers and he opened it.

"By the way," he said, "here's an old photograph. Do you happen to recognize it?"

Mr. Pinch fumbled for spectacles, fixed them on his nose, gazed off at the hills to test them before applying them to the matter in hand, and cleared his throat.

"Never forgit a face," he said. "Let's see it."

Keats held it close while the butcher wrinkled his long face and squinted sidewise. "Hum—I swan to man! Where'd you git this here?"

"Recognize it?"

"Calc'late I'd reco'nize the Capitol down to Washington, or my old woman, or the Boston railroad station, eh? I calc'late the' hain't nobody in Westminster 'll ever forgit that face. Not by a jugful! That there," he said, "is Carl Phillips."

Keats nodded.

"I wondered," he said. "Was this Mr Phillips an Italian?"

"Him? No, sir-ree, not Carl Phillips! Come of the Phillipses of Brattleboro, he did. Nothin' Eyetalian about him—jest crook."

"You're sure of what you say?"

"Certain," said Mr. Pinch. "I've heard him tell it."

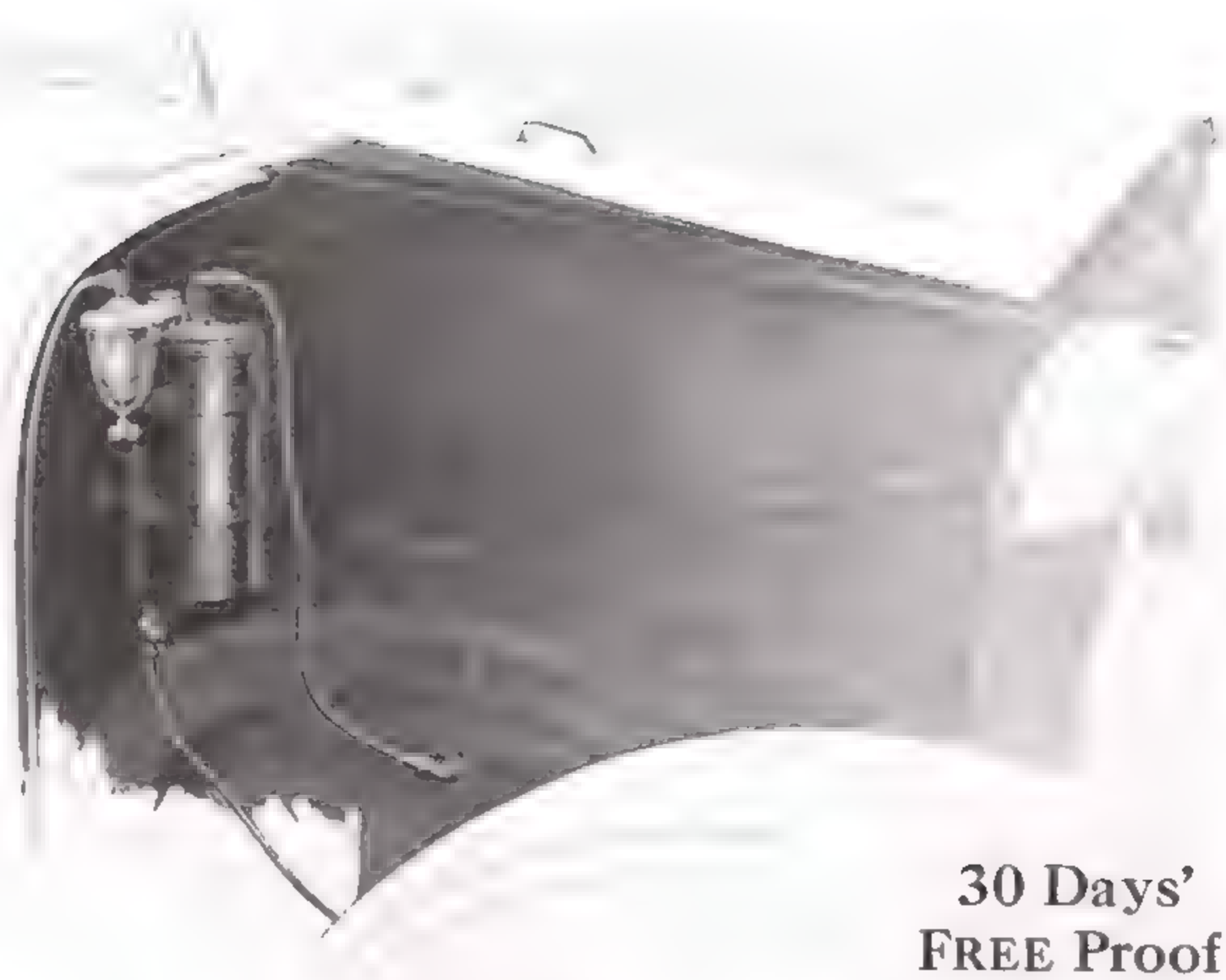
Keats nodded and returned the passport to his pocket. He was satisfied. Just what good the discovery was, or what use he could make of the knowledge that Carl Phillips was an Italian, he did not know; but instinctively he felt it to be of importance. Then for the first time the fact that he was occupying Phillips' old room presented itself to him. Here was another fact. It was then that the idea came to him that Carl Phillips still lived. If Phillips lived, there were wide grounds for speculation; and even to a man bankrupt in imagination, it was not difficult to evolve the theory that Phillips and the night prowlers were in some way connected—that it had been to Phillips' old room they had striven to gain access. At last he had found something to make him forget for the time that he had blundered into love.

He watched Mr. Pinch drive away, and then rather regretted he had not chosen more wisely the person to whom he had shown the photograph. But regrets have no curative power. If regrets were erasers, the world's history would have been rubbed off the page.

Mr. Pinch, on the contrary, was delighted. News was scarce and he had had to rely upon humidity for his conversation that day. Now he was equipped. At house after house he could tell of the sight of a photograph of the absconder, which would lead to speculations as to what had become of him and a general review of his life and accomplishments. A delightfully wordy morning lay before him.

His first stop after leaving Keats was at the residence of Mr. Jones, who was standing beside his gate preparatory to going

(Continued on Page 72)



The Gas-Co-Lator is easily attached to your vacuum tank in a few minutes, with wrench or pliers. No cutting or drilling. Other models for gravity and pressure feed systems

30 Days' FREE Proof

90% of all Vacuum Tank and Carburetor Troubles

Now Easily Remedied

Does your motor run smoothly one day and buck and stall the next? Don't blame your carburetor.

Recent investigation among hundreds of repair and service stations brought to light two startling facts about carburetor and vacuum tank troubles.

90% of them were found to be due to a single cause—nothing less than dirt or water, or both, in gasoline.

And this is also the commonest source of improper carburetion. Improper carburetion, which engineers agree, is the underlying reason for over half your serious engine troubles—carbon, pitted valves, burned-out bearings and scored cylinders.

Why Strainers Fail

As you know there are wire screens in your gasoline line. But they don't really protect you. There's a simple reason why they fail. Water passes through them, as you know. But more than that. The coarser particles of foreign matter which they do stop—simply clog them up! Hence the screens themselves cause the very trouble they are meant to protect you from.

Now a Permanent Cure

Now you can stop all this—once and for all. Never again touch your carburetor or clean another gasoline line. Just install an automatic, non-fouling gasoline *filter* on your vacuum tank. A few minutes with pliers or wrench does it. Use it, if you wish, 30 days, at our risk. On your own car prove our statement—that it ends vacuum tank and carburetor trouble.

New Invention

This new filter is called the Alemite Gas-Co-Lator. It is made by the manufacturers of the Alemite High Pressure Lubricating System. (In use on nearly 5,000,000 cars.)

With the Gas-Co-Lator your gasoline flows into a heavy, heat-proof glass bowl. Then it is filtered *upward*—through 20 square inches of selected chamois—just before entering your vacuum tank. The chamois stops every drop of water. Every speck of dirt. It *cannot* clog. Yet it is 100 times finer than the finest screen. It *filters* your gas as you drive.

Why Necessary

You simply cannot keep foreign matter out of gasoline. Flakes chip off the lining of your tank. Water condenses from the air inside your tank. Bits of fibre slough off of filling hose. You'll find them in your tank right now, if you look.

Cause of Most Serious Troubles

When your motor sputters and pops or stalls unexpectedly, it's one of two things. Dirt-clogged gas line or vacuum tank, or else a drop of water in your carburetor needle valve.

But most motorists blame the carburetor. They change the mixture. Or run with the choke slightly open. And right there is the start of most serious motor troubles, engineers agree. The extra gasoline passes into your engine in a liquid state. Carbon forms. Valves pit. Crank case oil is diluted. Bearings heat.

Never Touch Your Carburetor Again

That is why every manufacturer warns you to *leave your carburetor alone*. With clean gasoline, filtered through the Gas-Co-Lator, you need never touch your carburetor again. We positively guarantee this.

Put the Gas-Co-Lator on your car. Have a mechanic adjust the carburetor. Drive it 30 days. If it does not stop your vacuum tank and carburetor troubles remove the Gas-Co-Lator and we will refund the full purchase price of $5. You take no risk.

In just a few days you will see a collection of water and dirt in the Gas Co-Lator trap bowl that will surprise you. It will show you why your motor runs so much better. We don't claim extra gasoline mileage with the Gas Co Lator. But many motorists tell us it has increased their mileage as much as 10 per cent, in addition to its other benefits.

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A Bassick-Alemite Product

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Gas-co-lator

Filters your gasoline as you drive

Clip This and End Gasoline Troubles

SEND NO MONEY

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Gentlemen: You may send me a Gas-Co-Lator. I will pay postman $5, plus postage, on delivery. (Or if more convenient, enclose $5 and postage will be prepaid.)

It is understood that I am to keep the Gas-Co-Lator for 30-day trial and my money will be returned if I am not satisfied.

Name _____

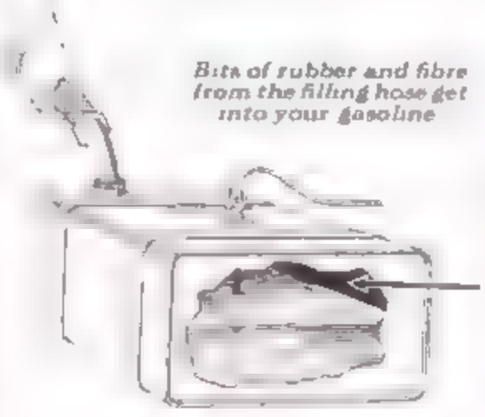
Address _____

City _____ *State* _____

Make of Car _____ Vacuum Tank Model _____

Pressure Feed _____ Gravity Feed _____

NOTE No model for Fords

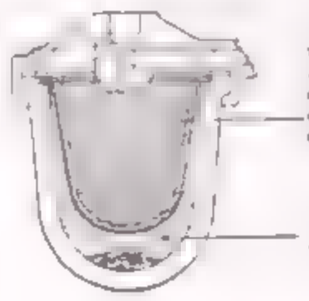


Bits of rubber and fibre from the filling hose get into your gasoline

Water condenses from the air even inside your gasoline tank. Chemical action flakes tiny chips from tank lining

Just one drop of water or a speck of dust in the delicate needle valve of your carburetor is enough to cause trouble

Water and very fine particles of foreign matter pass through the gasoline strainers in your carburetor to clog the delicate needle valve



The Gas-Co-Lator (on your vacuum tank) filters gasoline upward through chamois skin, cleansing the gasoline of all water and foreign matter, just before it enters the carburetor

The dirt and water collect in the glass trap, to be cleaned out at intervals

30 Days' Free Proof

Put a Gas Co-Lator on your car today. It's an easy job with a pair of pliers. Drive with it 30 days. Note the new life it gives your engine. Freedom from stalling and uneven running. Perfect carburetion.

If it does not do all we claim—and more—you can easily remove it in a few minutes and we will refund the purchase price $5 without question. This test is surely worth while, for you take no risk whatever. Our guarantee makes you sole judge.

If your dealer cannot supply you, just clip the handy coupon above. Send no money. Pay postman on delivery.

Questions People Ask About Sauerkraut

THE nation-wide interest in sauerkraut, caused by the publication of the surprising truths regarding its value as a health food, brings every day a flood of inquiries from those who want the facts. Here are some of the questions people ask, with the answers:

Why is sauerkraut called a preventive food?

Because its lactic ferments tend to keep the intestinal tract active and healthy, and free from those harmful germs which in time cause disease. Thus it often prevents serious illness.

Have eminent food scientists written of its value?

Yes; such men as Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, Director of the Bureau of Foods, Sanitation and Health, conducted by *Good Housekeeping*, Dr. John Harvey Kellogg, Superintendent of the Battle Creek Sanitarium; Dr. William S. Sadler of the Chicago Institute of Research and Diagnosis; Dr. Arnold Lorand of Carlsbad; Metchnikoff, famous director of the Pasteur Institute; and many others. What these authorities have said about sauerkraut is told in detail in the free booklet, "Sauerkraut as a Health Food."

Do physicians generally recommend sauerkraut as a health food?

Physicians in all parts of the United States have written letters indorsing the statements made and telling of the beneficial effects they have observed following its inclusion in the diet.

The only way of preparing sauerkraut that I know is with spareribs. Can you tell me of others?

There are scores of recipes in the booklet. It is excellent as a stuffing or dressing with your *Thanksgiving Turkey*, duck or goose. It takes away the greasy taste and adds zest. Delicious for salads, side dishes and entrees.

Everyone interested in health through right eating should read this booklet. Mail the coupon now for your copy FREE.

(Sauerkraut may be purchased at groceries, delicatessen stores and meat markets.)

THE NATIONAL KRAUT PACKERS' ASSOCIATION Clyde, Ohio

Send for this Interesting Booklet FREE

The National Kraut Packers' Association
Clyde, Ohio
Please send me postpaid your free booklet "Sauerkraut as a Health Food," with new tested recipes.

(Continued from Page 70)

upon one of those long walks into the hills that seemed to be his sole occupation. Mr. Pinch had found a customer for his wares.

"Mornin', Mr. Jones," he said affably. "Hot enough, hain't it?"

"Very," said Mr. Jones.

"Say," went on Mr. Pinch, "hain't it amazin' how things turn up?"

"I have found it so," said Still Face.

"Yes-s-s, s-s-sir," said Mr. Pinch, dwelling lovingly on his s's. "Ever hear tell of a feller by name Carl Phillips?"

Still Face's eyes moved slowly from the ears of Mr. Pinch's horse to Mr. Pinch's face, and remained there with a blank, expressionless gaze.

"Why do you ask?" he said.

"Ever hear tell of him?"

"The name is not familiar."

"Wa-al, it's a long story. Used to work for Amassy Newton. Fust he didn't have much of a job, and then he got to be Amassy's right-hand man and run ever'thin'. That's where Amassy showed he was a fool. The outcome of it was that this here Carl Phillips up and busted Amassy and run off with hundreds of thousands of dollars' wuth of bonds. That's what he done. Gnawed the hand that fed him, which, says I, is the lowest end of ingratitude. Now hain't it?"

"I should call it so," agreed Still Face.

"But he got clean away. Vanished like that there prophet in a chariot of fire and hosses thereof, as the Good Book says, only he'n' wan't neither no hoses nor chariot. But he wan't never ketched."

"Unfortunate," said Still Face.

"But," said Mr. Pinch, "here's the nub of the hull thing. I jest seen his picture."

"You just saw a picture of this Carl Phillips?"

"Big as life and twicet as nat'ral. Kind of a leetle, square picture, took when he was a young feller; but the livin' spit and image of him. Struck me all of a heap."

"I can understand that," said Still Face. "Did you find it?"

"Nothin' of the kind. That young feller that's runnin' Grandma Newton's mill, he found it; and he jest showed it to me, knowin' I was posted on this here town and what goes on in it. Says he to me, 'Mr. Pinch,' he says, 'the' hain't nobody I kin go to for information but you, and figger on gittin' it unbiased and acc'rate,' says he. 'And would you mind,' he says, 'takin' a look at this picture and tellin' me who it is?' Wa-al, I done so, and quick as a flash I says to him, 'That is no other,' says I, 'than Carl Phillips, the absconder.' That's what I said."

"Indeed! And then?"

"Then he asked me a kind of funny question that I couldn't see no sense to. 'Was this here Phillips a Eyetalian?' he wants to know. Now what d'ye think of that? Eyetalian! 'No, sir-ree,' says I quick and pos'tive; 'he comes of the Phillipses to Brattleboro,' says I, and with that he folds up the thing with the picture on it and goes away. Now, Mr. Jones, hain't that a kind of remarkable thing to happen of a hot, humid morning?"

"I agree with you, sir," said Still Face. "It is very, very remarkable."

"I'm leavin' you a sirloin today," said Mr. Pinch.

"Perfectly satisfactory," said Still Face; but instead of going for his long walk in the hills, he retraced his steps to his parlor, where, from a recess in the old mahogany secretary, he withdrew a small image in wax through whose heart had been thrust a bodkin, and for a moment he scrutinized it with narrowed, hotly glowing eyes. Then with deliberation and certain of hand, he placed the point of a second pin against the wax breast and thrust it savagely in.

As for Keats, he did not linger by the little band saw, watching its short carriage ply back and forth, thrusting bolts of beech and birch and maple against the saw. It was an operation he loved to watch, a sound he delighted to hear. Much more interesting it was to him than the more complicated work of lathes or whittlers, and it seemed to him that to be a sawyer operating the levers of carriage and nigger in a big sawmill was the finest job a man could hold. This is how boyish Keats B. S. Dodd could be. Instead of thus pleasantly passing his time, he went to his desk to give mental battle to matters of finance. He found himself in a position occupied before and since by many men of far greater experience than he—that of having a perfectly good business to conduct without enough capital to carry it on properly. He needed far more money than the scant thousands owned by himself and the Newton family if he were to continue to buy logs, pay labor and meet overhead charges. Though he knew a great deal about making machinery run, he had only the vaguest ideas of the mechanism that controlled and distributed dollars. If by some makeshift he could carry on until returns from shipments began to come in, he felt certain of success. There had been no difficulty in finding purchasers for his product, but as yet there had been no shipments. After the first car left the siding it would be thirty days before a dollar came back, and to his consternation he found he might not be able to hold out for even so short a time.

The day before he had discussed the situation with grandma, who had more pluck than financial experience.

"If you got to have money," she said, "git out and borrow it of somebody."

"Ten thousand dollars would more than pull us through," he said.

"Well, then, you go right straight to Orrin Tyler at the bank and tell him I said he was to lend it to you."

"But I don't want to run you into debt; and nobody would loan me a nickel."

"Never you mind about debt. You git that money," grandma said, and there the matter lay.

So now, after deliberation, he put on the object he used as a hat and walked over to the bank, where it squatted on its corner, trying to look imposing and important, as banks have a way of doing. It stared at one with clean plate-glass windows in a snobbish sort of way, and carried itself stiffly as if the securities and currency behind the door of its vault gave it a social standing above the buildings that were its neighbors. The nearer Keats approached to its door the more uncertain of himself he became. Instead of feeling like a business man going about an ordinary affair of business, he felt like one of these furtive men with upturned overcoat collars who sidle alongside one in the streets with whispered requests for a quarter. This, of course, was inexperience. How was he to know that no bank could live if people did not borrow money from it?

He entered reluctantly and asked diffidently for Mr. Orrin Tyler, who received him in a small private office. Mr. Tyler presented to the world a ruddy face, white hair and a jaw so square that it seemed to have been laid out by a mechanical draftsman. His eyes were blue, and his skin had a hard, shining surface, so that one could well imagine it made of some material harder and dryer than the faces of ordinary persons. He was a leading citizen, a man of affairs, and was not unknown in the politics of the state.

"Well, my young friend?" he asked.

"Will you lend me some money?" Keats asked with the bluntness of embarrassment.

"What for?"

"The mill."

"Um—let's see. Satisfactory manufacturing result so far?"

"Yes."

"Sales?"

"We seem to be able to sell all we can manufacture."

"At a profit?"

"Even on our present costs, which naturally are high."

"Insured?"

"Fully."

"How much do you need to see you through?"

"Ten thousand will do it."

"Um—well, fetch in your insurance policies. Have the note signed by Grandma Newton, Faith and yourself, and it'll be all right."

Keats was dazed. It had been too easy. So that's how money was borrowed! The only point he had no liking for was Faith's signature upon the paper. That might prove embarrassing; but, he reflected, he would turn that detail over to grandma. He didn't want to see Faith. In fact he doubted if ever he could muster up courage to face her again.

"By the way," said Mr. Tyler, "how about timber?"

"I'm looking about," said Keats.

"Had any difficulty?"

"Some, but I have a supply to last until I can hit upon something."

"Young man," said Mr. Tyler, "I would advise a study of the atlas of this county."

"I don't understand."

"Study the location of timber holdings and their owners. Don't buy until you are familiar with the lay of the land."

"I'll take you," said Keats.

"We have such an atlas here, with the present owners of every piece in this locality marked. If you will take good care of it I shall be glad to loan it to you for a few days."

"You are very kind."

"I'm not kind," said Mr. Tyler; "but a bank must know the people it does business with. I'm curious to know if you have timber sense. If you haven't, you are in the wrong business. The way to make money with sawmills or woodworking mills isn't by manufacturing. It's by buying timber. Bear that in mind. Most mills are nothing but a way to market growing trees to the best advantage. I've known mills to run for years at an apparent book loss, whose owners emerged at the end with comfortable fortunes. . . . You will find the atlas on that table. Good afternoon."

Keats made his exit with the big black book under his arm, but before he had left the big front door behind him Mr. Tyler arose from his desk to call after him, "And bear in mind that there is strategy in timber buying as well as in warfare."

Now there was something to ponder over. He was being put to a test, required to pass an examination. Possibly—the thought flashed through his mind—Mr. Tyler was aware of something, had some ulterior motive. At any rate, he had been friendly and interested, and money worries were at an end for a time.

He followed Mr. Tyler's advice—led to that course by curiosity as much as by the advice itself. Never before had he formed the acquaintance of an atlas of the sort, and he found it to be interesting to a degree. Until the mill whistle blew he continued to pore over it, studying township after township, and making an especially meticulous survey of the valley in which Westminster nestled. It was here, if anywhere, he must find timber to purchase or stumpage to contract for. To be profitable to him, the logs must grow within a reasonable distance of the mill or transportation charges would become prohibitive. He did not log in quantities large enough to warrant building railroads or even purchasing log haulers to pull trains of logs over iced roads in the winter. For his tiny needs he must depend upon hauling by horse.

This reflection moved him to scrutinize the holdings of the Westminster Lumber Company—as to location, roads, availability and propinquity. They seemed to have a strangle hold on the valley, which consisted of heavily wooded slopes. At the one end they owned a tract of forty thousand acres. At the other end they controlled another piece of fifty-odd thousand acres. The ends of the valley were theirs, and Keats could see how it was their strategy to converge toward the middle until the whole had been swallowed. There was no way for the owners of land between to get out their logs except by rail shipment or by sale to himself. And this, of course, was why Maxwell resented the reopening of a mill which confidently he had believed to have passed into permanent desuetude.

If money were to be made by him in timber, if timber were to be obtained by him, it must lie between the jaws of the trap established by Maxwell. And Maxwell was watching lynx-eyed to outbid and to outmaneuver him at the first sign of activity.

It was clear, then, that he must act circumspectly, secretly, even sharply, or he would find himself in the exceedingly unpleasant position of a man with a mill on his hands and no stock of timber to feed its hungry machinery.

He closed the atlas and set out for home. For the first hundred yards he was rather at peace with himself; then he remembered Faith, and what seemed to him the exhibition he had made of himself at breakfast. He slackened his steps, became undecided, turned and came back to town to eat a vexed supper in the hotel at a table far from Orson Maxwell's. Nor did he go home that night until he was sure Faith and grandma would be in bed. But to his consternation he found grandma waiting up for him.

"Young man," she said, "I been waitin' for you. Jest come in here. I couldn't help overhearin' what you said to Faith this mornin'. I calc'late we better talk about it some."

XVI

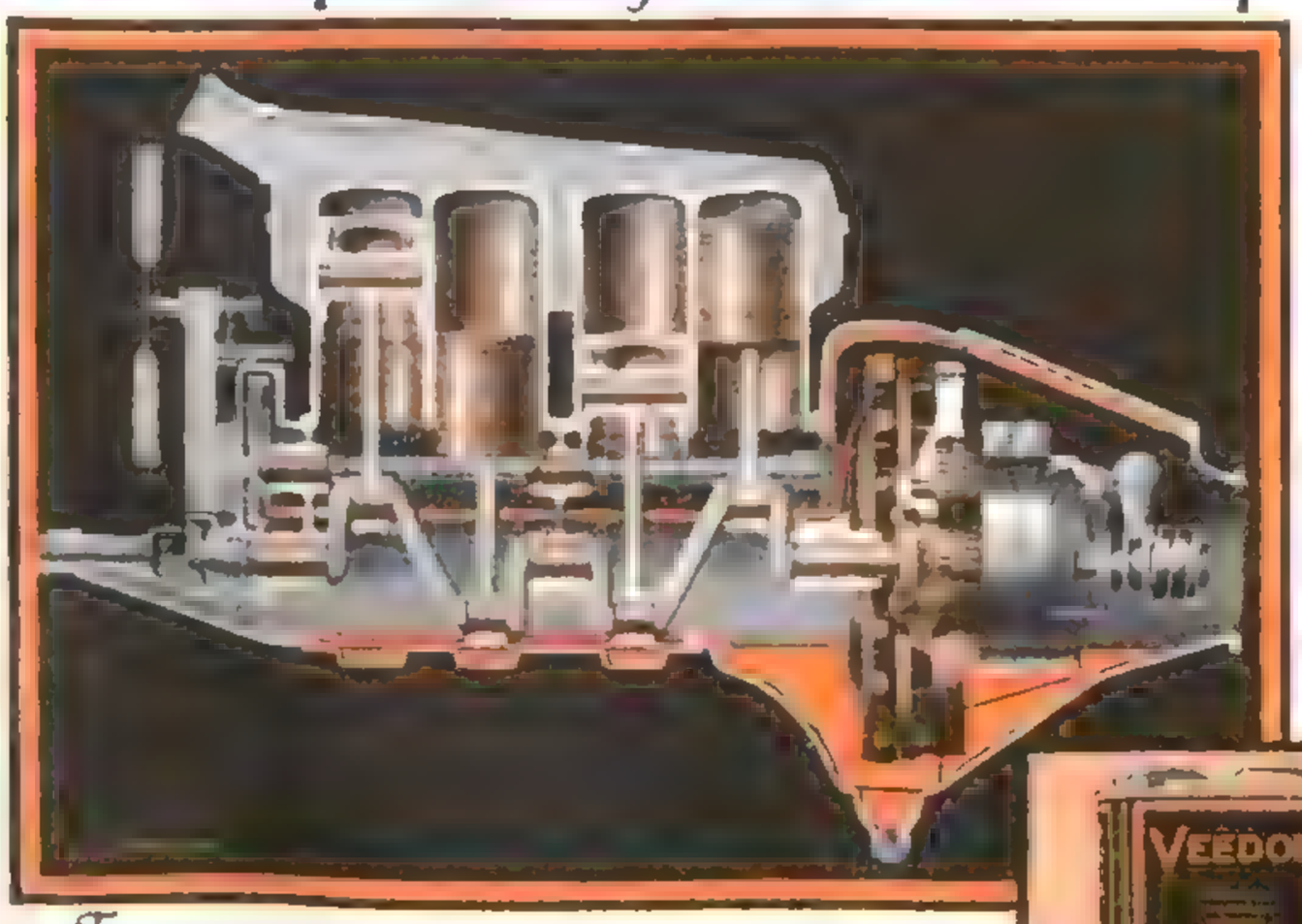
"YOU didn't come home to supper," grandma said.

"I—it seemed like I'd have a better appetite at the hotel," Keats answered, sitting stiff and most uncomfortable in his chair.

(Continued on Page 75)

This unique design of the Ford lubrication system

led to the creation of a new economy oil made for Fords exclusively



The orange in the illustration indicates oil. You can see that the same oil which lubricates the Ford engine must also lubricate the transmission bands

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It has overcome every climatic condition. It has triumphed over mountain rock, desert sand, and city asphalt. Millions of gallons have already been used by Ford owners—and every day additional Ford owners are discovering the economies of Veedol Forzol.

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If the Ford motor is incorrectly lubricated, power is wasted, excess carbon forms, and moving parts have to be replaced. If the Ford transmission is incorrectly lubricated, you experience jerky chatter when you start, stop and reverse. Chatter prevents ease of operation, wears out the transmission bands and leads to repairs and overhauling.

Made for Fords Exclusively

You can readily see that only an oil especially designed to lubricate *both* the Ford motor *and* the Ford transmission can lubricate your Ford car correctly.

It is because Veedol Forzol was purposely created to do both these jobs—*and actually does them*—that it is now used by Ford owners everywhere. They have learned through experience that the "8 Economies" of Veedol Forzol make it superior to any other oil they have ever used.

The 8 Economies of Veedol Forzol

1—10 to 25% saving in gasoline—Hundreds of tests have demonstrated that Veedol Forzol saves 10% on gasoline consumption. 25% to 33% has been developed repeatedly.

2—Eliminates costly chatter—Veedol Forzol lengthens the life of Ford brake and transmission bands by properly lubricating them. Chatter, a result of faulty lubricants, is entirely eliminated.

3—10 to 25% saving in oil—The savings in oil consumption run from 10% to 25%. The exact savings depend upon the mechanical condition of the engine and the lubricant formerly used.

4—10 to 25% less carbon—Veedol Forzol forms on an average from 10% to 25% less carbon. The exact savings depend on the mechanical condition of the engine and the lubricant formerly used. Less carbon means more power with fewer repairs.

5—Resists heat and friction—Veedol Forzol possesses the famous characteristic of all Veedol oils to resist heat and friction.

6—Ability to coast—With average lubrication, a Ford will only coast down steep hills. With Veedol Forzol, you coast down the slightest grades.

7—Resists fuel dilution—Even with poor fuel, Veedol Forzol maintains its lubricating value longer than other oils. Result—more miles per gallon of gas and per quart of Veedol Forzol.

8—Fewer repairs—Because Veedol Forzol masters the lubricating problem of the Ford power plant, it gives a new freedom from repairs.

A gallon of Veedol Forzol is the correct amount to pour into the Ford breather pipe after the crankcase has been drained. Your dealer can supply you with Veedol Forzol in a sealed 1-gallon can.

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INSURE IN THE

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The Hartford Fire Insurance Company and the Hartford Accident and Indemnity Company write practically every form of insurance except life

(Continued from Page 72)

"And I s'pose you got the idee you're goin' to keep on eatin' there?"

"Well, I'm a lot of trouble here, and ——"

"And what?"

"I've got to stay here nights," he said. "This house mustn't be left without a man in it. But I'll come in late and get out early and nobody needs to see me at all."

Grandma clucked.

"I dunno why I sh'd expect better sense of you than of other boys," she said.

"You shouldn't," he said; "and nobody regrets what happened more than I do. It was—well, do you know—it was so sudden."

"I took note of the suddenness of it," grandma said; "but what I set up to find out was if, after mullin' it over since mornin', you're still of the same mind."

"Yes," said Keats.

"Then," said grandma, "don't go makin' yourself ridic'lous."

"I'm trying to avoid it."

"Oh, I kind of gathered from your actions you were tryin' to set a record or somethin'."

"What would you have me do? You've been very kind to me, and it would be poor repayment for me ——"

"—— to marry my granddaughter?" interrupted grandma.

"—— to take advantage of a fortuitous presence in your family to make love ——"

Grandma sniffed.

"Read the Bible?" she asked.

"I have."

"Ever find anythin' in it indicatin' that divine Providence had anythin' agin makin' love?"

"Why, as to that, I don't believe so."

"Wa-al, so far's I kin see, grandmothers hain't got grounds for takin' a position contrary to God's."

"You mean?" asked Keats.

"That Faith, as I've observed your goin's and comin's and the habit of your mind, might go farther and do wuss than you. She's in a state of mind, that girl. Seems like I can't do nothin' with her. She'll go pollywoggin' around till fust she knows she's jumpin' out of a safe fryin' pan into a burnin' fire. It 'ud take a load off my mind if she was to marry some decent young feller. That girl's argued herself into a way that's goin' to land her topsy-turvy, and when a girl gits that way the' hain't nothin' can set her on her feet agin like a weddin' ring."

"You—do you mean you'd be willing I should marry Faith?"

"Grateful," said grandma dryly.

"But," said Keats, "suppose the wedding ring didn't cure her."

"That," said grandma with a chuckle, "would be your lookout."

"But she—she doesn't even like me."

"How does she know?" grandma asked sharply. "But you can figger she's thought a heap about it today. Now, young man, you behave yourself and come to your meals and go about your business. Act like nothin' had happened, and perty soon she'll be worryin' about why you don't fetch up the subject again. That 'll be good for her."

"But I haven't any money."

"Make some. . . . Now you git to bed. Use sich judgment as you was born with and don't be no more of an idiot than a man in love's bound to be."

She got up spryly and said good night, leaving Keats to such reflections as mixed emotions of astonishment, hope, doubt and an earthquake of embarrassment could call forth. It was, indeed, the first time he had thought of marriage in connection with Faith. Hitherto he had experienced nothing but a guilty, amazed consciousness of his love for her. He had resented it, failed utterly to comprehend from what ambush it had leaped upon him; and as for fancying the possibility of its being returned, he would as soon have considered as practical a shower of manna in the shape of gold coinage upon his head.

He was modest as well as diffident, and his modesty carried him to quaint extremes. He suffered from no inferiority complex, but with utter simplicity he did not set a value upon himself. That so ordinary and material a person as himself could make the heart of so beautiful a girl as Faith beat in higher tempo was utterly absurd. He did not pause to argue about this; he knew it. What about him could demand her admiration? What cause her to desire him above all other men? As he trudged up the stairs he was able to laugh at the absurdity of the supposition. Nevertheless, when he reached his room he lighted the lamp and looked long, intently, appraisingly in the glass. Then he turned away, shaking his head as one who has found his beliefs confirmed. His knowledge of women was not of sufficient profundity to inform him that women did not choose husbands for their beauty, and that the glamour of youth has surmounted snub noses and freckles without drawing a long breath for the jump. And, as a matter of strict truth, Keats was afflicted with neither.

The next morning, being Sunday, Keats left the house after an early breakfast for a walk through the hills that was intended to supplement what he had learned from a study of Tyler's atlas. Having seen on paper, he wished to get that more distinct and comprehensible familiarity that could only come from a scrutiny of the terrain itself.

So early did he go that he was spared the sight of Maxwell's car stopping at Newton's White Elephant to carry Faith for a drive through the hills. The car stared at her calculatingly with its big glass eyes, and no doubt fancied itself to be an exceptionally fortunate member of its species to have a young lady so lovely as she was this early morning to sit upon its lap. Who is there to censure the car if it wished to make the arrangement permanent, or if it purred with such contentment as almost to make its sentiments upon that subject apparent to its passengers?

It whirled away over dusty roads from which already heat waves could be seen to rise and vibrate, and thinking only of the comfort of its delightful passenger, began to climb, thinking nothing at all of the extra exertion if only it might impress her favorably—when it found the pleasant breeze that makes its home a thousand feet above the floor of the valley, where it can awake each morning to a gorgeous prospect of ridge after ridge of green mountains stretching away, dimmer and ever dimmer, until they fade away into the mists and the distance. No breeze could find a more sightly homestead, and being generous, it did what it could to invite humans to share the view.

For miles the road clung to the shoulder of the ridge, now and then gripping tightly and holding its breath as it rounded some outbuttress of rock and looked below to see how sheer was the fall should its grip fail; but after it reached the falls to which natives have given the name of the Devil's Stairway, it turned off to the left and dived into the next valley to seek variety.

"Suppose," said Maxwell, "we get out here and sit on that shelf above the falls. Have you ever sat there, Miss Newton? You can see in three directions and the breeze is gorgeous. With these glasses I have counted seventeen peaks."

"Let's do," said Faith. "Not that three directions are my forte. It keeps me busy looking intelligently in one, and as for peaks, why, seventeen of them would almost surfeit me. But it'll be cool."

"You look," said Maxwell, "as if heat would never venture to bother you."

"It has absolutely no manners."

"Then we'll ostracize it."

"If I ostracized everything that bothered me I'd find myself sitting on top of a column like Simeon Stylites."

"Not so bad as that, I'm sure. What is it that annoys you?"

"The world, the flesh and the devil—which is comprehensive."

"The world! That does take in a lot of territory."

"The world I'm acquainted with—which takes in very little."

"Then," said Maxwell, "rumors that you dislike Westminster have some foundation."

"They are built upon a rock," she said. "There are days when I could hit my thumb with a hammer just to kill the monotony."

"Then why not hunt for another world? There are lots of them; and I, personally, have found some of them far from dull."

"Tell that," she said, "to a prisoner in solitary confinement."

"As bad as that? You ought to train the mouse in your cell. That's what solitaries do. I'd dote on being the mouse."

"I'm afraid you're already trained, and I might not like your tricks."

"You'd laugh yourself to death if ever you saw me perform."

Faith lifted the glasses idly and adjusted them to her eyes, and for a time neither of them spoke as she searched the opposite wall of the valley. At the spot where they sat it crowded in upon the river and squeezed it until the water ran white with foam over huge bowlders, lifting in ramparts of bare rock for hundreds of feet before it gave a foothold to the growth of spruce that blackened its top. Not a mile separated the two walls, and the glasses, magnifying eight diameters, brought the precipice almost to Faith's side. From under her feet flowed the brook, unaware of the plunge that awaited it, to slide over the lip smoothly and darkly before the steps that gave the falls their name beat it to foam and mist. For the hour she was contented, more at peace with herself than she had been for months. The prospect was so lovely, so restful to eye and to mind, so quiet, so destitute of human life, as to make her feel alone in a universe. She forgot Maxwell, but his voice reminded her of his presence.

"Let's discuss the tame mouse," he said whimsically. "Now I know I'm a trifle full of figure for a mouse, but I'm as timid for all that, and could be amazingly docile. I learn very quickly and will be found eager to please. I think you'd have very little trouble with me."

"I'd rather have a dog than a mouse."

"Then I'll be a dog," he said. "You see how reasonable I am. As a dog I'd be even better than a mouse. Mice haven't much character, and you'd always be worried about mislaying one. But a dog! I could hunt for you and bring home birds for your dinner."

He contrived to put meaning into the last sentence, so that Faith's eyes left the glasses and sought his face quickly.

"If," he went on, "you had a dog that would hunt hard enough for you and bring home enough game, you could go to look over those worlds outside of Westminster. It's a thing to consider."

Her eyes were again on the opposite valley wall and she made no answer.

"So far," he said, "I've proved not to be such a bad hunter. There's a considerable bag to lay at your feet."

This was very obvious and Faith's eyes narrowed. He was about to propose—was, indeed, proposing at the moment—and she was not ready for it. She had not decided, had not examined sufficiently her bargain or taken opportunity to compare it with other obtainable wares. In books she had read that a young woman can prevent a proposal if she desires; but now, faced with the fact, she discovered that it contained elements of difficulty. Also she did not know Mr. Maxwell, nor his dogged determination. If Mr. Maxwell had made up his mind to make an offer of marriage, that thing and no other was what he would do.

He waited, and in the silence she compared this proposal with Keats Dodd's announcement of his love for her. This was premeditated, cool, studied. So far there had been no word of affection, nothing that suggested a lack of self-assurance, no hesitation, no worry as to the outcome. Faith told herself she was willing to bargain over the matter, but, nevertheless, she preferred to have the thing done in style, with suitable pretenses—and a figment of sincerity. Keats had been sincere—startlingly sincere. He had frightened her even while she had felt a wave of amusement. One man declared his love and asked nothing. The other offered his wealth and was demanding herself in exchange.

"You," said Mr. Maxwell, "are the first girl I have seen whom I have wanted to marry."

He might be selecting a spring overcoat, Faith thought; but then, she told herself, she had no right to object. To no man would she be giving more than this man offered her. It was *quid pro quo*, value for value; and she could fairly hold no resentment. She shrugged her shoulders, and without taking her eyes from the glasses said coolly, "So you want to marry me?"

"Very much indeed."

"Why?"

Maxwell scratched his round head and wrinkled one cheek up to a narrowed eye.

"Because," he said, "you have numerous qualities aside from your beauty which I would like my wife to possess."

"Huh!" thought Faith. "The overcoat is well tailored and the material will wear." . . . "You think I would be a credit to you?"

"Exactly," he said, without embarrassment. "I expect to be a rich man and to move in society. When that day comes I want a wife who will be an asset and not a liability. I want a wife with charm and poise and self-possession who can occupy the position with dignity and credit."

"All of which I could do?"

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"I am sure of it."

She laughed.

"You haven't mentioned your heart or gone down on your knees."

"I've been studying you for some time," he said, "and have gathered that hearts and bended knees would not appeal to you. You have talked like a practical young person, and I have asked you to marry me in a practical way. I don't know anything about love, and venture to doubt if it exists."

"It does," she said positively, and thought of Keats.

"Very well, we'll admit it. But I imagine more marriages are made after a calm scrutiny of the practical features than in a hurricane of unreasoning love. Besides, we may come to love each other. At any rate, I shall be very fond of you and proud of you—which are substantial, lasting things."

"It comes to this, then," she said: "You have determined you cannot do better than marry me."

"Exactly."

"But I ——"

She hesitated as the glasses showed her a tiny figure moving along the foot of the cliff across the river: a figure that seemed familiar, yet at that distance was not definitely recognizable. She watched the man walk along with easy stride until he came to a bench against the rock wall, upon which he seated himself and then removed his hat, with which he fanned his face. Maxwell waited with the patience of a good business man, for he knew how to give his prospect time to think and when to demand the signature on the dotted line.

Faith watched the tiny figure and then moved her glasses upward, attracted by some movement. Above the man, fifty or a hundred feet up the cliff, three other figures had come into view and stood craning their necks downward, evidently watching the individual below. Faith was interested, nevertheless she continued the sentence she began a moment before.

"But I," she said, "have not made up my mind that I cannot do better than ——"

Again she stopped, leaned forward, and her lips parted as she gazed. Two of the men were rolling a stone to the edge of the level shelf upon which they stood. There they stopped to peer below, and for a space they moved the bowlder to and fro, balancing it, seeking some position to a nicety. Faith did not understand. What could they be about? Then she half arose and cried out, stretching her arm.

"Look out! Look out! Look out!" she screamed, for the three men gathered behind the rock and were toppling it over the edge upon the unsuspicious one below. Faith saw it move, saw it fall, watched its twisting through the air—twisting, descending. It was in the air for hours, and she thought she screamed again, but no sound came from her lips. Maxwell sprang to his feet and stood by her side, straining his eyes across the river. . . . The rock fell. It seemed to have found its mark. Then it rolled and bounded away, and the little figure that sat fanning itself with its hat sat no longer. It lay sprawled upon the rubble, arms outflung, motionless.

Faith turned a face of deathly white to Maxwell.

"That was murder," she said in a taut voice. "They killed him! They dropped a rock on him."

"On whom?"

"I—I'm not sure; but I think it was Keats Dodd," she said.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

HOW IN THE WEST?

(Continued from Page 11)

"What's that?" asked the naturalist, startled.

"That tinkling, you mean?" the chief ranger answered. "Cowbells. The cows and horses from the dude ranch are turned in here at night."

The naturalist seized the glasses to look. Fifty head of domestic beasts were coming up the meadow. The tinkling of bells became distinct.

"And the moose do not mind?"

"No," said the chief ranger. "They're often found at daylight grazing together—cows, horses and moose."

It was obviously true. They did not mind. The bull and his cow were still walking along together in plain sight. Just then a sound of jazz music came off from the inn, where the lights had gone on and the tourists were dancing.

"Let's go back," said the naturalist, with a strange expression. He did not glance at the meadow again. A group of tourists hailed him from the veranda.

"How many moose did you see?"

"Two," he answered shortly.

"Two!" they shouted. "We counted nine last night."

They had. They did not push their way quietly through the brush either. They walked right out to where the looking was good, and shouted, "There's one!" "I see two!" "There's another!" "How many can you see?"

After supper, the naturalist, who had never been here before, sat in sour meditation on the porch of one of the detached log cabins, furnished with box-spring beds, equipped with bright nickel plumbing. Strains of jazz were still coming from the inn. The tinkling of cowbells came off the meadow.

"You can't tell me," he said, "this isn't the beginning of the end of the moose, say what you like."

"Maybe," said the chief ranger. "I don't know. But we've got to remember this belongs to the people, moose and all. It's their own playground. They will do what they please with it."

"Only they don't know what they are doing with it," said the naturalist. "I'm going to bed."

But the motor tourist in all aspects is a much more fearful work of creation than a wild moose. His powers are absurd and infinite. Through a place like Shoshone Cañon, where the road is a gouge in the solid rock only wide enough for a car except at the passing pockets, where a professional driver holds his breath and the slightest aberration will pitch you into space with nothing to touch on the way down—there passes the tourist blithely, sometimes ten in a car, eating, laughing, visiting, admiring the view, often two or three cars a minute, and almost never does anything happen. If anything does, it's a great nuisance, because for two or three weeks every party going through knows the exact spot and stops to see if there is anything left for the morbid eye.

On this gouged-out road, between passing places, at a narrow corner, two tourist cars met. It was clearly the part of one of them to back up; but the driver refused to do it, not in a disagreeable manner, but flatly; and nobody knew why until it was discovered that he had never learned how to back his car. Yet he had come halfway across the continent with a family of five—to that place. The others backed down and he went on.

Thirty miles from anywhere you as well as another might have found a couple with 140 years between them trying to flog their flivver up a cellar-door grade. The old man would start the engine, race it, and let in the clutch, the old woman pushing behind. The car would jump a few feet and roll back again with its engine stalled.

"What's the matter?"

"We don't know," said the old woman. "She won't go up."

"Where did you start from?"

"Chicago," they said together, the old man coming round.

"Have you changed your mixture at all?"

"No; what's that?"

"You're a mile or so higher in the air than when you started. Try thinning your mixture and you may get back your power."

Mixture? They had never heard of such a thing. It was done for them. They both got in. It was the mixture. A minute later they vanished over the grade in a ball of dust. Where shall we meet again?

In youth, in love, in silver age, in pairs, in groups, as families, women unencumbered by males—one deity with a sense of humor preserves them all. It is a large undertaking. Their number is amazing. It can hardly be less than 2,000,000 constant. They move in two tides—one that sets eastward from the Western coast and breaks in the Rocky Mountains; one that rises in the East, beginning at the Atlantic, and flows through every transcontinental highway and trail all the way to the Pacific

Continued on Page 78

Ford Resources behind the LINCOLN

What this means to the Public

TO the building of the Lincoln car were brought, three years ago, the unparalleled resources of the Ford Motor Company.

Today the fundamentally fine design of the 60 degree eight cylinder Lincoln motor remains the supreme achievement of automotive engineering skill. But to this have been added a precision of workmanship, a quality of materials, and a thoroughness of inspections and tests that is unequalled.

All of the talent and material things commanded by the far-reaching Ford organization have been available to Lincoln production. Ore, coal and timber from Ford sources of supply, transportation and power; furnaces, foundries, machinery, laboratories and an engineering staff famed for its accomplishments—these have contributed to the development of the Lincoln.

They have made it possible to build a motor car which for faultless performance, enduring service and luxury of riding comfort admits of no superior throughout the world. It is recognized and accepted as the undisputed leader for high value among fine cars.

LINCOLN MOTOR COMPANY
Division of Ford Motor Company, Detroit, Michigan

LINCOLN

(Continued from Page 76)

Ocean. Then there are minor currents, hopelessly entangled. Tourists from all directions enter Yellowstone Park at the rate of a car per minute; and the license plates one day may occur in the following order: Montana, California, Utah, Idaho, Wyoming, Illinois, Washington, Colorado, Minnesota, Nebraska, New York. For another day this order may not hold at all. But always, everywhere, you will find East visiting West, West visiting itself, neighbors running in and out.

Consider the social and economic implications of 2,000,000 nomads on rubber tires. Consider what it means to feed, clothe, repair and gas this race of summer Bedouins.

In the national parks they are treated as guests of the Government. The rules of hospitality vary according to circumstances. In the smaller parks camp sites are assigned and you are expected to stay where you are put. In the great Yellowstone Park there is whatever you want, when, where and as you want it; and if it isn't ready, you ask for it. For the gregarious, large free camp sites are already prepared. If you indicate a preference for another site, that also will be prepared. If you are nongregarious and wish to be let alone, this, too, will be understood. In that case you are free to go and camp by yourself, anywhere at all. You may stay a day, a week—all summer.

So also, though with a different motive, the towns and cities have treated the motor tourist as a guest. There is no city in the West, hardly a town at all, that has not a tourist camp. Sometimes it is only an open park with running water; sometimes it has, besides running water, bathing facilities; sometimes it has, besides bathing facilities, private cabins and a dancing pavilion; and sometimes a great deal more where there has been competition between two towns for the stranger's preference or where one became particularly obsessed with the tourist idea. Boise, Idaho, provides both hot and cold water and free electric current for cooking, washing and ironing. And so much only creates in the tourist's mind the thought of more. Why not free electric washing machines? In the motor-tourist conglomerate women predominate in the proportion of five to three. Hence always so much wash about the camps and that air of tranquil household activity.

The theory of the cities and towns in making themselves so hospitable was that motor tourists would be spenders. To reap them you had first to get them; to get them you had to advertise your desire to entertain them. Enormous sums were spent to advertise this desire. The competing merits of municipal camps were painted on signboards planted in the highways.

Well, but there was much to be learned about motor tourists. First, many who pass in that guise are not at all what they seem. They are vagabonds in a new way. There are thousands of these and the number is each year greater. Why not? The life is perfect. The Rocky Mountains for summer; California in the winter; always a camp waiting with proper conveniences; everywhere work as money is needed—work to be on and off with.

Tight-Wad Tourists

To their amazement, the cities began to find in their public schools children from the tourist camps. Their parents had decided to stay a while. Then it was that charges began to be made at the camps. That was not enough. The tourists often liked it so well there, and were so impressed with the character of the local schools, that they were willing to do a little work and stay on, paying the charge. So at length, to keep the tourist touring, it became necessary to fix a time limit in camp—usually three days. But there is no time limit in the national parks.

However, the vagabond passing as a motor tourist was only a nuisance. Nothing without its fringe. The tourists as such were a disappointment. They were not free spenders. Many of them had to thaw their money on the radiator before they could spend it at all, and their shrewdness in shopping was disgusting. They became, as a clan, united against the use of profit in merchandise, and developed an occult way of passing information up and down the current. The women did this undoubtedly. A man would not remember that the same bacon was two cents cheaper at a town 200 miles farther on, or wait for it if he did. Dear towns got bad marks. In the bargain towns everybody stocked up.

Sometimes they were fooled. Once the rumor spread that provisions in Yellowstone Park were higher than in the towns outside; so the towns outside did a fictitious business and everybody came into the park smothered in smoked meats and canned goods, only to find that the rumor had been false. Provisions were cheaper inside. It lasted only two days. Word was flashed out in every direction and business slumped badly in the outside towns for 500 miles around.

As the expectations of tourists toward hospitality and free service increased, with no symptom on their part of any loosening, and as the fringe tended steadily to deepen, the towns grew weary. There now is an idea among them of turning their tourist camps over to private enterprise. Presently one will find the mean courage to do this, then another will do it, and suddenly the whole notion of free entertainment will collapse.

The Dude-Ranch Boarders

The dude-ranch people of Wyoming adopted the right method. They have founded a large industry on the principle that something for nothing repels the spenders. The way to attract them is to make them pay. The more they pay the better they like it. Five dollars a day is the least they wish to pay for bed and board in a log house, together with permission to walk around in the gaudy gear supposed to represent cowboy and cowgirl costumes. The scenery goes with it, of course; but the motor tourist may look at the scenery, too—the same scenery—and therefore it becomes the dude to affect to be bored with it, as if it were the first thing he saw when he opened his eyes. This entitles him to look down on the motor tourist.

The business of dude ranching has become highly organized. Therefore it has degrees of caste. There are those that make their bookings privately in the East between seasons and those that put their signs out on the road: This Way to the Original Dude Ranch, or Three Miles to the Pioneer Dude Ranch. Transients Accommodated. Those of exclusive distinction produce the most theatrical effects on the highway, when they go out with their dudes on ponies for a week of camping. First a great van drawn by four horses; it contains the camping gear, tents, cots, tables, and the like. This is followed by the traveling kitchen, with windows in it and a length of stovepipe through the roof. They are on their way to the next camp site, having started early. Next a string of pack animals, loaded with the dudes' personal indispensables.

Then six or eight miles behind come the dudes in a string, all boys, all girls, or men and women mixed, led by a guide. The dudes wear bright silk handkerchiefs knotted about their necks; they have all the gear, including the woolly chaps on both male and female legs; they have something their leader long ago lost. He is real; he is what once was in the West, and his eyes have winter in them.

Anyhow, these are pictures. A picture is never what you expect it to be. If it were, it would be something else. Suddenly you will notice that water flows westward. From where this begins to where the West ends is not very far. Yesterday you crossed the continental divide, where the rain falls, if it falls, as on the ridge of a roof, parting east and west; and today whatever it was you expected is behind you. Did you miss it? Was it there? Maybe it was only that too many others had found it and were making light of it.

For as you leave the West, saying it is no more, does it not follow and beckon you back? And what is this difference you are sharply aware of between the West that ends in the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific country that begins beyond? Portland or Seattle is no more like a Western city than an Eastern city is. The Pacific West is a new East. This may be owing to the fact that the New England pioneers steadily followed across the continent that stand of great pine timber which broke at the Mississippi and began again beyond the divide. In Oregon and Washington the Boston tongue is common and a Scotch Presbyterian quality of mind has indelibly marked the way of many things. Whereas the West—the West that ends in the Rocky Mountains—stirred the fluids of men; it called them from everywhere—from the Bowery in New York, from Virginia, Kentucky, Missouri, and they evolved a tongue of their own.

The City of Light

Abruptly beyond the West, in Oregon and Washington, all aspects begin to change. This is true in senses both physical and subtle. Things real and unreal, even things of the same kind in the same outline, appear as in a new light. There is, indeed, a change of light by day as well as night. The sunshine is soft and amorous; the use of electricity is very extravagant. The farther you go the brighter the cities are at nighttime. Portland cannot get enough light in its streets from lamps in clusters of five on fluted standards, but must cast illuminated arches over its white way besides, and in one city you will see an electric sign fifty feet long and twenty feet high in the middle of a graveyard, advertising its name, with electric lights on its gateposts. You might easily mistake it for the entrance to a jazz inn. Either way may be all the same, only in that case why not, instead of merely the name of the graveyard in tall electric letters, the word "Welcome," or for that matter a slogan such as "Eventually, why not now?"

But what one is talking about is more than a difference of light. Here, as in the West, they talk of land, water, oil and Los Angeles. Land is the common obsession, water is what you put upon land to make it sell, oil is the desperate chance, and Los Angeles is the city that hogs the population. It is true that here when they think of water they think more of hydroelectric power than of irrigation primarily, and that when they talk of Los Angeles they become personal. Still, these are the same subjects, with natural bearings alike.

Then why do they seem so new? They are not different in fact. Desert land in one place is like desert land anywhere else; so is potential water power running to waste. Neither one is a problem until you think of acting upon it. There all difference begins—in movements of the imagination. And how the imagination shall function may be determined by meteorological conditions. The remark is serious and relevant, as you shall understand.

Boosting requires imagination. It is here the universal art. Compare therefore its marks. How does the West boost the West? By assertion, rhetoric and allegory. What it says is all true. The publicity manager tries to sin, but he cannot. Even the railroad folders are true. There is the difficulty. There is too much to believe; and if one believes, how shall one decide? You cannot live in all places at once. Any choice must be a wholesale rejection.

But how does the Pacific Northwest boost itself? Does it add its voice to the sounds of hyperbole and make its printing matter more expensive? Yes, it does this. It does it only because some people expect it. The true method is different.

It finds that it has less sunshine than other people boast of, and this fact becomes, with proper handling, not only irresistible in itself; it becomes a fact that shall change the course of civilization and save the Nordic race. It is not asserted merely. It is proved in a scientific manner. The thesis is Filtered Sunshine—that is, sunshine as they have it there, veiled by clouds.

"For a number of years," one reads, "the people of this country have been regaled with the gospel of sunshine. This is not the first time in history that a similar mistaken idea has caused a large immigration of Nordic people. Roughly, 3000 years ago, Athens, with a climate very similar to that of Southern California, attracted the Hellenes—and experienced what today would be called a boom."

That for Los Angeles.

The Witness of History

What happened to the Hellenes? Their bodies and intellects were feverishly stimulated. They whooped up the price of real estate and made great thoughts. Then they fell, degenerated, became subservient to the dark races.

"History," one reads, "repeated itself in the rise and fall of the Roman Empire. Again a white Nordic people set up a brilliant civilization, again the climate overcame them and again their achievements fell into the hands of darker people. The Nordic races flourish best where there is less than 2000 hours of intense sunshine per annum. Progressive and energetic men and women were not developed basking in the sunshine on a pile of sand, or seated under the shade of a palm tree. Already in Southern California—where the intensity of sunshine is the same as that of the Mediterranean Basin, Northern Africa, Arabia, Persia and India—many important industries are dominated by Spanish, Italian and Greek interests, and the Bank of Italy is growing at an astonishing rate. The Mediterranean races and their descendants will undoubtedly ultimately dominate that section."

People—white people—Nordic people—do they not know what they do when they go to Los Angeles?

Then, supporting the thesis, elaborate temperature and humidity charts are laid down for the whole world. History for the first time comes clear. Why do Nordic empires lie buried in the dust? It was sunshine killed them. For many generations these people have been wandering about the earth planting new civilizations in the sun and smashing up with them because they came from "the cloudiest region in the world, Nordic Europe, embracing the British Isles, Northern France, Germany, Holland, Denmark, Belgium and Southern Scandinavia," and cannot long prosper in any other kind of climate. Well, here is another homeland for them in Washington and Oregon; here is found "the only part of the North American continent with a climate and environment identical with those of the original homeland—the cradle of the race."

Come you Nordics, and dominate the world from Portland, Seattle, Tacoma.

(Continued on Page 83)

Mexican Labor Imported to Assist American Agriculture Decides to Stay in the United States

Heirlooms of Tomorrow

VOICES of children calling a sleepy good-night down the darkening stairs . . . distant sounds of the day's ebbing turmoil . . . and your quiet living room, a haven of rest and beauty.

Walnut furniture, softly gleaming under shaded lights; the clear lustre of its velvety DUCO finish bringing out the warm color tones of this ancient wood; while through the doorway, the dull fires of your mahogany dressing-table glow.

Friendliness and beauty in your furniture.

The joy of buying, the pride of keeping, and the knowledge that through the years, its DUCO finish will remain unmarred by the passing of time, the touch of many hands, or the fickle temperatures of the seasons.

Heirlooms of delight . . . for many tomorrows!

E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS & CO., INC.
Chemical Products Division, PARLIN, N. J.

DU PONT DUCO

Duco Qualities

In addition to their beauty, Duco [illegible] contains the following advantages:

1. It is the hardest, toughest, most durable finish made
2. Steam, boiling water, hot dishes, etc., do not mar, nor soften it.
3. It is waterproof
4. Does not chip, crack nor peel
5. Cannot yield nor stick
6. Dries [illegible]

Duco Finished Furniture

The following manufacturers of furniture are now using Genuine Duco on some or all of their pieces:

Algonquin Furniture Shops
Art Metal Construction Co.
Eight Piece Group
B. K. E. & Company
Bucksteige Furniture Company
Colonial Manufacturing Company
Crescent Chair Company
Davis Bedding Company
Decorator Furniture Company
Empire Chair Company
Evans Furniture Company
Frost & Hall Co.
Hanson Furniture Company
Helmets Manufacturing Company
Herman Manufacturing Company
Hickory Furniture Company
Lewis Perfect Company
Lee Lease Company
John J. Mahlden Mfg. Company
Maher Bros. Company
Mahler Furniture Company
Moeller Furniture Company
Morris Desk Company
Nichols & Shaw
Parker-Washington Company
Sawyer & Fritz
Sherrill Furniture Company,
Greensboro, N. C.
Upson Furniture Company
High Point, N. C.
Wenzess Furniture Company
White Furniture Company

Other Uses

Genuine Duco Clear Finishes are [illegible] to almost any product made of wood. Designed for [illegible] Genuine Duco is almost [illegible] finishing [illegible] product. It must be [illegible] brushed. It must be applied by [illegible] spraying machine or mechanical dipping. Demonstrations [illegible] of any manufacturer [illegible] being used successfully [illegible] following industries:

Furniture — Office Equipment
Pens, Pencils, etc.
Washing Machines — Lamps
Handles for Tools
Brooms, Brushes, etc.
Novelties — Toys
Umbrella and Cane Handles
Radio Cabinets — Radio Parts
Vacuum Cleaners
Billiard Cues — Golf Sticks
Bobbins and Wood Turnings
Coated Fabrics — Caskets — Clocks

Duco Colored Finishes

can be used on practically any product wood or metal requiring a lasting finish in color. They are already in successful use in those industries listed above and also the following:

Automobile Bodies — Truck Bodies
Automobile Accessories
Furniture — Electric Parts
Gasoline and Oil Pumps
Bath Fixtures and Accessories
Toilet Seats — Typewriters

• • •

Genuine Duco finished pieces may be identified by the label shown below

Finished with DU PONT DUCO

238%
SALES INCREASE
LAST YEAR

WILLYS-KI

TENTH WILLYS-KNIGHT YEAR — WILLYS-OVERLAND, INC., TOLEDO, OHIO—WILLYS-OVERLAND SALES CO

VIBRATIONLES

New Invention Gives Willys-Knight Unique Position Among Motor Cars—No Vibration Period at Any Speed

Not in Many Years Has a New Development in Automobiles Stirred Up Such Countrywide Interest and Enthusiasm

Since the Willys-Knight brought to America the new Lanchester Balancer, and announced what it is and what it does, Willys-Knight dealers everywhere have been literally besieged with requests for demonstrations. This was to be expected.

By securing the United States rights for this remarkable European invention, Willys-Knight introduces the actual achievement of *vibrationless engine-running at all speeds!*

Everybody knows that a good many automobile engineers have grown gray hairs trying to conquer the vibration that shows up in many cars at certain speeds. They tried and tried, year after year they tried; and while they were still trying, an inspired brain throb across the seas solved everything.

The new Lanchester Balancer is the invention of Dr. F. W. Lanchester, F. R. S., a British engineer of world-wide eminence, builder of one of Great Britain's highest priced motor cars. His discovery probably outranks in importance all improvements to automobile engines in the last decade.

By special arrangement with the inventor, Willys-Knight is the only car in the United States able to offer the benefits of this invention to a public long weary of the vibration so noticeable in so many motor cars.

Owners of cars of all prices are surprised, even though they expect to be surprised, when they ride in the Willys-Knight. The smoothness of the quiet Willys-Knight engine is smooth beyond all their previous notions of smoothness. Throttling it down to a bare crawl and stepping up through all speeds to a pace like the wind, they discover with a thrill that there is no engine vibration

So naturally people are talking. When a car with all the beauty of the Willys-Knight performs as it performs, there is something to talk about—something to think about something worthwhile turning to the Knight to enjoy.

After all, the true measure of a car is not its price—but the pleasure you derive in it. And it is not the pleasure somebody in a showroom promises you, but the pleasure you get on the road that gives you the satisfaction you want, and ought to have, for your money.

Just to be fair to yourself, don't decide to buy a car at any price until you have had at least one good ride in a Willys-Knight equipped with the new Lanchester Balancer.

It Always Has Had An Engine That Improves With Use

The Willys-Knight sleeve-valve engine *actually improves with use* ...*gains* in power while poppet-valve engines lose in power...*gains* in pick-up and getaway while poppet-valve engines are growing sluggish.

Silent, sliding sleeve-valves simply eliminate the wear and tear of popping and pounding poppet-valves. That is why the Willys-Knight sleeve-valve engine stays young. why so many Willys-Knight owners get 30,000, 40,000, 50,000 miles or more without spending a cent for engine repairs!

It Always Has Had An Engine Free From Carbon Trouble

What little carbon that can adhere around the sliding sleeve-valves is beneficial to performance—for it causes the sleeves to fit more perfectly than all the skill of human hands could fit them.

And this, of course, means better compression and greater power, exactly the opposite of what carbon means in an ordinary poppet-valve engine.

We *never* recommend the removal of carbon from these sleeves. Its presence aids rather than impairs the engine's efficiency and performance.

It Always Has Had An Engine That Never Needs Valve-Grinding

Sleeve-valves require no adjustments of any kind—saving many repair bills. Most of the repair expense of a poppet-valve engine has to do with the valves and their mechanism.

Warm Prais[e] Experts

Said Glenn Curtiss, [builder], after a ride in [a] Knight Sedan equipped [with] Lanchester Balancer—"It [is] ing. I drove the car at [all] and found absolutely no [vi]

Said Hiram Percy Max[im], Maxim Silencer Co., after [a] "It makes the motor smo[ther] most of the six and eight[s] on the road today."

Now—It Has United States R[ights] For The New Lanchester Bal[ancer]

IGHT NEWS

THE ENGINE IMPROVES WITH USE!

NTO, CANADA—WILLYS-OVERLAND-CROSSLEY, LTD., STOCKPORT, ENGLAND NOVEMBER 22, 1924

S MOTORING!

The Day of the Knight is Here

Power Is Added To Power

Refinements and Improvements Give Greater Zest to Engine

The very beauty of a Willys-Knight leads you to expect a fine mechanism under the hood – and you are not disappointed. The Willys-Knight sleeve-valve engine has for years been a noteworthy example of engineering – famous for its power, its quietness and its notably long life.

It is, in fact, the very same type of engine used in the finest and most expensive cars of Europe—the Daimler of England, known as the "Car of Kings"; Panhard, Peugeot, Mors and Voisin of France; Minerva of Belgium; Mercedes of Germany!

Better Than Ever

Besides having all the benefits of the new Lanchester Balancer, the present Willys-Knight sleeve-valve engine has been improved and refined in certain details that make it in every way an even finer power plant than it was before—with more power than it ever had before

As to other features of the car, everybody who has ever driven a Willys-Knight knows that nothing on four wheels could be easier to steer. In the front axle and steering mechanism there are *eight* Timken bearings—more than are used by any car anywhere near the price

Positive Lubrication

Positive lubrication also adds long life and efficiency to the Willys-Knight engine. As you press the accelerator, oil pressure is increased—lubricating the pistons and other engine parts by a forced spray, not by a splash. *Positive* lubrication—sure, *unfailing!*

In the creation of Willys-Knight body designs, art and artisanship of the highest type have pooled their influences. All models are as distinguished in appearance as they are in performance.

For vibrationless motoring—and luxurious motoring—own a Knight. The day of the Knight is here!

harles Y. Knight Calls Balancer Greatest Invention of Recent Years

arles Y. Knight is the man who ially invented the Knight-type e His comment, after examin- Willys-Knight engine equipped the Lanchester Balancer, was ht to the point. He said:

Offers Congratulations

s a means of preventing engine tion at any speed, the Lanches- alancer certainly does a big job horough way. It is unquestion- the most important invention oped in the automobile indus- recent years. Heartiest con- lations for securing the United rights to use it."

er all, smoothness in an auto- e engine depends entirely upon *balance*—the thing which has presented more difficulty to automobile engineers than anything else

Without being technical, the Lanchester Balancer *prevents* vibration by creating a perfect balance in the power strokes of the engine—bringing into smooth concert the forces of all moving parts—thus producing at all speeds an even flow of power.

Riding Tells The Story

This "even-flow of power" is both a thrill and a treat to all owners of automobiles in which engine vibration is present at certain driving speeds

But all the explaining in the world can't half do justice to the Lanchester Balancer and the new smoothness of Willys-Knight performance.

A few miles on the road, at the wheel of a Willys-Knight, will tell you more than ten thousand words on paper.

Beyond Power Of Words

It is like trying to describe the sensation of flying in an aëroplane to someone who has never flown.

If only for the sake of a new experience, ride a Willys-Knight over the road today.

Compare its performance with that of any car you have ever ridden in—and we hope you have ridden in the finest, for the comparison will mean all the more to you.

billiards

a gentleman's game

The Athenaeum Club in London was often the scene of Herbert Spencer's hours of relaxation and recreation, when he enjoyed the game of billiards. Spencer's private cue is still a treasured keep-sake of the club.

The universal spur to added effort

IN his sweeping originative work, Herbert Spencer, the philosopher-scientist, required that relaxation which is but the spur to stimulation. He found in his hours at the Athenaeum Club that billiards offered respite from intellectual labors — that it was the ideal diversion to impel him on with his creative work.

Brain workers find in billiards the true remedy for over-work. It is one game that so stimulates the mental and physical processes that the player returns to his work refreshed, with renewed vigor.

Thus it is that men of all ages, in all occupations, today find in modern, Brunswick-equipped public billiard establishments a means for banishing worry and fatigue.

The BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER Company

Branch houses in the principal cities in the United States and Canada

623-633 South Wabash Avenue, CHICAGO

Canadian factory — The BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER Co. of Canada, Ltd. — 226 Bay Street, Toronto

(Continued from Page 78)

Astoria! All so plausible, all fitted to history. A dream already proved.

"We dream out here," says the head of the Portland Chamber of Commerce, returning from the fourth dimension with an embarrassed smile. "Every city has its dream. But that isn't all we do."

He has been painting a dream. In those clouds you see out there is enough hydroelectric power to give the Pacific Northwest industrial dominion, and all of it—nearly all—running away again through the Columbia River. He has been to see Henry Ford about it.

Henry Ford said, "Yes, I hate the thought of human beings groping about underground after coal. Give me white power. That's it. I'll come. But where is my iron?"

Oh, the iron? Yes, that was in Utah maybe, or in Montana; somewhere undeveloped. Henry Ford could not see his way to the new homeland of the Nordic race, and its dream came walking back.

But observe that only this one floor of the Portland Chamber of Commerce is reserved for dreaming. Contact with the earth begins on the floor below. The money is spent on that lower plane. There was a fund of more than $300,000 to be spent. It was raised, said Seattle, because Portland was worried about itself. Portland says Seattle is stuffed with what's inside a drum. That makes it even. These are civilities perfectly understood. Never anything personal until they speak of Los Angeles.

The Empire of the Pacific West

The fund was raised by the business men of Portland to be spent for the general good, in any way the chamber of commerce might decide. The chamber of commerce divided it into three equal parts—one for publicity, one for land settlement, one for marketing. One-third in the service of dreams, you see, and all the rest for two practical purposes—namely, to get more land settled by farmers and to assist the farmers already on the land to market their products properly. A marketing bureau was set up on the theory that merchandising is a function of business and that it behooves business to put its intelligence behind the farmer. First the bureau took up eggs. It signed up three-quarters of all the hens, selected a sales manager, surveyed the Eastern markets, improved the methods of grading and packing and saw about the transportation. The profits of egg growing were increased one-third. Then it took up hay. It said to the alfalfa growers, "If you charge all you can get when hay is scarce you will drive the dairy cows out of the state"; and to the dairymen it said, "If you do not pay a fair price for hay, even when it is plenty, you will see all the alfalfa plowed under." And now there begins to be some perception of the truth that profit is governed by a law analogous to the law of symbiosis in life, one thing depending on another for its existence.

Dreams must be. No living toward anything without them. But there is no living at all by dreams alone. Imagination can make eggs pay; it can also convert clouds into horse power. It may waste itself, too, and a great deal of it probably does. But you never know.

Put a pencil on the northern boundary where water begins to flow westward. Anywhere there. Now strike a line south. You need not be too careful. Make it straight if you like, or let it follow the contour of the divide and bring it down to the Colorado River.

West of this line there is everything needful to the structure of empire—all such resources as food, fibers, minerals and power, besides the finest harbors in the whole world, and a straight street to Asia. Everything but people. In all this vast area there are fewer than 15,000,000 people.

Seeing how rich the Pacific West is in the materials of separate eminence, and seeing also that mountain barrier two miles high where the water parts, a rationalist might have said long ago: "Here the nation will break. There will be two, standing back to back, one facing Europe and one facing Asia." That was possible. Economically it was most feasible. But it was not intended. And what prevented it more than anything else was cheap transportation.

Condensed milk produced on the Atlantic Coast and condensed milk produced on the Pacific Coast, one not to be distinguished from the other save by the labels on the tins, stand side by side on the grocers' shelves of New York and San Francisco. Take your choice. Pacific Coast wool is sold in Boston, woven in Rhode Island, fashioned in New York, and sold in the clothing stores of Portland, Seattle, San Francisco and Los Angeles.

There is no demand in the Pacific Northwest for a suit of clothes made from the wool of a Pacific Northwest sheep, woven in a Pacific Northwest mill and cut by a Pacific Northwest tailor. Nevertheless, there is a textile industry in the Pacific Northwest. At Portland very fine wool cloth is made; the labor is American, Scotch and Irish, reminiscent of what the textile industry was like in New England seventy-five years ago.

But does that Portland cloth sell as such in Portland or Seattle? No. It goes in bolts to the garment trades of Chicago; they make it into clothing and send it back to the Pacific Coast shops.

Glass containers made in Indiana are shipped empty to the berry growers of Oregon and Washington, who fill them and ship them back.

Yet there is everything needful for a glass industry on the Pacific Coast. With its wonderful hydroelectric power and light development, the Pacific Coast wants enormous quantities of copper wire. But it ships its raw copper to Bayonne, New Jersey, to be refined, and buys its copper wire in the East.

The Pacific West sells eggs, butterfat, apples and melons in New York and Philadelphia, and its agriculture would be ruined without the Eastern market. The East could easily produce all these things for itself. Instead, it produces the automobiles, the appliances, the fine furniture, the styles that are wanted in the Pacific West. Raw silk comes from Japan across the Pacific Ocean, across the continent, to Paterson, New Jersey, and the silk textile goes back to the shops of the Pacific West. The East produces also the engines and cars which move these goods endlessly to and fro. Much of this entangled and duplicating movement is sheer waste—in the economic sense, it is. Anyone can see it. There is, however, a profound political sense in which it is not waste. The lines of it are as the threads that bound Gulliver. One is nothing. Millions of them bind a continent.

Moreover, there has never been the idea of empire in the Pacific West. They have had the word with no understanding of it. They have used it locally, as a slogan. The thought of treating all that Pacific region west of the barrier as one economic dominion has never occupied their imagination. These 15,000,000 face the East. They make their cities to look as much like Eastern cities as possible. They want their modes and fashions from the East. They look to the East for markets, people, capital.

The East-Gazing Habit

There are those who see clearly enough that they ought to fabricate more of their own things instead of sending their raw commodities East over the barrier and buying them back again over the barrier with the cost of transportation and skilled labor added. It is common sense.

A man like Henry Suzzallo, president of the University of Washington, sees it. He says:

"I knew what was the matter with our fir, that people did not prefer it in expensive uses. It was the red color. I didn't altogether like it myself. I went to the paint men, asking if they had tried to find some way of treating it for the eye. They seemed to think I was out of my head. Fir was fir, to be lumbered off, and let people do with it what they would. I put some of my boys at it out there in our laboratory, and you see!"

He points to the interior trim of his new buildings, the paneling of the halls and rooms, all native fir, but finished in a manner to make it extremely pleasing to the eye. They had run out of stone. Another thing; they had been getting it from a distance and the supply stopped; therefore building operations were about to stop. Out of this necessity, plus native materials, there was evolved a synthetic stone to be poured; it turns very hard, has a fine texture and lends itself to all manner of artistic manipulation.

"We've been pouring statues of that stuff," he says, "and you can't tell it from chiseled stone. There it is. I know what you mean. We have what you call the East-gazing habit of mind. We buy a great many manufactured things we might be making for ourselves, all the material lying handy."

But always the idea is provincial, not regional. They are obsessed in the first place with agriculture. Each city talks of developing its back country, meaning its rich tributary valleys, and has some large scheme afoot for settling more farmers on the land; whereas it is notorious that the farmers already on the land suffer periodic mishaps from overproduction. If a thing is profitable they rush to it, overdo it, glut the markets of the East and create one of those hopeless economic problems which chronically beset agriculture. Beautiful fruit rotting, nobody to buy it at a reasonable price, and apples selling two for a quarter on the street corners of New York.

It is hard for them to believe it is overproduction. Proof that it isn't overproduction, they think, is first the price of apples on the New York street corners, and second that so long as anybody in the world does without apples like these it is nonsense to say there are too many of them. The trouble is freight rates, the middle profit, bad distribution—anything else.

Think not of apples. Think of gold. Nobody ever had all the gold he wanted, and gold is always apparently dear. This being the case, and until gold is cheap and everybody has all he wants of it, you would think it could not be overproduced. But it may and has been. Recently the Government at Washington was petitioned to do something to keep the gold mines going, so many of them were closing because the cost of producing gold was more than it was worth. If gold can be overproduced, why not apples, raisins and all luscious things?

Back-Country Development

Still, the Pacific West cities talk of developing their back country, of settling more people on the land, of irrigating more land to settle them on. It is not always the case that they do not know better. One state, California, has begun to see that until the problems of agriculture are solved, which means either to adjust production to demand or wait for demand to overtake supply—that until then it is unfair and wasteful to develop any more back country.

Certainly a state might be expected to see that the agriculture it already has is solid and prosperous before increasing it by exploiting more land, by financing immigration and land-settlement schemes with public and private funds. Every new farmer brought to the land is an extra competitor for those already there. Hence the idea in California: "Take care of the going concern first," meaning the agriculture you already have.

But seeing is not acting. The idea of limiting land speculation crosses the most potent interest of all. This is the land-exploiting interest. It is not a separate interest or one that may be disentangled. It is rooted in every direction. Any scheme to enhance the value of land is sacred, like a tribal superstition. If there is yet a piece of desert land that can be made to bloom, though it calls for mountains to be set aside or pierced through with a hole, that land shall have water. What it shall bloom with when it has the water, and whether that with which it blooms will sell at a profit, are questions you do not ask.

Naturally the thought occurs—why shouldn't the cities let their back country alone and develop industry? The answer is in two parts. They cannot let their back country alone, the pressure to exploit it being irresistible; and as for industry, their notion of that is not to develop it for themselves, but to exploit the occasion—not to make automobiles, but to get Henry Ford to come and use their white power. They do not know what their resources are. They spend millions of public money for agricultural colleges and little for industrial research. One of the great electric companies of the East is preparing to develop an enormous power project in the Columbia River at Priest's Rapids, and it is known in a rumored way that an auxiliary company will appear to utilize the power in a process of manufacture based on indigenous raw material. What it is that will be manufactured or what the material is nobody seems to know.

They talk a great deal of industrialization. Every chamber of commerce has an industrial development bureau. But the controlling idea is to induce an immigration

(Continued on Page 85)

Elliott Junior High School — Lincoln, Neb.

CLEAN FLOORS

The Mark of the Modern School

The up-to-date, fireproof school building is supposed to be a model of cleanliness. But even though it be scientifically designed for fresh air, plenty of light and modern sanitation, no school building is really sanitary unless the floors are clean—*scrubbed electrically*. It takes FINNELL *Electric Scrubbing* to get CLEAN FLOORS economically. The Lincoln Board of Education, of Lincoln, Nebraska, is but one of many educational plants using the

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CHOCOLATES

A gift may tell much

Johnston's Chocolates make your gift superlative

A GIFT which is sent merely because you have to send *some* token, is wasted. Because the true gift is in the *spirit* that actuates it . . . in the *thought* that lies behind it. ➤ ➤ So one who gets Johnston's Chocolates feels that more than perfunctory thought has been given. ➤ ➤ It shows consideration—that priceless virtue! For it compliments the recipient's good taste, at the same time speaking volumes for your own. ➤ ➤ Johnston's is acceptable anywhere —it is socially correct. ➤ ➤ ➤ ➤

You will find an authorized agency for Johnston's Chocolates in one of the better class stores in your neighbourhood

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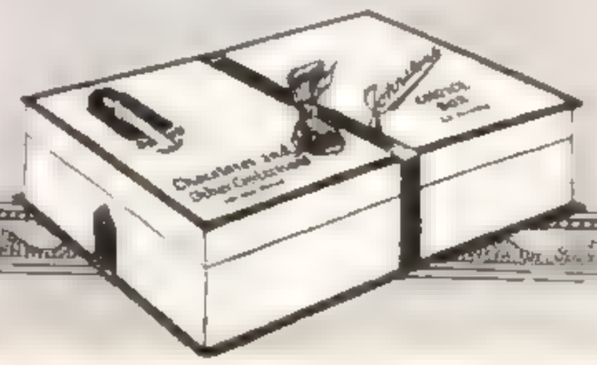


(Continued from Page 83)

of industry. Industry does not migrate. What it does is to establish branch plants. Annually 1000 new refrigerator cars are built in the Pacific Northwest and make their first trip to the orchards for eastbound fruit. There is no mystery about a refrigerator car. Anyone may build it; the materials are all there. Yet it is not the Pacific Northwest that builds these cars for its own fruit. It is the branch of an Eastern car company.

Development of industry in the Pacific West actually has been rapid and enormous. But apart from those industries which are founded upon natural resources, such as timber, fish, minerals, orchards and vineyards, the increase will be largely accounted for by the advent of branch factories. The more highly fabricated the thing is, the more likely it is to be the product of an Eastern company operating branch plants on a chain system.

This is industry, to be sure. It is Pacific West industry only in the sense of physical presence. It does not represent Pacific West proprietorship. And the results are, first, that the resources and opportunities of the Pacific West are developed in relation to an Eastern scheme; and second, that the dividends and interest go East. Only the pay roll is there. Whereas if the Pacific West developed industry with its own capital it would have dividends, interest and pay roll, all three. If it had not capital enough of its own, then it might borrow creditor capital on its bonds and provide the proprietor on share capital itself. In that way it would have only interest to pay in the East; dividends would stay at home. It is from dividends, not pay rolls, that capital is found for further development.

When you have stated it to them in this light they make two objections. They say they haven't enough people to support a basic industrial structure, though they by no means satisfy the wants of the people they have, all of whom buy Eastern wares; and they say they haven't the capital, though they have plenty of capital for anything they really want to do—for irrigating more land, for thousands of miles of tourist roads, for community hotels, for making their cities over.

The Rival Cities

No, it is not that the independent development of basic industry on a proprietorship basis is impossible. It is only that when they think of industrialization they think of selling the site and the opportunity. The view is local—each city for itself. When they are able to make their view state-wide they boast of it. A view of the Pacific West as a region of separate economic eminence happily has never existed.

There is another reason. One might name it the ego jealousy of cities. You have to be very careful of what you say about Western cities. They are as sensitive as persons, and in the same way. They love to be admired and complimented and wish to be preferred. The thing you must not say is that one is inferior to any other. They have what the psychologist calls an inferiority complex. That is why each one is so anxious to be told it is superior and why Los Angeles is so libeled. It has made every other city in the Pacific West feel diminished. It has trampled their egos. They disesteem it. They ask you, "Have you seen Los Angeles?" If you haven't, they say "Well, go and look at it," meaning that maybe you can understand why people go there to live. They cannot understand it. Even San Francisco is that way. Los Angeles now is bigger than San Francisco, and Los Angeles was nothing—nothing anybody can remember.

Was not San Francisco a city intended? Had it not a street 180 feet wide before gold was discovered? Was it not a metropolis before Los Angeles was born? It was. All these years it has been a city on a hill, a city by the gate, taking toll. That is its proper part. It becomes it and it does it well.

Then suddenly to the south, where there was no gate, no hill to sit upon, nothing passing to take toll of, appears a city of 1,000,000 people; and although it is not a city you should envy or break your complacency for, still people prefer it who know no better, and keep on going there instead of coming to San Francisco. Some very nice people. You would hardly believe it.

Competition is not what you wish it to be. It is what it happens to be. San Francisco must do something to meet it. What? Industrialize. It must procure industry to come and bring people with it. This does not become it so well. It is a city on a hill. It has no flat land for industry. Oakland, across the bay, has the cheap flat land. Oakland is the natural place. But Oakland has the misfortune to be Oakland. It is San Francisco wants industry. So San Francisco will have flat land too. It will build a wall around a tide flat and fill in behind it with mud. The land may cost, when it is there, a high price per acre, but it will unquestionably be the finest flat land there is and the dearness of it will be overcome in another way.

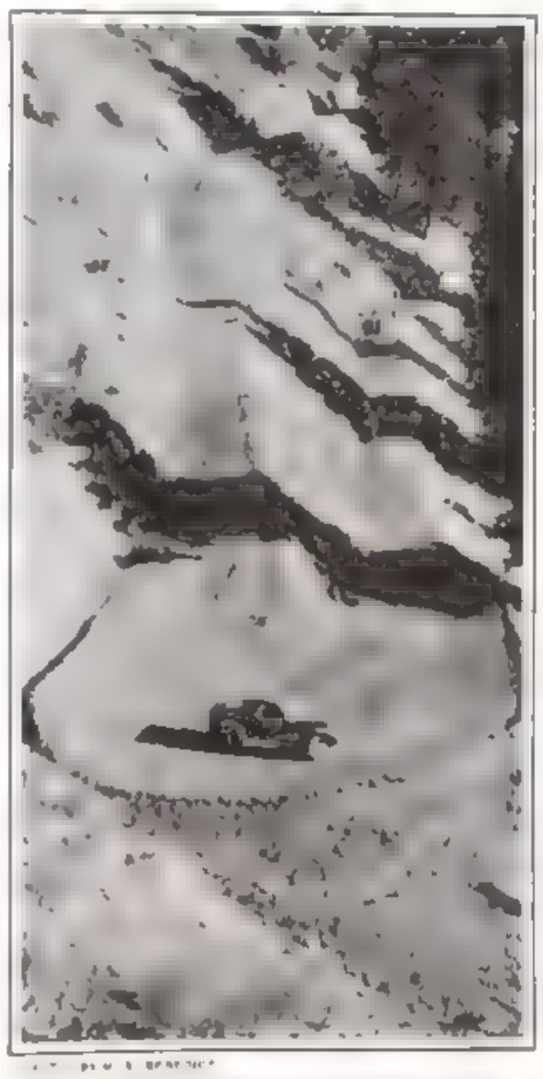
The industrial engineers of the chamber of commerce produce a temperature chart showing that the temperature of San Francisco runs all the year through between fifty and sixty degrees Fahrenheit; and it happens that sixty degrees is the scientific optimum for physical energy and that fifty degrees is the scientific optimum for both mental and physical energy. Compare this temperature with that of New York, Chicago or Los Angeles, which runs up and down absurdly. What does this signify? It signifies that labor efficiency in San Francisco is very high. It cannot help being high. People work fast whether they really mean to or not. They never think of it. The optimum does it.

A Great Undertaking

This goes for Oakland, too; but Oakland—well, if you are coming, why stop at Oakland? However, if you must, Oakland is better than Los Angeles. Yes, Oakland is all right. It has some very good notions. Those land boomers came up from Los Angeles and wished to do it to Oakland. It met them outside. It would not let them in. It said:

"We've got a lot of flat land here for industry to settle on, and we're holding it for that purpose. It's still cheap enough to be attractive. If we let you boost it you will fly away with the profit, our land will be dear and what will we get out of it? Nothing! We wish industry to get the benefit of its cheapness. We hold it out so to industry. Hence, you speculators!"

Meanwhile San Francisco is building industrial incubators—structures provided with spur tracks, electricity, live steam and storage space for the beginning of industry that might not be able at first to equip itself in this manner—and the chamber-of-commerce engineers make a service survey of several hundred pages in limp leather with your name on it in gilt if you are an industry of any kind and ask what you can get in San Francisco that you can't get anywhere else. The survey ends with the following summary.



The Winding Way to Lost River, Sawtooth National Forest, Idaho

"Boston, Baltimore and Philadelphia are all great cities, but the Atlantic Seaboard has only one New York. St. Paul and Minneapolis, Omaha, Cincinnati and St. Louis are prosperous communities; but the Mississippi Valley has but one Chicago. Likewise Portland, Seattle and Los Angeles are splendid cities and will become greater; but there will always be but one San Francisco. It is the centroid of the Pacific Coast."

You will see Los Angeles. It begins to pull you. What is it that has happened there? A million people on the edge of a desert centrifugally so busy that commercial real estate is as high as in New York City.

Your first impression of Los Angeles is that of a great tourist camp, tending to become permanent. That's it, you say. The flivvers did it. Living very cheap. No fuel to buy. Stick up some box boards against the rain and pass the rest of the time in the sun. Your next impression effaces that one. Your third is entirely new. After some time you come to this thought—that Los Angeles is as strange to the people who made it as to those who didn't. They have many explanations, none satisfying, no two quite alike. They did it day by day, with no grand scheme in their minds.

Is it foresight makes a city? They went 223 miles across desert to the mountains for water, spilling some of it on the way to help the back country, and in doing it they said, "This is for the future. We shall some time be 1,000,000 people." They had hardly got the water before their future arrived. They were already 1,000,000 people. And now there are notices in the hotel rooms wishing you to be sparing of the water until they can go farther, perhaps to the Colorado River, and get enough for 2,000,000. They had no harbor. On a coast famous for its harbors a city without a harbor! They built one. They call it the harbor made to order. Its commerce is 26,000,000 tons a year.

How Did It All Happen?

Did advertising do it? Los Angeles says it spends less money advertising itself than San Francisco spends, and gets a great deal of adverse advertising gratis. Recently there went all over the country an editorial purporting to be reprinted from the Los Angeles Times, saying the city was in a state of economic collapse. Would people please stay away? Already the unemployed were numbered by the tens of thousands. All a malicious hoax. No such editorial was ever printed in the Los Angeles Times. There was no collapse. The year 1924 was the best year the city ever had, save only 1923. In the telephone directory for 1923 were 200,000 names; for 1924 there were 245,000. More than 200,000 automobiles come to the heart of the city each day and there is no place to put them. The streets are as congested as the streets of New York.

Was it oil? There is expert testimony, even in Los Angeles, that they have put $100,000,000 more into oil than they will ever get back. Oil was discovered at Signal Hill and Long Beach on land that had been sold by the suburban real-estate boomers in small plots. Everybody had to drill for what was under him. If one did not drill, the man on the next fifty-foot lot did and got his oil. So there was fantastic overdevelopment. Five wells to the acre. More money spent for wells than the oil got out of them was worth.

It is an open-shop city. The third largest hotel in the world was built in less than a year; there were seventy-six contractors and not one strike. Yet it would be difficult to prove that the fact of its being an open-shop city is the cause of anything. It is more likely to be an effect. An effect of what? Of why Los Angeles is—and that is something nobody knows.

Men old in the wisdom of finance and business come here to count their sunsets. They look at it, idly at first, then with dawning astonishment.

"This can't be," they say. "There's no such thing. If you knew any better you'd be scared to death."

They see it go on and on and become fascinated. Then they get excited and decide not to die. It's much more fun to take cards in Los Angeles. So the Heavens Development Association, Inc., with a back-country problem and fine flat land for industry, also denounce Los Angeles—city of angels—for detaining the population.

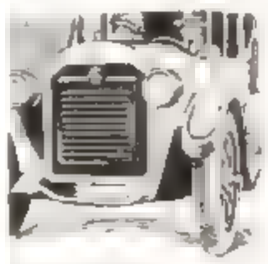
PINES AUTOMATIC

WINTERFRONT protects your motor

Your motor generates plenty of heat to keep it comfortable and operating at highest efficiency even in coldest weather.

But when the radiator is left unprotected the inrush of cold air is too great; the heat is quickly driven out.

Winterfront will keep that heat under the hood, automatically controlling it as necessary for best results from the engine.



Winterfront opens and shuts itself—your motor determines when it needs more cool air or less. You have not a thing to do.

Winter driving becomes profitable and you experience new pleasure and satisfaction with the engine purring contentedly.

For the first time—

—when you leave your car out in the cold for hours you know it will start promptly

—you dismiss worry about a frozen or over-heated radiator with the consequent expense

—your motor hits its best night after starting, with a big saving in oil and gas.

Any dealer can install in ten minutes and there is no bothersome servicing, no later expense. You enjoy the satisfaction of Winterfront for years without additional cost.

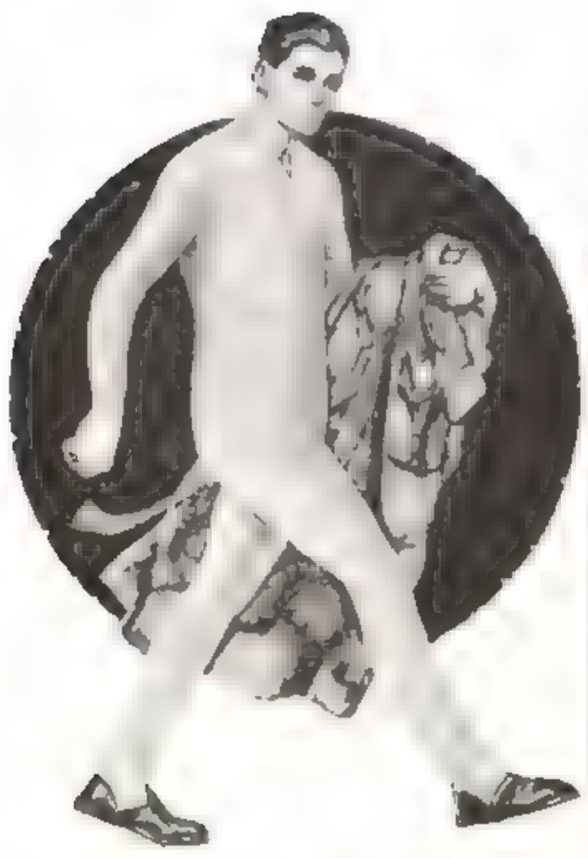
The price for cars with small radiator is $22.50; for cars with medium radiator $25.00; for cars with large radiator $28.00.

PINES WINTERFRONT CO.
404 N. Sacramento Blvd. Chicago, Ill.

Keeping Your Car Fit

We will be glad to send this booklet of helpful suggestions free on request.

PINES WINTERFRONT CO.
404 N. Sacramento Blvd., Chicago, Ill.
Gentlemen: Please send booklet as advertised in Saturday Evening Post, November 22nd.
Name
Street
City State
My car is Model



Step into the legs, slip your arms through the sleeves and, quick as you read this, you are in the

HATCHWAY UNION SUIT

There you are ready for a day of ease and comfort. Hatchway is knit to fit—not made to be buttoned into shape. You never wore better looking, longer wearing underwear. No row of buttons to button and unbutton every day. No weekly repair and upkeep cost. Try the Hatchway and join the million men and boys who wouldn't wear any other kind.

HATCHWAY is made to please every taste. To suit every pocketbook. Medium or heavy, in cotton, wool, worsted or mercerized fabrics. Most good dealers sell Hatchway Union Suits. But if you have the slightest difficulty getting exactly what you want, we will gladly see you are supplied, *delivery free*, anywhere in the United States.

Men's Suits
$2.00; $2.50; $3.00; $4.00; $5.00; $6.00

Boys' Suits
Ages 6 to 16 only—$1.50; $2.00

In ordering, please write, stating size and enclosing check or money order, direct to our mill at Albany. A beautiful catalogue illustrating the complete line of HATCHWAY UNION SUITS in both winter and summer weights sent free on request.

DEALERS
Write us for samples and swatches if you are interested in stocking Hatchway Union Suits, or ask to have our representative call. In certain localities exclusive agencies are open to the right kind of merchant.

FULD & HATCH KNITTING CO.
Albany New York
Woods Underwear Co., Ltd., Toronto, Canada, Licensed Manufacturers of these lines for Canada.

WHY I AM FOR HENRY FORD'S OFFER FOR MUSCLE SHOALS

(Continued from Page 25)

business; the insurance of the dams against destruction—in all these and in many other particulars reckless statements of half truth or less than half truth have been made, grotesquely distorting the picture; misstatements which have been systematically broadcast throughout the country.

In view of these circumstances I am not surprised that Mr. Ford, after three years of unnecessary delay and unjust criticism, has seen fit to withdraw his offer. While I deeply regret that he has done so and gravely fear that the Government will never again secure an equal proposal, I am confident that the Senate will not overlook the fact that Mr. Ford has stated that he is still open to a counter proposition from the Government. There is a special significance in this statement, because when the Secretary of War sold the Gorgas steam power plant which was a part of the property included in Mr. Ford's bid, he thereby made it impossible for Congress to accept the Ford proposal in accordance with its terms. Any legislation for its acceptance therefore necessarily must be in the nature of a counter proposal, and that is exactly what the McKenzie bill is—a counter proposition.

In spite of Mr. Ford's reported withdrawal I therefore cherish the hope that the benefits of the Ford offer at Muscle Shoals will not be lost.

For many years it has been proposed to improve the navigation of the Tennessee River at Muscle Shoals in Northwestern Alabama by means of two large navigation-power dams and one very small dam for navigation only. Of these, only one, the Wilson Dam, is being built.

Essential Facts

At Muscle Shoals the Government has built two nitrate plants. Nitrate Plant No. 1, with a capacity of only thirty tons of nitrogen in the form of ammonia a day, was an unsuccessful experimental plant costing $13,000,000. Nitrate Plant No. 2, which cost $67,000,000, is the largest nitrate plant in the world employing the cyanamide process. Its capacity is 40,000 tons of pure nitrogen a year. This is equivalent to about 250,000 tons of Chilean nitrate, or about 70 per cent of the entire amount imported from Chile annually for use by American agriculture. Unfortunately there is ample evidence that this plant will have to be radically changed to produce the improved concentrated fertilizers that are admittedly possible, while the cost of such changes and additions, from estimates given by the Hon. Martin B. Madden, chairman of the House Committee on Appropriations, will be at least $25,000,000.

Senator Norris claims that these expenditures would cost Mr. Ford nothing, as he could repay himself by selling houses and lots to employes. Making the liberal estimate of $2,000,000 as the value of the 571 houses—of which 263 are negro cabins with walls of tar paper—there would remain $23,000,000 to be realized from the sale of lots. This is absurd for two reasons: First, the nitrate-plant property cannot be made to produce such a vast number of salable lots; and second, Mr. Ford is not going to Muscle Shoals to engage in the real-estate business.

The first question to be settled in disposing of this property is the policy to be pursued. The Government's investment at Muscle Shoals is the money of all the people. The project should be so disposed of as to bring the greatest good to the greatest number. In determining how to secure this result, there are two questions to be answered:

First, shall power production and distribution or fertilizer manufacture be paramount?

To decide upon a policy intelligently we must first have the facts, and when all debate and controversy have been swept aside there still remain four great outstanding facts that are generally admitted:

First, in spite of the fact that our domestic production of nitrogen in the form of by-product sulphate of ammonia has increased from 183,000 tons in 1914 to 591,000 tons in 1923, our dependence upon Chile for nitrate has increased from 564,000 tons in the fiscal year in 1914 to nearly double that amount, or 962,000 tons, during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1924. Moreover, this increase in domestic production of by-product nitrogen, instead of being accompanied by a decrease in price, has resulted in an increase from $2.69 a hundred pounds in 1914 to an average of $3.14 a hundred pounds in 1923.

Second, Germany, prior to the war, was importing about 600,000 tons of Chilean nitrate annually, while today she is independent of Chile through the operation of her war-built air-nitrogen plants.

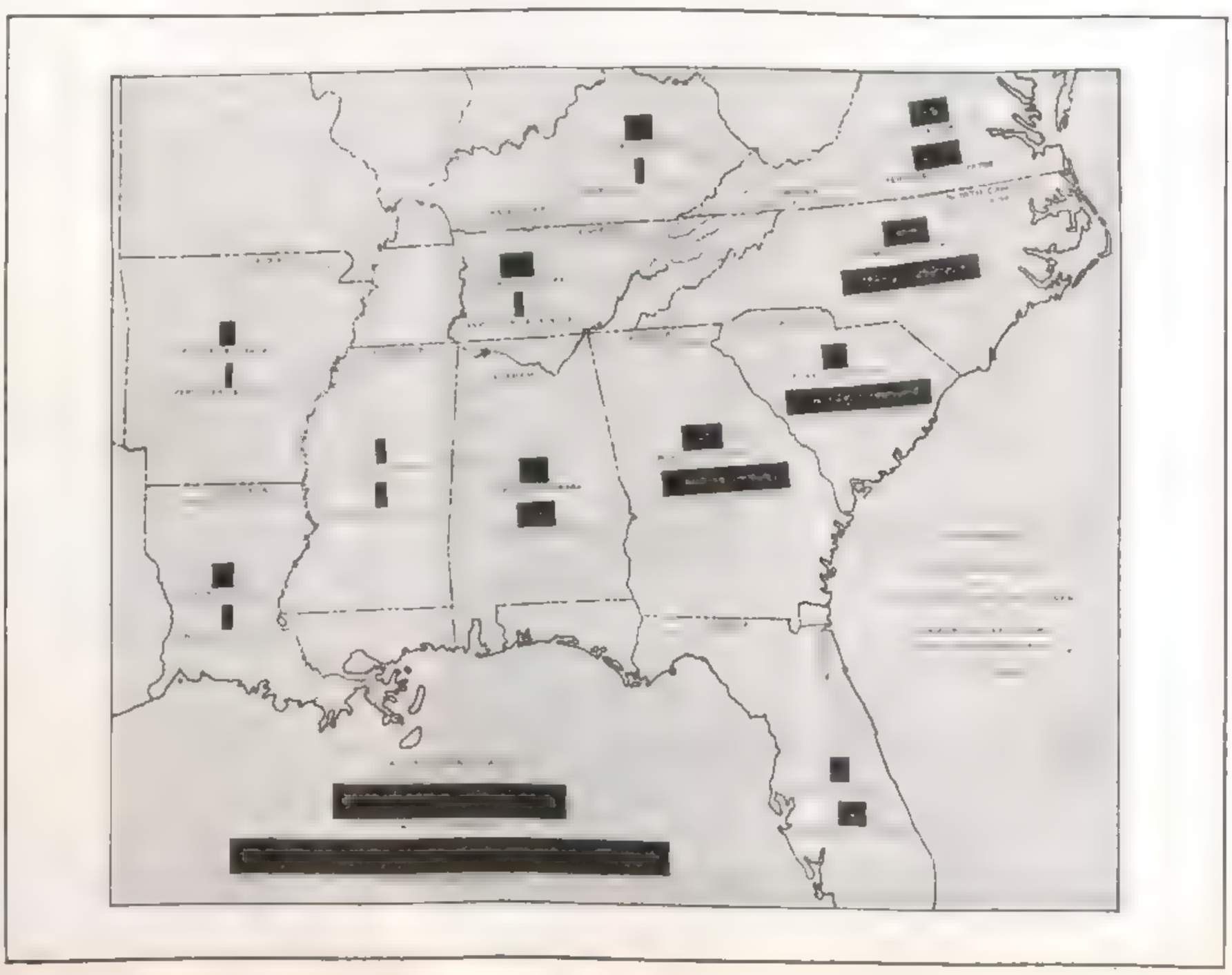
Fertilizer Costs

Third, authorities are agreed that combined nitrogen in the form of ammonia, which costs the farmer from twenty to twenty-five cents a pound when purchased in the form of mixed fertilizers, can be manufactured at Muscle Shoals for five to six cents a pound by several well-known processes.

Fourth, for eight years there has been an increasing volume of expert testimony to the effect that the nitrogen and phosphoric acid industry properly established at Muscle Shoals can reduce the cost of fertilizers delivered to the farmers by one-half.

Nitrogen is an essential element in practically every kind of explosive, and in addition is the most expensive fertilizer ingredient that the farmer must buy. The Muscle Shoals development was made for the definite and clearly expressed purpose of procuring nitrogen for explosives in time of war and for fertilizers in time of peace, and the location was selected for two reasons: First, because it afforded the large amount of electrical power which now, as then, is an absolute necessity, not only for the rather obsolete cyanamide process but for any known feasible process of producing a concentrated combination of nitrogen and phosphoric acid—the two chief fertilizer elements. Second, because it is close to the great Tennessee phosphate fields and can be economically supplied with raw materials for fertilizer production.

(Continued on Page 89)



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(Continued from Page 86)

It was made clear during the extended hearings before our committee that if we would divorce the nitrogen industry from reliance upon water power we immediately must turn to coal; but the country knows only too well how a coal strike can paralyze transportation and industry. Shall we deprive our future fertilizer industry of water power and make agriculture itself dependent upon the good grace and tolerance of the coal operators and their miners?

The domestic price of by-product nitrogen fertilizer is fixed by our domestic monopoly—mostly coal operators—in accordance with the price of Chilean nitrate, and the latter is fixed by a world-wide monopoly called the Chilean Nitrate Producers' Association. Our farmers fare no better at the hands of the by-product coke monopoly than they do at the hands of the Chilean nitrate monopoly. It seems to me that if we want to get cheaper fertilizer for American farmers we must find some other road than by permitting the fertilizer industry to be exploited by coal-and-coke operators who have already declined to sell American farmers cheaper fertilizers, regardless of any technical advantage in doing so.

My position as to the use of the Muscle Shoals power in the manufacture of fertilizers squares exactly with that of Dr. E. H. Hooker, president of the Manufacturing Chemists' Association and of the Hooker Electrochemical Co., who is one of the leaders in the application of electric power to chemistry in the United States. Doctor Hooker told our committee that if the full opportunities for fertilizer manufacture are to be realized at Muscle Shoals, then the amount of power that would be necessary to meet the growing demand for fertilizer "will probably increase rather than decrease, although it will be less per unit."

This is exactly what is planned in the Ford offer, which is the only proposal in which there is no limit placed upon the amount of power to be used in fertilizer manufacture. It is confidently expected that the amount of power per ton of fertilizer will decrease, but that the total power to be used in fertilizer manufacture will constantly increase. From the very outset, however, Mr. Ford's minimum fertilizer obligations would require the entire supply of dependable Muscle Shoals power and would compel him to improve some of the secondary or irregular power to carry them out.

The proposal of Senator Norris that we divorce the power from the fertilizer and limit the amount of power to be used in the manufacture of fertilizer to not more than 25,000 horse power of primary or dependable power and 75,000 horse power of secondary or irregular power and engage in a cooperative business relation with the Alabama Power Company and its associates in order to distribute the larger portion of the power, although a satisfactory arrangement to the associated power interests and to the fertilizer group, will never have my support. Public utilities have had absolute domination of our water powers in this country for a generation, but never yet have they accomplished anything of importance to the farmer, although they themselves say in the report of the Committee on Public Policy, National Electric Light Association, at their convention in June, 1922:

"No nation such as ours is stronger than its agriculture. . . . Any movement, therefore, to build up the city at the expense of the farming community is short-sighted."

Opposition to the Plan

Yet that association circulated pamphlets violently attacking the Ford plan as a means of reducing the farmer's expenses and increasing his crop yields and declaring that Dam No. 3, an important part of the project, should not be built at all.

When I review in the hearings the record of the power companies which were asked to bid on Muscle Shoals, I feel that the Government would get the worst of it in any business deal it might make with them. Mr. Duke, who controls the Southern Power Company, operating in North and South Carolina, and which company Mr. Yates testified would be a part of the superpower system, Mr. Duke, replying to the invitation sent to him by General Beach, condemned both the operation of the nitrate plant and the completion of the water power, and specifically pointed out to General Beach that the power could not go to the Carolinas.

Three of the associated power companies which made an offer for Muscle Shoals, following the publication of the Ford proposal, had already replied to General Beach's invitation in 1921, declaring that neither the Government nor private enterprise could afford to complete the water-power development at the Wilson Dam. Among the group of power companies which have opposed the farmers in their efforts to gain the acceptance of Mr. Ford's offer, the ringleader is the Alabama Power Company, a company whose contract with the Government was sharply criticized by the Attorney General, who stated:

"When its intricate provisions are closely scrutinized and their full significance realized, it becomes at once apparent that the company lost no opportunity of turning to its own advantage every possible change of circumstances."

These are the companies which proposed to use Muscle Shoals as a convenient

Senator Edwin F. Ladd, of North Dakota

auxiliary to their own private power development. I want no such partners or near-partners in any superpower policy at Muscle Shoals.

If the Ford offer is rejected, I am for government operation; and if this policy is adopted, I am in favor of buying out the Alabama Power Company just as the Ontario Hydroelectric Power Commission bought out the Ontario Power Company, the Toronto Power Company and others in its program of government operation in Canada. I do not believe that our great Government should play second fiddle to any group of power companies in any plan of power distribution.

Senators may vote down the Ford offer, but when they do they should realize that the Ford proposal is the only one in which the responsibility of operating Nitrate Plant No. 2 to full capacity is guaranteed and the operation carried on at private and not at public expense. Mr. Ford's obligations are not limited to nitrogen alone, but include other commercial fertilizers, of which there are only two—phosphoric acid and potash. The capacity of Nitrate Plant No. 2 means sufficient nitrogen for 2,000,000 tons of 2-8-2 commercial fertilizer—worth about $60,000,000—annually, while the total consumption of commercial fertilizers in the United States in 1921 was 5,183,523 tons; so it is very evident that the minimum fertilizer production proposed by Mr. Ford is by no means the insignificant portion of the total American consumption which the opposition would lead the country to believe.

The very fight which these interests are making to prevent the acceptance of the Ford offer belies their statement that the production would be so small as to have little or no effect on the price of fertilizers in general. Their able spokesman and bond expert, Francis E. Frothingham, of Coffin & Burr, Boston bond brokers, frankly acknowledges the corn when, not denying the possibilities for cheaper and better fertilizers at Muscle Shoals, he urges in the Boston Transcript that the power should be awarded to the Alabama Power Company, and complains that "As to the fertilizer end of this problem, it has been given an undue importance and has had a disturbing influence on the entire discussion." With the unanswerable facts in favor of the farmers at Muscle Shoals, and against the contentions of the power interests, it is no wonder that Mr. Frothingham feels pinched by the disturbing influence.

Since nitrogen and phosphoric acid constitute more than 75 per cent of the farmers' fertilizer purchases, it is to be expected that the large-scale production of these plant foods in this favorable location should have a radical effect upon the cost of fertilizers. When such a national leader in electrochemistry as Dr. E. H. Hooker, whose industries have recently contracted for $15,000,000 worth of Niagara Falls electric power, declares that half-price fertilizer is feasible and that the operation of a single plant at Muscle Shoals will save the farmers $30,000,000 a year in their fertilizer bill, then it behooves those who dispute it to come forward with their proof.

The repeated assurance of the feasibility of this important reduction in the cost of fertilizers, together with the well-known fact that German farmers are procuring their fertilizers at half price, has been a source of much dissatisfaction among American farmers, who are still dependent upon Chile and the by-product coke ovens for their nitrate fertilizer. Realizing its world-wide monopoly in nitrates, the Chilean Government for years has taken advantage of its monopoly through an export duty to meet a great part of the government's expense. An export tax of $12.53 on every long ton of Chilean nitrate was levied in 1879, and since that time, whenever the farmer buys Chilean nitrate—which sells at our ports for about fifty dollars a ton—he pays a tax of about 20 per cent to support the Chilean Government. Since the beginning of importations, this country's nitrate bill has reached approximately $1,000,000,000 up to July 1, 1924, and American consumers up to that date have paid Chile an export tax of more than $212,000,000 for the mere privilege of buying nitrates from that country.

Possible Savings

The comparative economic benefits of the Muscle Shoals power, when utilized in fertilizer manufacture as against public-utilities service through a superpower system, are evident when it is recognized that the farmers' expenditures for fertilizers in the eleven Southern states from Virginia to Arkansas, as shown in the following table and upon the map, were $207,000,000 in 1920, while the expenditures for electric lighting and power purchased from all public utilities as recently as 1922 in the same states amounted to only $109,000,000.

A saving of 50 per cent of the farmer's fertilizer bill in these eleven states would be a greater economic benefit to the people of that region than would result if every purchaser of public-utility light and power in those states were supplied at ten cents on the dollar. Such a reduction would be absurd and manifestly impossible, while it is generally conceded that the cost of fertilizers can be reduced one-half at Muscle Shoals.

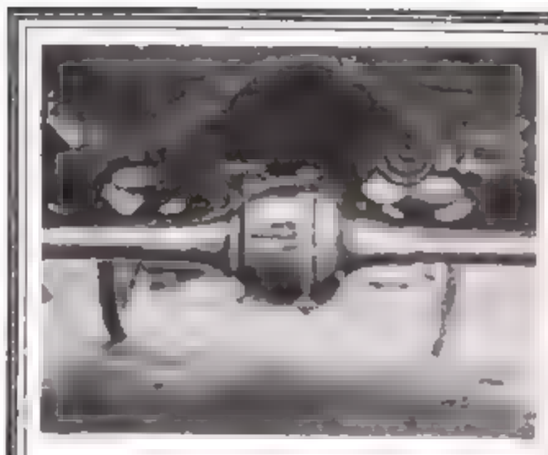
ANNUAL EXPENDITURES FOR LIGHT AND POWER Furnished BY PUBLIC UTILITIES Compared with ANNUAL EXPENDITURES FOR FERTILIZERS IN THE SOUTHEASTERN STATES

(From Reports of U. S. Census Bureau)

STATE	EXPENDITURES FOR LIGHT AND POWER PURCHASED FROM ALL PUBLIC UTILITIES 1922	EXPENDITURES FOR FERTILIZER 1920
Virginia	$13,940,025	$17,277,705
North Carolina	15,876,891	48,796,694
South Carolina	8,982,735	52,546,795
Georgia	14,674,362	40,196,434
Florida	7,143,546	10,316,929
Alabama	10,259,689	14,066,108
Tennessee	12,043,389	3,525,133
Kentucky	10,074,903	3,597,450
Mississippi	3,559,674	4,288,165
Louisiana	7,578,467	3,840,469
Arkansas	5,734,324	2,572,678
Total	$109,868,005	$207,024,560

It is also true that the farmers constitute by far the majority of the population in

Continued on Page 93



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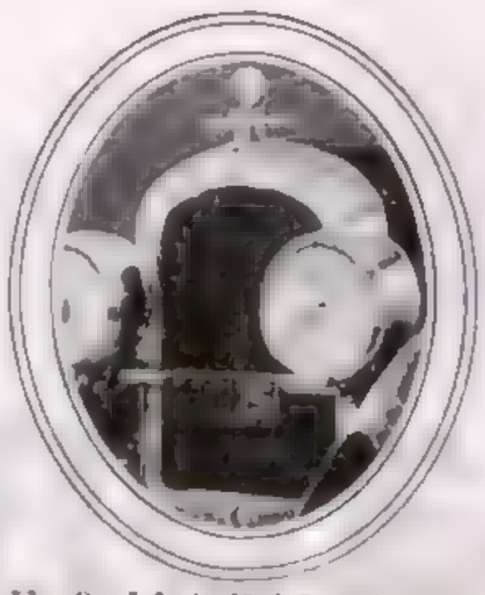

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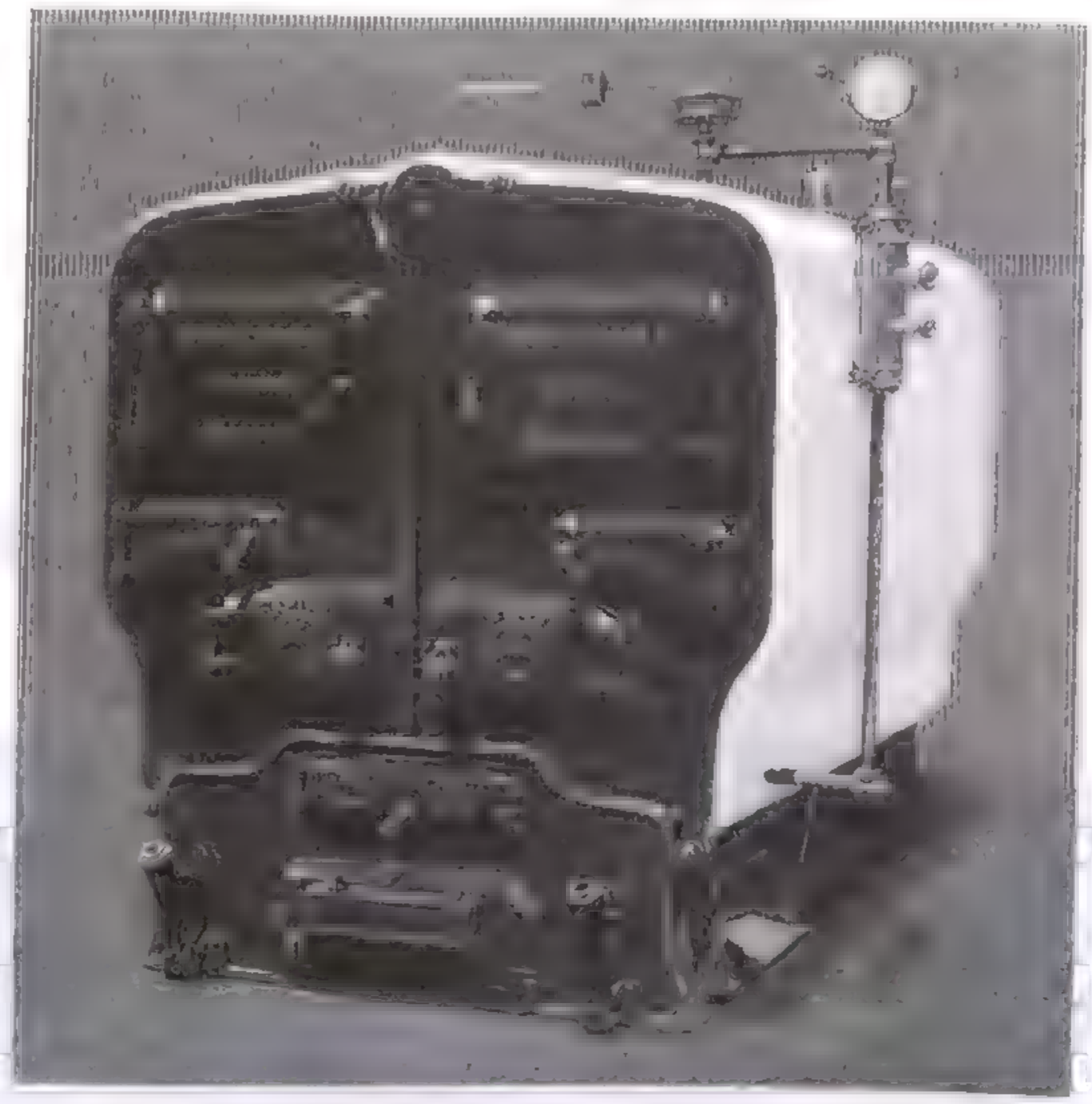

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(Continued from Page 69)

these states, for census returns show that more than 75 per cent of the population is classed as rural, so that the welfare of 17,000,000 out of a total of 22,000,000 of people depends directly, from year to year, upon their use of commercial fertilizers.

To say, as Senator Norris does, that we must have a public-utility development at Muscle Shoals and that "any other development, especially at public expense, is an injury and a fraud to the people of the country, and particularly to the people of the Southern states," was voted untrue by the Southern representatives in the House, who voted for the acceptance of the Ford proposal with but one dissenting vote.

There can be no question that in the Southeastern states a superfertilizer policy rather than a superpower policy not only secures the greatest good but it secures that good directly for the greatest number, while indirectly there is not a state in the Union but will share in its economic benefits.

Those who are in favor of a superpower policy at Muscle Shoals, and against a superfertilizer policy, owe it to the farmers to show that their plan will do as much for the people by reducing the cost of power as the Ford plan will accomplish for the farmers by reducing the cost of fertilizer.

Let us have the giant power or superpower program by all means; it is a natural and inevitable improvement. Neither Mr. Ford nor any other reasonable man would refuse to interconnect the Muscle Shoals plants with a general system, since such interconnection would be of great and undoubted value to all concerned; but if we would serve our posterity wisely we should assure ourselves that this water power, with its unique advantages in the production of fertilizer, shall be employed primarily for that purpose. This is the thought conveyed in the message of President Coolidge to Congress when he said, "The amount of money received for the property is not a primary or major consideration."

Questions of Policy

Such power distribution as can be accomplished without detriment to fertilizer production may confidently be expected under the Ford offer, and when Senator Norris makes the unqualified assertion that Nashville, Memphis, Knoxville, Chattanooga, Birmingham and other Southern cities will not get a kilowatt of Muscle Shoals power if the Ford offer is accepted, he is making a statement which will not stand investigation. Mr. Ford expressly informed the public on October 11, 1923, that "if I get Muscle Shoals we shall run power lines 200 miles in every direction from Muscle Shoals."

It is true that power distribution is not a requirement of his offer, but this is in the interest of the greatest possible production of fertilizer. Neither Henry Ford nor anyone else can agree to manufacture nitrogen and other commercial fertilizers according to demand and at the same time agree to distribute his power supply to meet the public-utility demand in the Southeastern states.

Every bidder recognized this fact, and all, except Henry Ford, limited the power which they proposed to use in fertilizer production. This is one important reason why I am for the Ford offer.

The second question of policy is whether we shall have government ownership and operation or private ownership and operation at Muscle Shoals.

There are many things which this powerful Government of ours can do more effectively than any private citizen or corporation. In the case of Muscle Shoals, however, as I view it, the policy of government operation is in greatest danger from its own best friends. Neither a nation nor an individual can rush into commercial chemistry without risking heavy losses. In such a venture one of the very first questions which any private executive would ask is, What will it cost? Neither Senator Norris nor any other advocate of government operation at Muscle Shoals has suggested an estimate of the investment that would be required, nor of what the returns would be, if the Government undertakes this enterprise.

But these same people demand from Mr. Ford very specific guaranties, and because Mr. Ford did name definite terms, he also, as a prudent business man, protected himself by limiting the payments during the preliminary period of six years at Dam No. 2 and three years at Dam No. 3, during which time he and his associates could not use any considerable amount of power. During this period they would be working out ways and means for utilizing this large amount of power primarily for cheaper fertilizers with useful by-products wherever possible. Nevertheless, Senator Norris and others denounce Mr. Ford's offer as not constituting a sufficient return to the Government, although Senator Norris in his bill is unwilling to hazard any estimate whatever of any future return. The important fact is that no other bidder has offered a return equal to Mr. Ford's, together with a definite obligation to manufacture fertilizer to the full capacity of Nitrate Plant No. 2 as a minimum, except at the expense of the Government.

At Muscle Shoals only 241,000 horse power of a total of 850,000 horse power will be available continuously throughout the year, and when the remainder—or secondary power—is available at all, it will be so unreliable and irregular that no reasonable man would build large industries dependent upon it for their operation.

Costs Undetermined

This large secondary power is a problem which, under the Norris plan, will lead the United States into large appropriations either for the construction of great storage dams to stabilize the flow of the Tennessee River and hold back the flood waters so that they can be utilized during the low-water periods; or, as an alternative, for the construction of enormous steam-power plants which would have to be operated for the greater part of the year. Probably both will be required. How much such a program would cost the United States the chief of engineers has declined to say.

"Just what will prove to be practicable no man at the present can state," said General Taylor to our committee; "nobody has got the data. We have more than anybody else and we don't know. Nobody does."

This statement of the chief of engineers confirms my opinion that the facts which we should have for a businesslike consideration of the Norris bill have never been determined.

On the other hand, the Ford offer eliminates all such uncertainties, for, following the preliminary construction period, the Government gets full 4 per cent on its entire investment to complete the Wilson Dam fully equipped, and on the entire cost of building Dam No. 3 with complete equipment, no matter what these costs may be. As for the $17,000,000 of war funds expended on the Wilson Dam before the Ford offer was made, and on which no return is proposed, it fairly represents the unavoidable waste brought about by war and other unfavorable conditions; but this is included in the amount returned to the Government by the Ford sinking fund during the lease period, as has been shown by Secretary Weeks in his testimony before the Military Committee of the House.

Government Operation

I am for government operation of our water powers, but I urge that we begin our policy under conditions that promise success—namely, at a large power site where most of the power is reliable and constant all the year round. One such favorable site is Priest's Rapids on the great Columbia River in the state of Washington—a river which will richly repay a government expenditure of $500,000 or more for a complete survey of its navigation and power possibilities. A still better power site, perhaps, is at Croil Island, near the Long Sault Rapids in the St. Lawrence River, where the continuous power on the American and Canadian sides is nearly 1,000,000 horse power.

That site is controlled by three powerful financial interests: the DuPonts, the Aluminum Company of America and the General Electric Company.

In spite of the monopolistic character of these three great interests, I would be willing to grant them a 100-year lease to develop this 1,000,000 horse-power site on the St. Lawrence if they will include in their offer the fertilizer provisions of the Ford proposal. I do not believe, however, that these interests would make such an offer—they never have at Muscle Shoals. Meanwhile I suggest that our engineer representatives on the St. Lawrence Commission study the government-operation plan of the Ontario Hydroelectric Power Commission with a view to recommending a similar plan for the government operation of the great water-power site at the Long Sault on the St. Lawrence for the benefit of Eastern farmers, and at Priest's Rapids on the Columbia for the benefit of farmers of the West.

I may be pardoned a bit of a diversion perhaps in connection with the Columbia River. In my studies of the power possibilities of our streams I could find no data that appear at all conclusive as to the water power that can be developed on this mighty international stream. Few of our people realize that the Columbia drains an area twice as great as all the Middle Atlantic and New England states combined, and its tributaries extend through Washington and Idaho into Montana and Nevada.

On the other hand, I find that such an insignificant and unknown stream as the Catawba River in South Carolina has developments totaling nearly 500,000 horse power, and an unknown tributary of the Coosa River, Alabama, called the Tallapoosa River, has furnished sites for six large storage dams, where the engineers had reported but one.

The Columbia and its tributaries can develop more water power within our borders than the St. Lawrence; but the public does not appreciate the Columbia River, because its power possibilities have never been surveyed, and I repeat my statement that this Government can well afford to spend $500,000 for such a survey.

Returning to Muscle Shoals, the difficulties which make it dangerous for government operation are not merely the difficulties of power development. The air-nitrogen fertilizer industry exists in large commercial form only in Germany, while in the United States there is no such developed industry and there are no precedents to follow. One of the most competent electrochemical engineers in the United States well expressed the situation before our committee when he said, "This art is changing so fast that you can hardly follow it."

Why Invite Failure?

In this new industry any plant, however well designed, admittedly may become obsolete even before its construction is completed, as our large Muscle Shoals plant already has become. How, then, can any reasonable man insist upon taking the taxpayers' money by the scores of millions of dollars and sinking it in great fertilizer plants under such conditions when, with the Ford offer accepted, private capital agrees to research these improved processes, carry the research work through to a commercial scale, and to adopt such processes as prove their worth, insuring that the nitrate plant will be kept up to date for 100 years with no expense whatever to the Government?

I doubt if anyone can imagine that we would have had the present remarkable perfection of the modern automobile if the first horseless carriage had been turned over to the Department of Agriculture to develop; yet the problems of the automotive industry are simple indeed when compared with the problem of preparing and delivering to the farmer an adequate supply of plant foods at prices that will enable them to be applied profitably in sufficient quantity to our great field crops. To put such a problem of large scale development and production into the hands of a government bureau is, in my judgment, to invite a disastrous failure which can and undoubtedly will be held up as a horrible example by those who oppose government ownership and operation as a policy.

It is a most significant fact that many of the interests that opposed the operation of Muscle Shoals by the Government in 1920, and that have been fighting the Ford proposal, offer no objection to the government-operation bill of Senator Norris; but the amazing thing is that the senator cannot see that the power companies and their Wall Street allies who favor his bill and who have offered no proposal of their own in the Senate do so because the senator's bill is a means of defeating the Ford proposal and provides a wide-open gateway to the power that these interests long have coveted but which they could not get directly by offers of their own.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Senator Ladd. The next will appear in an early issue.

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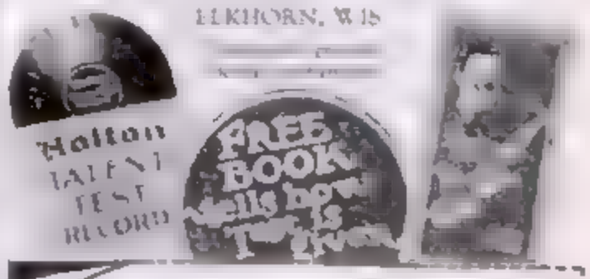


Frank Holton & Co., Elkhorn, Wis. C
Without obligation, I want to determine my talent for the [illegible] Holton New Revelation Sa[illegible] below if interested in any other instrument.)
Cornet ( ) Trombone ( ) Baritone ( ) Trumpet ( )
Name
Street Address
T[illegible] St[illegible]

Was She Incapable—or Did He Expect the Impossible?

Almost every time he came home the house was either hot as a bake-oven or cold as an ice-box, seldom comfortable.

Again and again he had cautioned her to watch the drafts and dampers in his absence. But her days were busy, crowded with dozens of tasks. She didn't have time to bother with the fire continually. And even if she could devote her entire time to regulating drafts and dampers, it would be impossible to keep the temperature uniform.

But *he* didn't know—until he decided to try it for a day himself. Then he was convinced that a Minneapolis Heat Regulator was a real necessity for winter comfort.

The "MINNEAPOLIS" HEAT REGULATOR

"THE HEART OF THE HEATING PLANT"

keeps the temperature uniform. Absolutely prevents overheating and under-heating. Makes it unnecessary for anyone to watch dampers, drafts or valves. No one is required to get up early in the morning to fix the fire. It is advanced automatically; and checked automatically at bedtime. Many steps are saved every day. Much worry is avoided.

The remarkable thing about the Minneapolis Heat Regulator is this: It might well be classed as a luxury considering the comfort and convenience it brings, yet it actually *saves* money for those who enjoy its benefits. This is fully explained in the interesting booklet, "The Proper Operation of the Home Heating Plant," which contains a list of simple rules for saving fuel. Free on request.

MINNEAPOLIS HEAT REGULATOR CO.
2803 Fourth Ave. So. Established 1885 Minneapolis, Minn.

Sold and installed by branch offices in principal cities and 20,000 heating contractors.

Dependable automatic control is indispensable on oil burners. Before you buy a burner ask if it is Minneapolis-equipped.

A GOOD SPORT

(Continued from Page 17)

into your arms. It is not at all the proposition a good sport from Hale should make."

"He's right, Bull," Crowbar said. "He's got you there."

"Well, I'll run you for her," suggested Bull Graham, somewhat crestfallen. "One hundred yards, half mile, Marathon ——"

"I never run," I said.

"How about a hop, skip and jump?" suggested Crowbar. "Or a pole vault? Or throwing the discus? What are you good at?"

"As a good sport," I said, "and as one willing to abide by the arbitrament of an extraneous contest, I will join issue with Mr. Bull by debating with him before a committee of judges the question, 'Is or is not the effect of Nietzsche's philosophy on modern life greater than the effect of Kant's philosophy?'"

"And have me hog-tied right from the start!" exclaimed Bull Graham. "I guess not!"

For a full minute we all sat, looking somewhat glum. Then the youth called Crowbar brightened.

"I say!" he exclaimed. "I've got it! You're both good sports, why not trust it to a flip of the cards? Leave it to good old chance."

"Well, I'm sport enough for that," said Bull Graham.

"And Yarvard has never taken a back seat for Hale when it came to good sportsmanship," I said immediately. "You will find me a good sport, gentlemen. I must, however, warn you that I am here in this beautiful little principality of Monaco because I do not believe in chance, and that my investigations, as far as they have progressed, do not change my opinion. I believe that what is called chance is but another exemplification of unalterable logic."

"That's all right," said Crowbar. "You go right ahead and believe what you right well please, professor, but if you're willing to bet on the cards, we're satisfied. How would this suit you? We'll have a neutral person of unexceptional honesty buy a brand-new pack of cards and do the dealing. We'll use a variation of rouge-et-noir. The pack of cards will be shuffled by this stainless man and cut by you and by Bull in turn. Then the dealer will deal thirty-one cards, and the thirty-first card is to be the deciding card. If you win you get the girl, if Bull wins he marries Constance."

"If I choose red," I said, "and the thirty-first card is a red card I am to marry Constance? Is that right? And if the thirty-first card is a black card and Mr. Graham has chosen the black he marries her. Is that correct?"

"You've got it right, professor," said Crowbar.

"That seems to me an entirely sporting proposal," I said. "There is only one small question that I must ask: Has Mr. Graham played games of cards to any extent?"

"I'll say he has!" declared Crowbar. "He's a wiz at it."

"In that case," I said, "I think it only fair that I be granted a period of time to familiarize myself with some of the details of cards, such as the number of cards in a pack, the relative number of red and black cards, and so on. Am I to have the right, being the challenged, to choose the color on which I am to bet the young lady?"

"That's only fair, Bull," said Crowbar.

"All right; have it your own way," said Mr. Graham.

"Then," I said, "I'll let you know as soon as I am ready for the contest. What is your address?"

They wrote it on a slip of paper and gave it to me—the name of the hotel at which they were staying in Monte Carlo, and the name of Mr. Graham's banker in Paris as well. I put this carefully in my purse, and they both shook hands with me rather effusively and Crowbar remarked that I was a good sport if ever there was one. I must admit and I hope it is not doing Mr. Graham an injustice, that the merry manner in which they departed aroused some slight suspicion in my mind. I wondered whether I had not been too hasty in accepting any arbitrament whatever. In other words, I wondered whether Mr. Bull Graham had not, as he would have said, put one over on me, getting me to venture Constance on the turn of a card when, in fact, he knew that otherwise he had no chance with her whatever. But I put this suspicion aside as unworthy. I opened my cablegram.

To my amazement the cablegram informed me that my Uncle Silas, a man whose health I had always considered impervious to ills, had died suddenly, leaving me a very large fortune, nearly a million dollars, in fact. As this became clear to me I became most eager to make the few investigations necessary to enlighten me regarding playing cards, and to hasten the flipping of the thirty-first card, for now I was financially able to wed Constance at any time.

I immediately hastened to a good shop and purchased a pack of cards, and I spent the entire night studying them, discovering there were twenty-six of each color—twenty-six red and twenty-six black. Of the fifty-two cards thus making a pack—or deck—a number had pictures of personages on them, and upon calling a porter and questioning him I learned that these were called kings, queens and jacks, and that in the rouge-et-noir game these were counted as red or black quite the same as the cards having mere pips or spots upon their faces. In fact, I had a long conversation with the porter—whose name was Henri—and he showed me some amazing things regarding the playing cards. Among other things he showed me a card on the palm of his hand; by merely turning his hand over and turning it back he caused the card to disappear. He also showed me that he could, in a most mysterious manner, cause the cards to appear, as he dealt them from the pack, in any order he desired. This he assured me was not actual magic, but mere sleight of hand, and he warned me, should I ever engage in games of chance with those who understood this sleight of hand, to be on my guard constantly. I saw clearly that, even should chance be in fact controlled cause and effect, a knowledge of the latter would avail little in a game where trickery was introduced to betray an uneducated victim. I therefore made a memorandum in my notebook to look into these various frauds and tricks with cards, and proceeded with my study of the pack or deck I had purchased.

My first need, it was clear to me, was to learn why some of the cards were given portraits—or caricatures—of kings, queens and princes, when for the rest of the cards pips or spots from one to ten were deemed sufficient. The question was whether these royalties exerted any especial influence for good or evil. I did not imagine that placing a certain royal family's portraits at the head of a suit—as at the head of the diamond suit, for example—would make that suit more lucky, for such an idea would be mere magical nonsense. On the other hand it was not unreasonable to suppose that if the designers of the cards had, after centuries of study, learned that one suit was more favored by chance than another they would print on that suit the portraits of an unusually fortunate royal family. Thus the portraits of the king, queen and prince of the Charlemagne régime would indicate a fortunate suit, while one found to be particularly unfortunate might be decked with the faces of Louis XVI and his family. Thus it became necessary for me to go deeper into the origin and development of playing cards, and after spending some time at this in Paris I went on to Berlin, where there was much valuable material, and, learning that the game of cards was undoubtedly a simplification of the much older game of chess—which also has kings and queens—and pieces of two colors—I spent quite a little time in China.

I am sorry to say that I had some difficulty learning the Chinese language, particularly as I found the matter I wished to study written in idioms of various ages of the past, but at last I accomplished what I wished and made myself familiar with chess and with mah-jongg—another game of considerable antiquity. I then hurried to London, where I had heard was a superb collection of packs—or decks—of playing cards of all periods, and I spent the necessary time studying these, observing the changes in the styles of the cards as well as the substitution of one face for another in the cards bearing portraits.

This study made it clear to me that the use of one portrait or another had no significant meaning when used on the cards, and

(Continued on Page 97)

More Than 12 Years Ago— Burroughs Introduced Direct Subtraction

merely by depression of a lever and for years it has been a feature of Burroughs Bookkeeping and Statement machines Today these machines are used not only on 85% of the bank ledgers, but on thousands of commercial ledgers, statements, and stock records as well.

More Than 15 Years Ago— Burroughs Introduced the Duplex Adding Machine

"The machine with a memory"—a machine that adds two columns of figures simultaneously—a machine that adds several groups of figures and automatically obtains a grand total of all groups without relisting a single group total.

More Than 16 Years Ago— Burroughs Introduced the Automatic Tabulating Carriage

and has constantly improved it until today the newer motor return carriage feature makes tabulation on many Burroughs machines practically noiseless and 100% automatic.

Forty years ago William Seward Burroughs gave to the world its first practical adding machine. Since then, the Burroughs Adding Machine Company has constantly anticipated the figure needs of business and has produced machines to solve every figure problem in every kind of business. Today Burroughs builds the only complete line of figuring machines—four distinct types with a full range of sizes in each type—for adding, bookkeeping, calculating and billing.

Burroughs Adding Machine Company, Detroit, Mich.

Burroughs

Adding Machines | Bookkeeping Machines | BETTER FIGURES MAKE BIGGER PROFITS | Calculating Machines | Billing Machines

a million a day

Greater value because of huge sales is true of cigars just as it is of automobiles.

White Owls are made at the stupendous rate of a million a day. That's why we can afford to take a fraction of a cent profit on each and put the rest into giving the most remarkable VALUE offered in a cigar in the market today.

And because this value is always the same, year in and year out, White Owl smokers never switch.

2 *for* 15¢

White Owl

After all . . nothing satisfies like a good cigar

(Continued from Page 94)

I next followed the advice of the porter Henri and looked into the tricks and frauds as done with or to cards. These I found to be based on sleight of hand or prestidigitation—quick-fingeredness—and on nothing more supernormal, unless, indeed, some of the tricks of the Hindus held something of the supernatural. But after spending a reasonable time in India I was forced to the conclusion that, although some Hindus may make use of hypnotism, mesmerism and mental suggestion, their tricks were, for the most part, mere sleight of hand of a more or less superior sort. Indeed, I found I learned more on the P. & O. and transatlantic liners, during the time I spent on them playing cards with the card sharpers, than I did in India or among the fakirs of Algeria and Tunis.

I was now, I felt, sufficiently posted regarding the frauds of the game to be able to protect myself should the dealer chosen for our important affair try to slip some other card than the actual thirty-first from the pack or deck, and I was ready to make the all-important decision regarding the color on which I should place my happiness. At the first thought there seemed no question as between a sanguine color such as red and a mournful one such as black, but an instant's thought told me that black was not necessarily a mournful color. The Japanese, for example, use white for mourning. Red, too, the sign of anarchy and rebellion, might be most unfortunate in a game containing kings, queens and princes. Was there not, I asked myself, as between red and black, a more fortunate of the two? Which, during the period of recorded history, had been the more favored by chance?

This query naturally led me to the study of colors and their meanings and effects. To red and black I gave the greatest attention, tracing allusions to them in all the ancient and modern works and going as deeply as possible into their histories, with particular attention to the number 31 as connected with red and with black. Fortunately for me clerical labor was very poorly paid and was abundant in Brussels—where I happened to be at the time—and I engaged a dozen bright young Belgians to flip cards for me, keeping exact records of the number of times the red turned up at the thirty-first flip, and the exact number of times the black turned up at the same flip.

In the meanwhile I labored assiduously in the libraries of Rome, Florence, Buda, Petrograd and Edinburgh, adding to my knowledge of red and black. Again and again I felt how fortunate it had been that my Uncle Silas had left me ample means for this work on which so much depended, my whole life's happiness, indeed.

About this time I made a trip to Calcutta, where I heard there reposed a work in manuscript by Rum Chunder Sass, the eminent Brahman, entitled Night Cometh Before the Rise of the Sun or Is Black or Red More Favored by Brahma? and there I spent some time learning the language, making a camel tour into Tibet to elucidate some of the less clear idioms of the text.

I was now practically ready to make my final decision and notify Walter Graham that I would stake my fate on the red or the black, but it occurred to me that there must be excellent reasons why the nations chose certain colors for their national use in flags and banners—as black in Prussia; red, white and black in Imperial Germany; green, white and red in Italy; and so on. A very brief study of this phase of the matter showed me that red was far more frequently used than was black, and I traveled quite a little, searching the archives of the capitals of Europe, South America and Asia, ascertaining why red was chosen and black neglected. These studies led me to the conclusion that red was the color—or so believed—of optimism for the future, courage, virility, freedom as in the Phrygian liberty cap -and, in general, of humanity, humanism and humanitarianism. Black I discovered to be generally regarded as the color of piracy and death, and, politically, of conservatism, retroaction and artificial superiority.

I now called for reports from my corps of card flippers in Brussels and received the following double-checked and affidavited figures regarding the cards turned at the thirty-first flip, viz:

Red—5,654,789
Black—5,654,788

This indicated that, in the long run, red was apt to be more favored by chance than black, and I made up my mind promptly, as a good sport should, that I would risk all on the red.

With this in mind I searched my pockets for the addresses Walter Graham had given me, but to my surprise I could find them nowhere, and I decided to run down from Brussels to Monte Carlo on the chance that Mr. Graham was still lingering there. As I entered the car of the best train for the south I observed a rather large party of tourists which was busy bestowing its luggage here and there. There were, I believe, eight in the party, all chattering very gayly, six being much younger than the two others. As the man of the party turned he saw me.

For a moment he looked at me doubtfully and then he came toward me with his hand extended.

"For the love of Mike!" he exclaimed. "If it isn't dear old Proffy Minturn! Connie, look you here!"

The woman of the party, a rather portly matron with hair somewhat gray, looked up and came toward me. Her face was smiling as she greeted me.

"If it isn't Spiffy!" she cried, and she shook my hand warmly. "And traveling our way!"

"Yes," I replied, "I am just on my way to Monte Carlo. It is very fortunate that Mr. Graham is going in that direction also, for I was seeking him. We have a little—ah—game to engage in. You see I am a good sport, Bull," I added merrily.

"Game? Game?" Bull Graham queried. "What game?"

"The toss of the thirty-first card, red or black," I said. "Our little contest as good sports for ——"

I did not say the name of Constance, but I smiled meaningly.

"But my word, proffy!" Bull Graham exclaimed. "What do you mean? I married Connie long ago; these are our six children. I waited to hear from you—waited a whole week—and then I went back to America, and that was that. But I played square with you. I had Connie throw the cards, thirty-first card to have her. Didn't I, Connie?"

"Yes," she said.

"It might have been better to have waited until I was present," I said somewhat reproachfully, "but I am sure a Hale man played square."

"Surest thing you know!" declared Bull Graham. "You remember, don't you, Connie? I said, before you began turning the cards, 'Black I win, red Minturn loses.' Didn't I?"

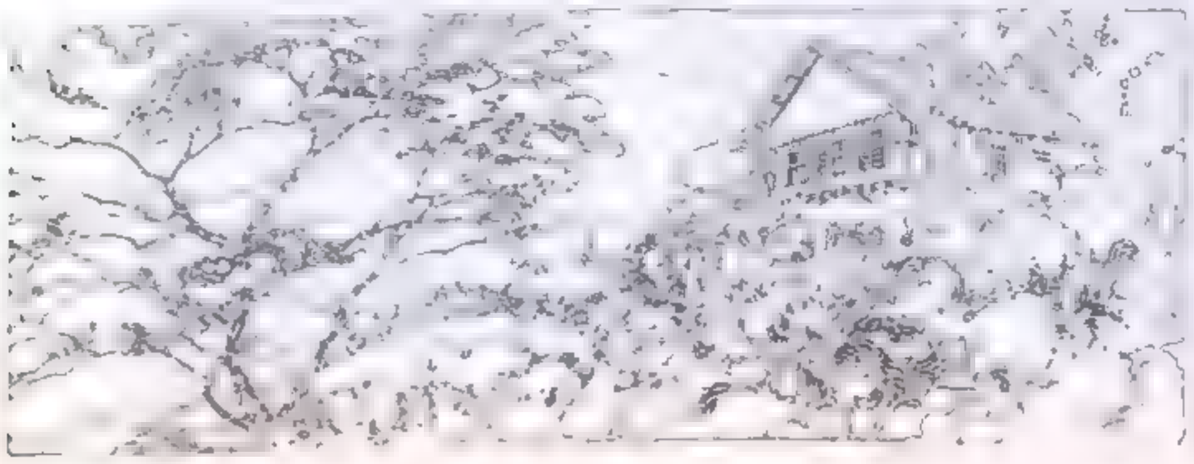
"Yes, you did, Bull," Constance agreed.

"In that case," I said cheerfully, "I have no complaint to make whatever, and I congratulate you heartily. Red was the color I meant to choose."

At that we all laughed heartily, including the two older children, and Bull Graham clapped me on the back with considerable vigor.

"You're a good sport, proffy!" he exclaimed; "I'll tell the world you are a good sport!"

"That," I said a little proudly, "goes without saying; I am a Yarvard man."



"Why—
they feel even better
than my old shoes!"

THAT'S a common exclamation with people who put on Glove-Grips for the first time. It's easy to explain. The old shoe seems comfortable merely because it has stretched. But a Glove-Grip Shoe gives a feeling of even greater comfort because it follows the shape of the foot, curve for curve, and in addition gives actual support to the foot itself.

It is the glove-grip construction—a patented feature found only in Arnold Glove-Grip Shoes—that makes this wonderful comfort and snugness possible. When you lace a Glove-Grip Shoe, you raise the arch up—you don't just force it down. As a result, you hardly know you have shoes on.

Besides this unique comfort feature, Arnold Glove-Grip Shoes have a certain exclusive smartness and style that belongs to them alone. Graceful, trimly neat, they retain their good looks through their entire life. When you buy a pair of Arnold Shoes, you get quality at its finest and the most perfect workmanship possible. Made for men and women in styles to meet the most exacting taste. Prices $10 to $12. Dealers send for catalog P-15. M. N. ARNOLD SHOE CO., North Abington, Mass.

ARNOLD
GLOVE-GRIP SHOES

THE DERBY, *a common-sense combination of comfort and quiet elegance. The ideal winter shoe for the careful dresser.*

REMEMBER LOT'S WIFE

(Continued from Page 12)

The only time that he had no objection to seeing his name in the papers was in connection with polo, golf, cricket and other legitimate things. In all other respects he was strangely devoid of the itch for advertising which society had caught from the stage and politics.

"For one who has been to all the trouble demanded by the law in cases of divorce you can't be said to be in a panic over this predicament." Which was the perfectly natural attitude of annoyance of a man who considered himself defrauded of several exciting days in court.

For the third time that queer little smile turned up the corners of George's mouth. "No," he said, "I can't. You see, I've had several months to think the whole thing over and I don't mind telling you my conclusion, that of the idiotic things perpetrated by Sybil and me during the two years of our marriage the decision to smash it was the most idiotic of 'em all."

"For two reasons," said Gilbert, "you stagger me by this announcement. First, because I well remember your telling me that Sybil was the one woman on earth you ought never to have married, and second, because, in my humble opinion, the very institution of marriage is a rather idiotic device."

"You're probably right on both points, but I'm not going to argue about them. I came here tonight because, although we developed the habit of getting badly on each other's nerves, I've been very lonely without Sybil. I love her, I find. I was very proud of her beauty and her calm impertinence. I believe I've missed our rows as much as our amiabilities. I got very fond of a home and the same old peg to hang my hat on. I loathe all the social stuff that went with it, those ghastly dinner parties and all that, but I find that I had become very keen on being the owner of a charming, well-run place. It gave me the rather satisfactory feeling of belonging to someone and having belongings. I never got that in bachelor rooms. Going back to them has made me feel like a kite with no one at the other end of it—loose, with not a possessive hand to haul me in. As an unmarried man, and therefore a most selfish and self-indulgent person, you don't know what that means, old boy. I find that I could now sentimentalize about it, but that would all be clean over your head. To sum the whole thing up baldly and simply then, it comes to this: I'm devilish glad this predicament, as you call it, has happened. I welcome it as a huge and undeserved bit of luck, and I shall be inexpressibly glad if a way can be found tonight to do you, all my pals and the morbid public clean out of the intense enjoyment of seeing two impatient and unreasonable people stripped to the skin for the provision of a thrill. That's why I chucked the chance of going to the Danielli. That's why I'm going to carry out a brain wave to try our case here, in this room, in camera, now. That's why I hereby appoint you judge, jury, counsel, reporters and the whole British public, and if the verdict, after you've heard precisely what we've both got to say about each other, is against our remaining married, I'll clear out in an hour. If not, I'll cancel the case, open that door and stay for a second honeymoon until the usual cyclonic disturbance is hurled at us from Iceland and something else has cropped up to catch the fleeting attention of our friends. So put that in your cigarette holder and smoke it."

For a moment this quiet and definite statement shocked Gilbert very much. It seemed to him to be quite out of order, most irregular, and in the nature of trifling with the majesty of law. Also it was a bitter disappointment, the chalking out of a keenly anticipated social event. On second thoughts, however, the dramatic values of his elevation to such a position of unshared importance began to shape themselves. He began to see himself in a stream of blinding though private limelight, the *deus ex machina* of this most unconventional and original proceeding. Whereupon he did what every other little man would have done, puffed out his chest, gave a fluke to his well-tongued mustache, and stuck his little legs out as far as they would reach.

"Very well, George, my dear fellow," he said, "I'll smoke it. But don't you think you'd better collect the astonished Sybil before she slips into bed?" It seemed to him, although he was a bachelor, that a girl of Sybil's height and slimness would be pretty certain to slip.

"I do," said George, "but if I still thought that she was capable of being astonished I must have been blind and deaf for the last two years." He went to the dividing door, knocked, and nodded sagely at the expected answer.

"Come in, George."

Gilbert got no farther than "How in the name of ——"

Because George cut in: "You forget the maid, old boy, who, unnaturally enough, has remained with Sybil since our honeymoon. I suppose she looks upon her as an everchanging film."

And in he went.

And there was Sybil in the as much familiar room, and there were the similarly florid ceiling of disconcertingly unself-conscious females against a background of eggshell blue, the brown and gold furniture with red velvet, the pompous bed, the three high windows and Venice.

"This is very nice," said George. "How are you? A quite unnecessary question. I can see exactly how you are."

She sent out one of her perfect smoke rings and covered her knees with a gossamer peignoir. A comparatively recent shingle gave her small round head a neat and boyish appearance, which was made almost comically paradoxical by her fat jade earrings. As usual, although she had been in the room only ten minutes, she had the air of long possession, complete comfort and a permanent stay. Her dressing table, with all its decorative scents and charming implements, was a thing to wonder at; her books were at her elbow with a tin of cigarettes, and well within reach of her long and delicate fingers were an appetizing plate of chicken sandwiches and a bottle of Château Lafite.

"It is rather nice," she answered. "I thought so when Marie announced that you were here. How was it you didn't see me in the train? But isn't it going to cause something of a sensation in the Inns of Court?" She looked at him with eyes that sparkled with amusement.

"That's exactly what I've disturbed you to discuss—that is, if you happen to be in the mood for discussion."

"I'm in a honeymoon mood," she said with one of her flicks of the eye that stopped the traffic and brought down reputations with a bang.

And so in the briefest words, knowing her impatience of harangues, he roughed out his plan of an impromptu trial—said, "I don't see why the whole thing can't be settled in an hour," and added, with more emotion than she had ever seen him show, "If it's possible for us to rub along together without this wretched break I vote we make a plunge at it and try and play the game. I'm frightfully keen about you, Sybil, and much more willing than I was to give and take."

"Well, it's a brainy notion," she said, thinking how extremely good-looking he was, and realizing how great an effort it must have cost him to humble himself like that. Absence not only made fonder, but more articulate, it seemed. "And it can't do any harm. I dare say Gilbert is as good

(Continued on Page 103)

He Greeted His Young Friend, Sybil Bagshot, Whom He Was Delighted and Surprised to See

"THE MOTHER QUESTION,"

as Viewed by
HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

An authorized interview with a favorite author

HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR looked up from her reading of an article in which the opinion was expressed "that wives often discuss their husbands, but husbands seldom discuss their wives."

"Interesting," was Mrs. Batchelor's laughing comment, "but—shall I say—a wee bit quaint? I mistrust the author—some crotchety old bachelor, I presume, with ideas absorbed in the bicycle and bloomer era.

"I have listened these last few months to discussions by men about wives and mothers in all of forty-eight states—and I must confess I've enjoyed it!

"Not that husbands are gossiping—they are too much cavaliers for that, bless them. But they are giving intelligent consideration to what they esteem to be the proper mission of wives and mothers.

"What is this mission? Let me give a specific illustration. I have in mind a young man with a darling wife and two beautiful babies. I choose him to point my moral because he is typical of millions more.

"Is this young husband content merely with a smack and a smile upon his return home at night—and, as we used to say, a promptly 'dished up' dinner?

"No, indeed. He prizes these, in their place—prizes them highly, as does every man—but he asks more of his lady, much more, as compared with what was asked of wives a generation ago.

"This modern young man declines to reduce his wife to the status of daily drudge. He insists, rather, that she shall be his companion and associate—that she develop with him.

"'I am growing,' he tells her, 'and I want you to grow with me.' He likes to have her read the new books, see the new plays, participate in activities of church and community—and I repeat, he is typical.

"Husbands, children—all expect more today of wives and mothers—and need more!

"I am thinking of the children especially. In our own childhood our minds belonged to our mothers—and for the most part we learned only the wholesome things they wished us to learn. Today every mother has a multitude of competitors for the attention of her charges—movies, motor cars, radios and many others. To win and hold her children, the mother of this day must make a real effort—must actually give time to their instruction.

"Mothers have said to me, 'Yes, this is all very true, and each day I resolve, and each day I hasten hopefully from task to task—dishes to dusting, washing to ironing—but saving a moment for *special* training of the children seems utterly impossible—and I know they need it so. What am I to do?'

"I tell these mothers that a dozen hours saved out of their week will meet all requirements, and that I would gain these hours by taking them away from something else—from the washing, for instance.

"The immediate benefits to the children—the added health and happiness of the whole household—would quickly confirm the wisdom of such a move.

"Do I think wives and mothers will measure up to the new demands being made of them? I am sure of it. I have unbounded faith in their ability—not only to bring up children as well trained as those of the past generation—but if the truth be told—just a bit better!"

It is appropriate to add that of the institutions that can assist women, the modern laundry stands first. It can give you the precious time needed for the children, those extra hours for church, community and other service, and it can help you immeasurably in the preservation of youth and health.

This modern service, too, is available in many forms. You can have your washing done entire, or in part, as you wish—all ironed or partially ironed—and most important, these services cost no more than washing at home, and in many instances less.

Certainly, as a modern mother, you will welcome this modern means of meeting new conditions. Any of the modern laundries in your community can help you. Telephone one of them, today, and have the washing called for.

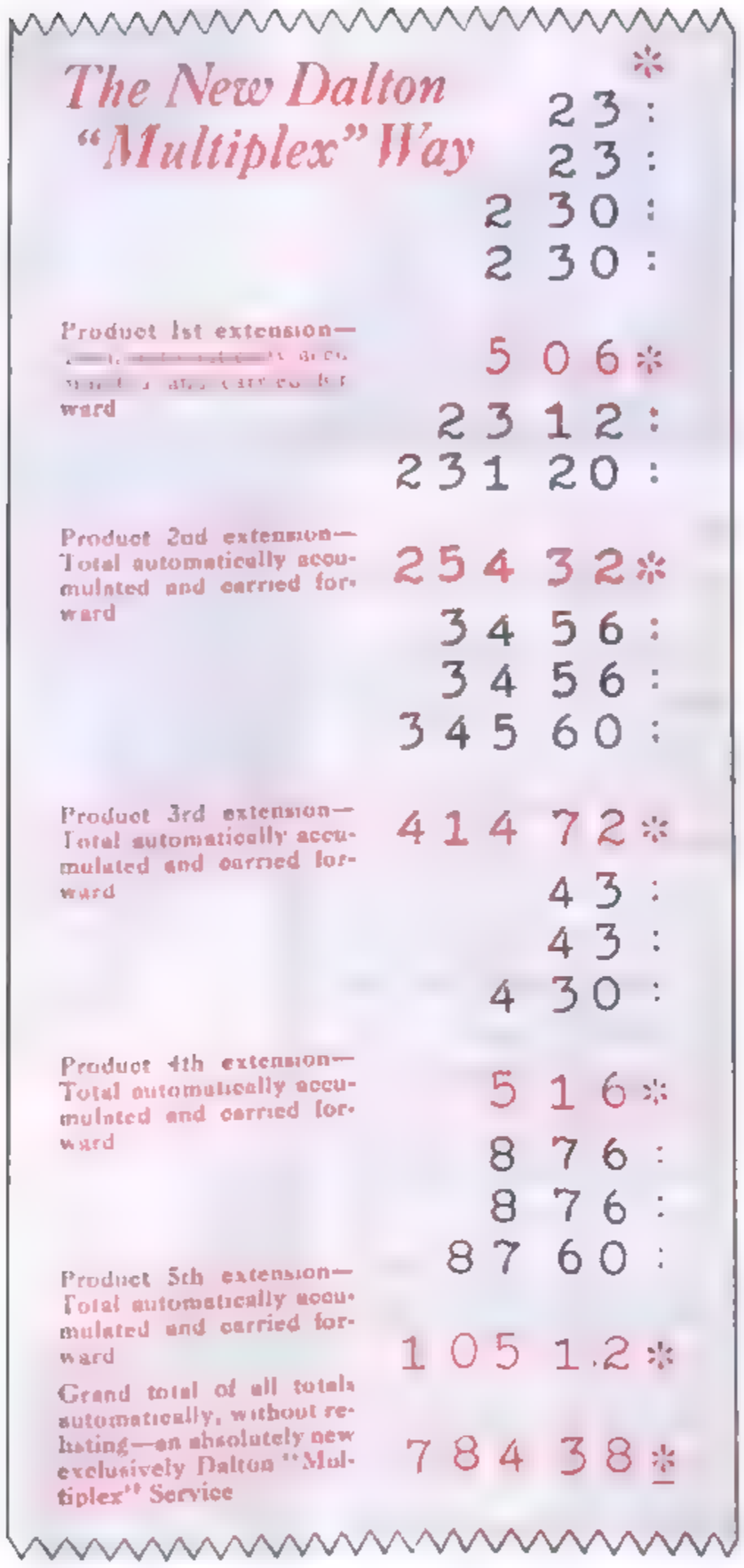
"Send it to the Laundry"

Published in the interest of the public, and on behalf of the Laundry Industry by The American Laundry Machinery Company, Executive Offices, Cincinnati, Ohio

"Round-about figuring"

The New Dalton Direct Subtracting "Multiplex"— capacity 999,999,999 in each of its "Multiplex" applications

eliminated by this new machine...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23 :
2 30 :
2 30 :
Product 1st extension—
5 0 6 *
2 3 1 2 :
2 3 1 2 0 :
Product 2nd extension—Total automatically accumulated and carried forward
2 5 4 3 2 *
3 4 5 6 :
3 4 5 6 :
3 4 5 6 0 :
Product 3rd extension—Total automatically accumulated and carried forward
4 1 4 7 2 *
4 3 :
4 3 :
4 3 0 :
Product 4th extension—Total automatically accumulated and carried forward
5 1 6 *
8 7 6 :
8 7 6 :
8 7 6 0 :
Product 5th extension—Total automatically accumulated and carried forward
1 0 5 1 2 *
Grand total of all totals automatically, without re-listing—an absolutely new exclusively Dalton "Multiplex" Service
7 8 4 3 8 *

the New Dalton Direct Subtracting "Multiplex"

"All around Robin Hood's barn"—apt phrase when describing the methods heretofore necessary in most of the figure work of business.

For instance, in verifying invoices: Each item had to be proved by multiplication—one operation. Then the totals of the extensions had to be re-listed and added—another operation.

Not so now. The New Dalton Direct Subtracting "Multiplex," the latest creation of Dalton engineers, does these separate problems in a single operation—proves each extension, "remembers" the totals and automatically prints the grand total of the entire invoice—a saving of practically one-half in time and work!

And so with numberless other tasks. Most figure problems require two operations—the New Dalton Direct Subtracting "Multiplex" performs them both together. In figuring discounts, this machine adds and subtracts at the same time, printing not only the net amount of the invoice but the amount of the discount as well. In taking a trial balance, it lists and designates debits and credits in one column, or separate columns, and automatically prints the sum of each. In accumulating sales by clerks or departments, it adds and prints the total of each clerk's sales, "remembers" these totals and automatically prints the grand total of sales of all clerks.

Many of the tasks performed by this new Dalton have never before been accomplished by mechanical figuring equipment. No machine has ever performed in a manner that is commercially practical, a series of multiplications, printing separate products thereof, "remembering" them, and finally printing a grand product of all multiplications; no machine of this character has had direct subtraction—subtraction by mere pressure of a key. The Dalton "Multiplex" even subtracts a larger number from a smaller, and indicates the negative answer in red accompanied by a red minus sign.

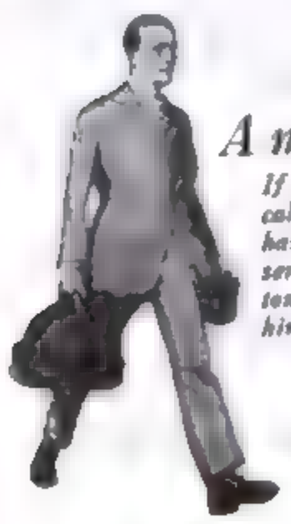
The secret of this unusual figuring ability lies in the "Multiplex" construction of this newest Dalton model—embracing two or more complete adding-calculating machines in one, all controlled by the single simplified 10-key Dalton "touch method" keyboard—instantly operable by anyone.

And remember—combined with the important new advantages of this latest Dalton creation is that simpler, faster all 'round figure service for which all Daltons are famed. Addition, subtraction, multiplication, division—all are performed with almost incredible speed and ease.

Today, learn how the New Dalton Direct Subtracting "Multiplex" will furnish you with a straight cut to lower overhead—eliminate effort, save time and money every day. Phone or write the Dalton Sales Agent located near you for a demonstration in your own office on your own work.

Write for descriptive folder "New Savings"

It describes in detail, operation and application of this latest Dalton achievement, the New Dalton Direct Subtracting "Multiplex" Machine—tells how, on your own work, this machine will save an incalculable amount of time and money.



A man to meet!

If you have figure problems—adding, calculating, bookkeeping, statement or handling cash—here's a man whose service you'll appreciate. He is the Dalton salesman. Phone him—you'll find him with helpful suggestions to offer.

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THE grimy, wearying task of floor-scrubbing ends—disappears—as soon as a Bird *Neponset* Rug is spread out.

After that, only a light mopping with soap and water will be necessary to keep the floor spick and span!

A Bird *Neponset* Rug solves many household problems all at once. It saves endless work! It is colorful, tasteful, rich-looking! It is durable, taking the hard knocks cheerfully; giving extraordinarily long wear.

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Bird's *Neponset* Rugs are made in rich Oriental and floral designs, and in tidy tile patterns. *To see them is to like them!*

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Look for this trade mark

Bird's *Neponset* Rugs

DEFY WATER AND WEAR

(Continued from Page 98)

as any judge. He has the advantage of being a man who disagrees with marriage on principle, at any rate. All right, I'm on—with one stipulation."

"Oh? What's that?"

"Bring Gilbert here. Not even an earthquake will move me from this sofa."

"Is that all?" He raised a yell which brought Gilbert at a run.

He was one of the few living Englishmen who put his lips to women's hands. In some extenuation it must be said that he did so in the French and not the German way. He did so then, with Sybil's, with more than his usual bend of admiration. He had already made up his mind, however, that his verdict must send George packing to the Danielli. This man and woman, like so many others, should never have attempted to run in double harness.

"Sit here, between us," said George, placing a sort of doge's chair, "and get to work, old boy, as quickly as you can."

'And as this is a matter of great gravity," said Sybil, unable to resist rotting even in circumstances which concerned her whole future, "I think it would be quite improper for you to smoke."

"And there you are," said George, with a gesture that was expressive of despair.

"Explain yourself," said Gilbert in a tone that he hoped was legal. "I don't know what you mean by that."

"I mean that there you have one of the chief reasons of our frequent rows. Don't you see? Sybil's incapability of missing the easiest chance to be flippant. It was her lack of reticence and a bus conductor's way of chipping in with a back answer that always got on my nerves."

"Does still, old boy," said Sybil, "if frankness is to be the keynote of this private wash."

"Does it?" asked Gilbert.

"Yes," said George, "I'm afraid so. If there's one thing that makes me shudder it's obvious cleverness. I'm frightfully sorry to have begun like this."

"All cards on the table, or what's the use? Don't you agree, Sybil?"

"Oh, rather," she said. "Wait till it's my turn to make a list of accusations!" and wound up with a laugh.

"Go on, George," said Gilbert. "Let's have all the other reasons, now that you've made a start. I take it that my job is to hear both sides, stated honestly and without any reservations, and then if I think the whole thing's hopeless, or holds out any hope at all, to sum up the position in favor of divorce or not, to the best of my ability. That's the idea, isn't it?"

"That's it," said George, waiting, from force of habit, for Sybil to make a little joke about intelligence, or the confirmed bachelor, or some other thing that she felt impelled to worry like a meatless bone.

Sensing which, she merely waved her hand and smiled—and scored again.

"Then," said George, "there's what she calls the social gift, which she takes to mean, so far as I can make out, noise and meaningless laughter, the instant telling of a series of fishy stories and the disruptive rearrangement of everything and everybody in the room, never mind whether it's hers or that of a new acquaintance. This light out, that light on, this man nearer, that woman farther away. And if I happen to be standing, as I prefer to do, it's 'Oh, do sit down, George!' or 'Aren't you tired of balancing on one leg?'"

"Perfectly frightful," said Gilbert. "I should smash a plate or curse. And the next."

"Well, then there's her curious excitement in the presence of anything in trousers, a dreadful roguishness, confusing personalities, a forcing of sex, the deliberate bringing up of subjects better left undiscussed, the drawing on to the thinnest possible ice for the fun of seeing some poor devil go right through and come out frozen to the marrow and looking a frightful fool."

Whereupon Gilbert shook a finger at her mischievous face. "You diabolical creature, how often you've done it to me!"

"Don't let his lordship disturb your flow, George," she said lightly, "now that you're going so strong." All the same she recognized the truth of his picture, full of color as it was.

"Oh, there are dozens of other things," he said. "Her steam-roller way, for instance, of pushing through a crowd, her pointing out people whom I've seen already in a theater, her imitation of unfortunate mannerisms under the very noses of those concerned, the unnecessary things she carries that always drop and roll, her way of asking for something to be done and then instantly doing it herself, that cursed powder puff and lipstick used in public places without the slightest thought for the fastidiousness of all beholders, her ineradicable habit of talking people down. All small points, perhaps, but irritating, which, I must confess, have had the power to chill me, and have made me feel unfriendly and sometimes rather ashamed. Then, too, I never could stomach her habit of treating me as though I were her little brother from the country, telling me when to tip waiters, how to eat my food, correcting my behavior, talking about me as 'him,' pretending I'm an ogre, apologizing for my remarks to hostesses, smiling secretly at my well-known dislikes and impatiences, and, above all, her utterly unjust and ineradicable belief that I used her toothbrush and dallied with her sponge." He turned away with agitation and lit a cigarette.

"Um," said Gilbert, with real gravity. "It's an awful list." Himself, he felt quite certain that its final item alone would force him to murder, even when the girl was as lovely as was Sybil, and hang uncomplainingly for it. "Now you, my dear," he said.

But before she attempted to carry on the proceedings she drew in a long mouthful of cigarette smoke and made a thick white ring.

"What always made George rub me up the wrong way," she said, "was his fixed idea that I ought to conform to all his standards. From the very beginning he was shocked to find that, somehow or other, I couldn't see the force of sitting in his mold. According to him, the chief condition of the marriage service was not to love and honor, but obey. If anything were calculated to make me take the bit between my teeth it was that, my lord. Then his rigid obedience to every single convention was all too much for me. I hate conventions. If anything even smells of convention my instinct is to smash it without a qualm. He hates the word, I know—perhaps that's why I've used it so often—but he's Cromwellian in his attitude to life. Not a snob, of course, but in his eyes any man who wore the wrong tie was a bounder. Whereas I looked above the tie at brain. I'll grant him the usual English humor, but not that sense of the ridiculous which makes for easy laughter, a merry breakfast and a light late night. I won't accuse him of a greater selfishness than I myself possess, but he was far too great a stickler for personal comfort, for which, if things are worth while and amusing, I'll sacrifice at any moment with a snap of the fingers. Then, too, because I was Kent and he was Hampshire, everything Kentish was poisonous and appalling—even hops, although he liked his glass of beer. He hated dancing because he couldn't and wouldn't, and held it up to ridicule because I could and did. He liked parties of one man to whom he could talk incessantly of politics and golf, and one woman, whom he ignored, who was to entertain me with all her servant woes and dress excitements. I'm gregarious, Gilbert; I collect people as a hobby, I love the sound of voices, the clash of temperament. I like crowds, movement from one group to another, noise; yes, noise, laughter and admiration. So does every other woman born of Eve. I don't mind hints, but I hate faultfinding, and stiff-necked criticism I won't endure. George must have inherited unresilience; he hasn't as much bounce as a rained-on tennis ball! And from the very hour that we entered home from the honeymoon he wanted me to skip from twenty-one to forty-eight. As a worker he was magnificent, but he simply couldn't play. Life was earnest, life was real—cut the cabarets. I loved him, I respected him, but he's never been my pal. It's the usual thing for a woman to say that her husband doesn't understand her. George did understand me, but never made allowances. In a word, I was Kent and he was Hampshire, and he never would come over the border and take a sympathetic look round. Most of the things I've done that he objects to I did because I knew that he objected, and I hate objection, and therefore made him pay. If he'd asked instead of ordered me not to do things I would have taken nothing and given everything I had. Oh, I could go into innumerable petty details of other crisscross things—his gurgling pipes and strong tobacco, his alarming moments of being a million miles away, the way he hurt me by turning an icy shoulder, his hatred of my clothes—but what's the use? There, at any rate, you have the main points of my indictment, so put them on the scales and weigh them up."

And there was silence. And for a deliberate moment the impromptu and unofficial judge of these two charming people's future held the metaphorical scales in his hand. During the process George, in a state of intense though far too well disguised anxiety, studied his face, while Sybil, who was really very close to sobs, made one ring after another and watched them widen and dissolve. Was the marriage, which seemed to have been made in heaven, to become a smoke ring, break and fade away?

Then Gilbert rose. "This is far too serious a matter to pass judgment upon without deep consideration," he said. "So far as I can tell at the moment the scales are exactly level. George's points and yours, Sybil, weigh precisely the same. That being so, and all of them are frightful, I can't for the life of me see anything but the Danielli and the divorce court for you both. But as you've had the audacity to put me into such a responsible position the only fair thing is to allow me to retire for ten minutes and think over the whole confounded business; and I'll take a cigarette."

And so he took a cigarette from Sybil's box, although his own case was full of them—he was an economical person, being poor—puffed out his chest and made a pompous exit into George's room.

The piercing soprano voices on the water continued their plucky efforts to give Venice its expected romantic note. At that moment one had commenced Un Beldi while the other was well in the middle of J'en ai Marre. And the lanterns twinkled, the water lapped against the steps, someone whistled and someone laughed. Another anachronism started for the Lido, causing the usual agitation among the gondolas, the star-pitted sky was broken by the indifferent cupola of Santa Maria della Salute—and George turned round.

"Oh, God," he said, "oh, God."

"Shut the door, then," said Sybil.

"Why?" he asked, not quick enough to see her excellent point.

"Because," she answered gravely, "I think that He is a better Judge of the trouble we're in than Gilbert, which we might have discovered before."

Well, he shut the door, much as he hated to be ordered, a decided step to resilience, give and take, and understanding. And then came back, astonishingly like her little brother from the country, which he really was. And for the first time in his married life he behaved with a touch not only of genius but of wisdom. He went down on his knees at her side, wrapped his arms about her shoulders and kissed her.

And she replied in kind, most kindly, with hunger and eagerness and love. "Now say it," she said. "Come on, say it, and get it off your chest."

And he said it, with undisguised emotion, and, in fact, with tears.

"Sybil, darling, I'm most awfully sorry. It's all my rotten fault. Everything you said is absolutely true; horribly, damnably true. But if you'll take me on again and let me have a chance, I'll—I'll bounce, old girl, like a new rubber ball on an old hard court. I'll have patience and understanding, pride in you and humbleness. I'll alter, I'll improve, I'll learn my lesson. I'll be the beastly boy from the country as much as ever you like."

She kissed him again and again and yet again—and spoke:

"Now I'll say it," she said, with a wet cheek against his cheek, which also was excellently wet. "I'm sorry, most awfully sorry. It was just as much my fault as yours. More, more! I'll have patience and understanding, pride in you and humbleness. But oh, George, don't hurt me, never hurt me! It makes me hard, old boy. And then I'll alter, I'll improve, I'll learn my lesson, because everything you say was true."

"But how about that blighter Goring? Where does he come in?"

"Nowhere, and never did. Long ago I turned away and looked back and saw you in the house in Bruton Street and all our happiness, and was turned into a pillar of salt."

And when, ten minutes later, Gilbert tried the door, having decided that the position was hopeless and that the only thing to do was to take George round to the Danielli and let the case come on, he couldn't open it, he'd be blowed if he could, because by the grace of a higher Judge, a more kindly and optimistic Judge, the key had been turned in the lock.

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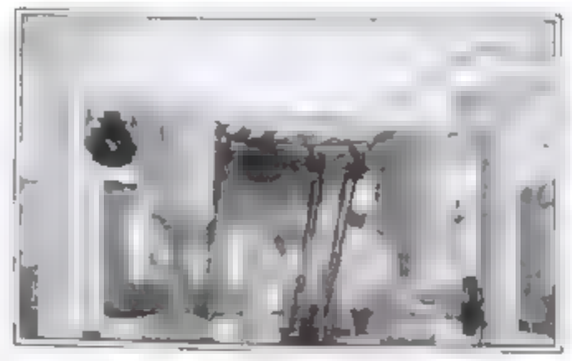

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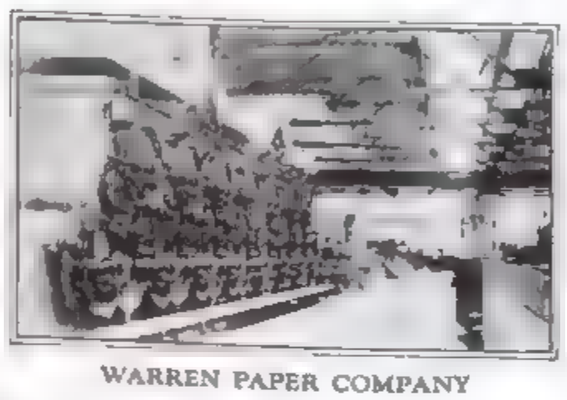

WARREN PAPER COMPANY

Why they chose Barreled Sunlight

A story that will interest everyone who buys interior paint

THE photographs in the circles to the right show clearly one big reason why leading plants in every line of industry today are finished throughout with Barreled Sunlight.

The surface of Barreled Sunlight is so smooth and non-porous that the finest particles of dirt and dust cannot *sink in*. Even when seen through a powerful microscope, this surface is shown to be absolutely unbroken!

* * *

BARRELED SUNLIGHT *means white interiors that can be washed as clean as the day they were painted*, even after years of service. It means *more light and less repainting*.

It means, furthermore, a finish *that will not scale or peel*, for this lustrous surface is produced by the high degree of non-volatile "binder" used.

Made by our exclusive Rice Process, Barreled Sunlight is actually *guaranteed to remain white longer* than any gloss paint or enamel, domestic or foreign, applied under the same conditions.

It is used not only in more plants today than any other interior white, but its unusual qualities have made it an ideal finish in homes, hotels, apartment houses, institutions, etc., throughout the entire country. It gives a durable surface that can be washed as easily as white tile.

It is sold in barrels and half-barrels, and in cans from half-pint to 5-gallon size. Where more than one coat is required, use Barreled Sunlight Undercoat.

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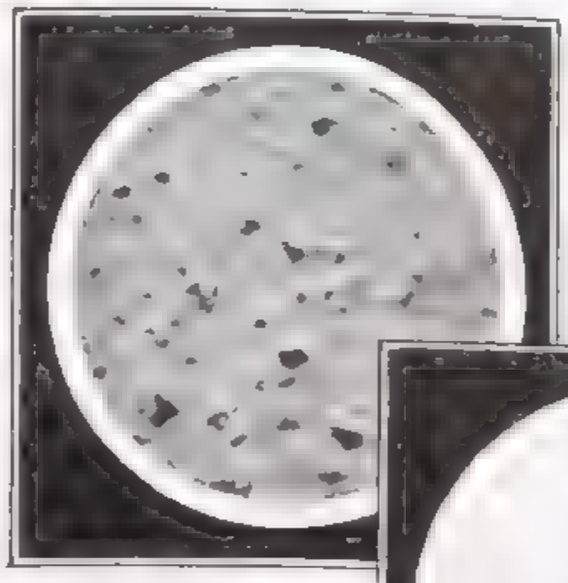


Ordinary flat finish white paint

Barreled Sunlight

What paint looks like through a microscope

These photographs were taken through a powerful microscope. Each paint was magnified to the same high degree. The astonishing contrast shows why Barreled Sunlight is so easy to keep clean. Its surface is smooth, even and non-porous. It resists dirt and can be washed like tile.

"Save the surface and you save all that is paint"

Barreled Sunlight

THE RICE PROCESS WHITE

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 26)

Follow the rules, Young Writers, and you can achieve detective stories that will be eagerly snapped up by all the rich and great, from Washington, D. C., to Hollywood, California. —*Carolyn Wells.*

Amo, Amas, Amat

The Grammarian's Love Letter

WHEN first I saw you from afar,
I cried: "Oh, Miss McPherson,
Thou (Second Person Singular)
Shalt be my own First Person!"

I bore the tortures of the fiend,
And suffered throes unpleasant,
When a Third Person intervened,
Singular, Active, Present.

Oh, pardon me if I intrude,
But do not give him credence;
Pray think of his Potential Mood!
Indefinite Antecedents!

Indirect have his Objects been,
And Indirect his Discourse;
He takes the Plural Feminine!
Adopt, my lady, this course:

Decline him, every mood and tense!
Hark to my words, I beg; you'll err
If you do not discover thence
His Past is most Irregular!

Heed my Imperative Active Voice,
And let my ardent love earn
That I be object of your choice—
The Object that you Govern!

And down the years our mission'll
Be to transform our kisses
Imperfect and Conditional
To Future Perfect blisses!

—*Morris Bishop.*

If Barter in Wives Were Legal

FOR EXCHANGE—Wife, red-headed; for real estate in Alaska. Address P. D. Q.

FOR SALE, REASONABLE—Young wife, handsome brunette, ultra-classy model. $50 cash and buyer to assume current milliner's bills. Y, care Herald.

FOR SALE CHEAP—Wife; also baby buggy, twin size, well worn but still durable. Easy terms to quick buyer. Address Anxious, care Herald.

FOR EXCHANGE—Wife, swell looker, fine dresser. Want a plain-looking woman—good worker—and some cash. Address Bargain, care Herald.

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE—Guaranteed blonde, new outfit and a permanent wave only last month. Easy terms or will take used flivver and assume up to $300. Address Z, care Herald.

FOR EXCHANGE—Strong, healthy wife, good talker. Want cemetery lot in quiet district. Address Weary, care Herald.

—*Isabelle Stewart Way.*

Ballade of Modern Taste

WHAT folly, when the twilight lowers,
On printed page to bend the eye!
Leave Wordsworth to his rills and flowers,
Leave Burns to ford his native Rye;
Let Shelley's lark dissolve in sky,
The cinema's the place to go;
The bathing beauties are not shy—
Come on, we'll miss the second show!

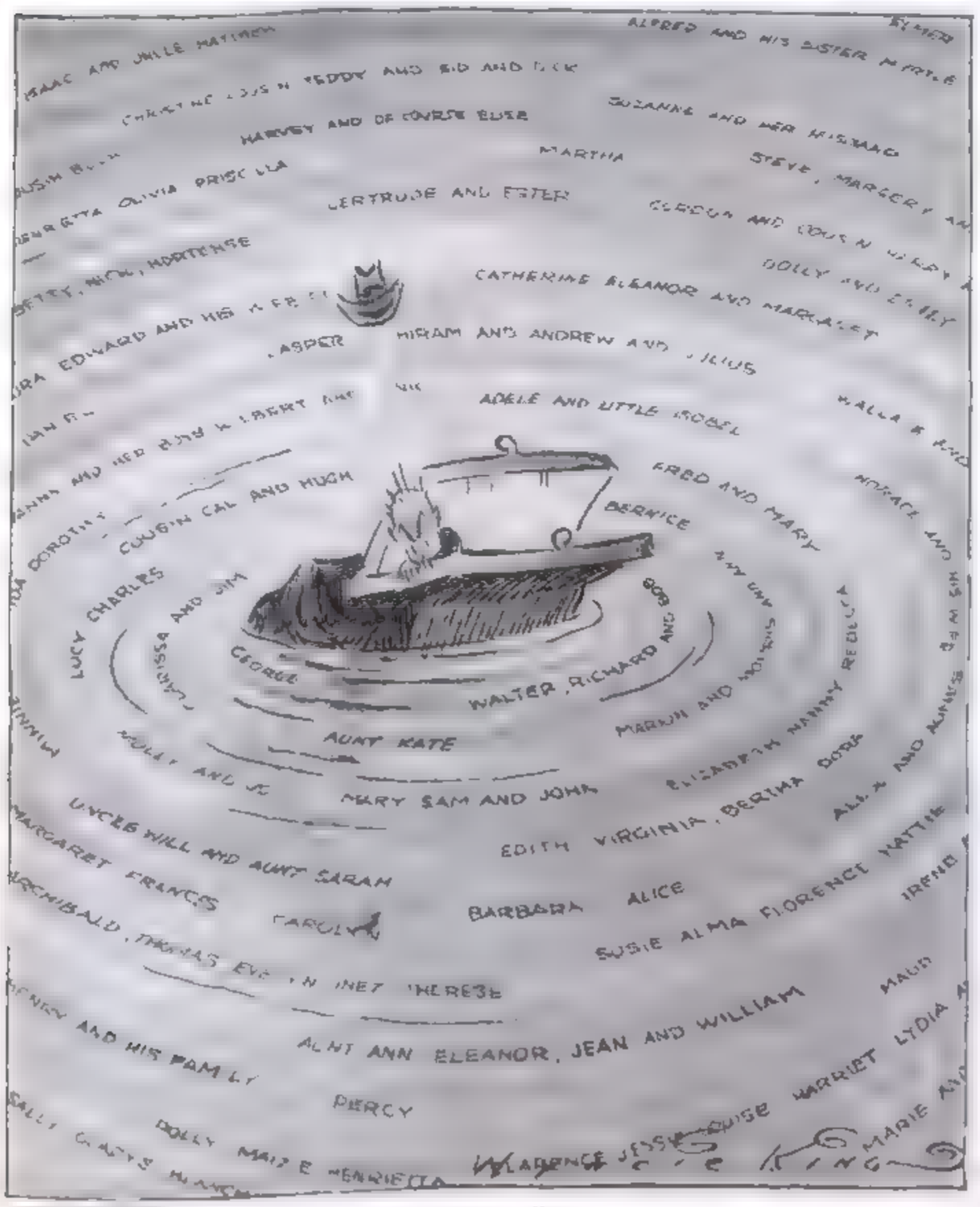
What matter if Saladin cowers
When Cœur de Lion's banners fly?
What matter if the Trojan towers
The stoutest arms of Greece defy?
Why hark to Roland's battle cry?
The cinema's the place to go!
Behold the villain lurking nigh—
Come on, we'll miss the second show!

A fig for Merlin's magic powers
And Camelot with turrets high!
'Tis sin to waste the golden hours
Amid the volumes old and dry.
O'er long-dead lovers who would sigh?
The cinema's the place to go;
A deb will seek the alkali—
Come on, we'll miss the second show!

L'envoi

Prince, lay your Don Quixote by,
The cinema's the place to go;
The clowns are hurling custard pie—
Come on, we'll miss the second show!

—*Richard L. Greene.*



The Christmas "List"

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SOUTHERN PACIFIC LINES

"How many shaves to a blade?"

A *question men ask lately*

JUDGE these shaving facts, men, and let your reasoning be your guide.

The average safety razor blade gives a perfect shave the *first* time, then diminishes with each subsequent shave because it gradually dulls.

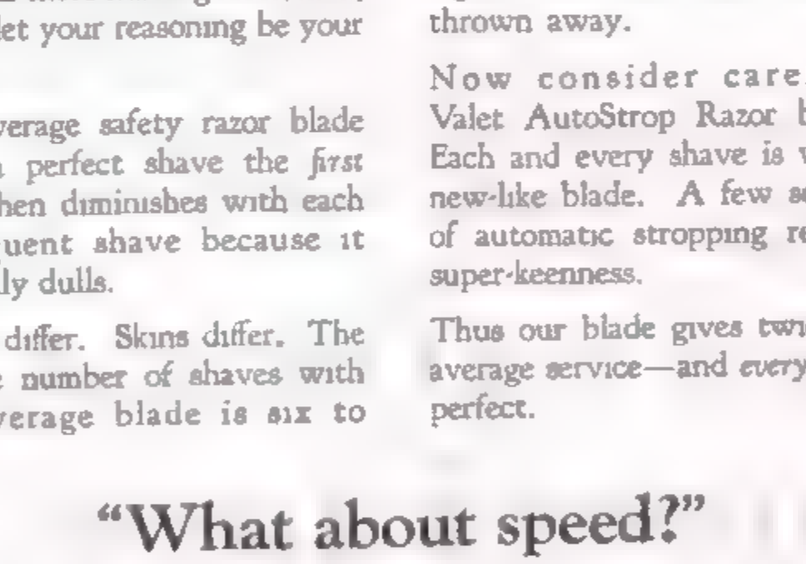
Beards differ. Skins differ. The average number of shaves with the average blade is six to eight. Then the blade must be thrown away.

Now consider carefully Valet AutoStrop Razor blades: Each and every shave is with a new-like blade. A few seconds of automatic stropping restores super-keenness.

Thus our blade gives twice the average service—and *every* shave perfect.

"What about speed?"

A speedy shave means this: A super-keen blade means only *once over*. No scraping. No pull. No skin irritation. The faster the shave, the finer. That's why we claim "78 seconds from lather to towel" —as thousands of men testify is the ideal shave. No other safety razor on earth offers the Valet AutoStrop Razor superiorities. We urge you to buy one now and learn the joys of "every shave a perfect shave."



Valet AutoStrop Razor

REG U S PAT OFF

AUTOSTROP SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY, 656 First Avenue, New York City

SOMEWHERE SOUTH IN SONORA

Continued from Page 5

listenin' mare. She likes to be consulted about family affairs. It won't do you no harm. And don't ever tie her up when you camp in the open. She'll graze within range and keep an eye on you besides, like her mother used to. You'll get the hang of each other. Keep on her right side, and whistle when you want her."

He put two fingers to his lips to show how. M. J. couldn't make a sound that way. He thought of getting a whistle to carry.

"Just a trickle ——"

M. J. heard the words from time to time through the first half of the night. Then for a while delirium was unmistakable.

"You didn't have to go, Bart," the voice once said in a wistful tone, and names were uttered with dread, yet a kind of lifelong familiarity as well: Welton—Letchie Welton; Palto; Mort Cotton; Red Ante; and in and out through sustained incoherences, with dreadful impressiveness, references to a blacksmith shop, a sledge, an anvil, a bear trap.

Once, starting up, the old man found M. J.'s eyes and spoke slowly with intolerable contrition: "It wasn't that I did it—it was that I didn't stop it!"

Toward daylight he slept, but it was only for an hour or so. M. J., drowsing in a chair, heard the call.

"Start some coffee for yourself, and turn in a measure of grain for Mamie; then draw your chair close. You'll be goin' down trail for a doctor this morning—I know it's bearin' heavy on you, and there won't be much talkin' after the doctor comes."

It was dim and cool in the cabin, the sun not yet over the ridge. The voice was quiet and hasteless; fragrant firelight, coffee on to boil.

"You can telephone Mort, too, from Bull Trout Camp. He wouldn't like it if I didn't let him know, and bring your coffee here. . . . Yep, sit in close."

At times it seemed as if the old man were easing a burden from his heart, as gradually M. J. began to get it all straight: The mining town of Schwartz Creek, Arizona, one morning ten years ago; an old storekeeper, named Batten, murdered in the night. Mr. Leadley was one of the first to get to the store; even before Letchie Welton, the marshal, who pronounced it a Mexican job after his first look. Then the whole town began to crowd into the Batten store, young Bart Leadley among the others, and his father sent him outside. From Batten's, Letchie Welton and some men went over to the Mexican quarter of Schwartz Creek, and routed out the few crowded shacks, the idea being to find out who were missing. Three Mexicans couldn't be accounted for: Margueran and Rueda and a kid called Palto. Mr. Leadley had heard Bart speak of this Palto and seen the two together. Within an hour a dozen white men of the town, headed by Letchie Welton, took the trail after the missing Mexicans, who had five or six hours' start. They were ten miles out before Mr. Leadley noticed, back in the posse, Bart riding with the others. He started to send the boy home, but Welton said, "Let him stay. We'll see what he's made of."

M. J. finished his coffee and rolled a cigarette as the story of the three days' chase carried on—hunger, thirst, fatigue; how one of the Mexicans left the two others on the second day, and three of the pursuing party followed this one; and on the third day, how the two other Mexicans split, breaking up the pursuing party also—Letchie Welton, Mort Cotton, Bob Leadley and his son Bart continuing straight south, three others turning west. Then it was that the telling took on an unprecedented intensity, though the voice was held low.

"Over a hundred miles from Schwartz Creek, and just before dark we were coming into an old abandoned placer camp, close to the border, called Red Ante. Bart was the only one ridin' light and easy: the rest of us done for, my horse dyin' under me, ears loppin', the weight of his head hangin' on my arm. I'd ridden him to death that made me all the uglier. Gettin' dark, as I say, and we halted at the edge of that dusty hell-hole, everything saggin' and sand-blown. No, I don't have to strain to recall the wide-open door of the blacksmith's shop—anvil and sledge standing by, and the big rusty bear trap in the center on the dirt floor, with a half-inch chain running to the base of the anvil. Right there I eased down from the saddle, starin' into that wide-open door; and just then, at my back, the crack of Letchie Welton's gun, and his yell from the saddle: 'There goes the ——'

"Another gunshot and Letchie's voice again, he rippin' his spurs across the ribs of his horse. 'And I've got him that time, too—the yellow ——'

"You see, Mort was off his horse, as I was, there at the blacksmith shop. We didn't climb back, but staggered on a run after Welton. Bart was in the saddle, passed us on the sand. Our work wasn't over, as Letchie said. It was the Mexican boy, Palto—down to pray, kneeling on the road. Neither of Welton's shots had done the job.

"I thought for a second the marshal meant for his horse to tramp the boy into the sand, but he swung down and shoved Palto over on his side with his boot.

"'So it was you who did the hammering on old man Batten's skull?' he yelled.

"'Me, no, señor!'

"It wasn't a boy looking up, but the ashes of a boy—all fag and fright.

"'Weren't even there, were you? Home in bed all night. Just started out for a mornin' ride with Margueran and Rueda!'

"'Yes, señor—there, but no kill.'

"Letchie turned around to me, then to Mort Cotton. 'I guess we've got what we came for,' he said.

"Just then I happened to see Bart looking down at Palto in a queer way; then Letchie Welton's voice again, conveyin' the upshot of the whole matter: 'We ought to hang him here and now, but the law won't stand for that. He's got to be taken back for trial, unless he should try to escape. We could put a bullet through him in that case, but you won't try to escape, will you, Palto?'

"The boy wailed he wouldn't, and Letchie went on talkin': 'There ain't a shack in Red Ante tight enough to hold him. I, for one, don't feel like sittin' up all night to guard this greaser, and I don't ask no man to do what I wouldn't do myself. I'm figurin' we'd better fix him so he can't get away.'

"Right then from Bart: 'I'll stand guard over Palto tonight. I don't feel so done out.'

"But Letchie wouldn't hear to that. 'No,' he says, 'I'm figuring out a different way, from what I saw back yonder—as we just broke into town.'

"I knew what he meant. . . . It wasn't that I took part in it. It was that I didn't stop it."

"But what did they do to him?" M. J. burst out a moment later; yet he was afraid to hear. The cabin interior had taken on a startling unreality. He seemed to be back in Red Ante, hearing screams down the lone sandy road that nightfall ten years ago. Then the quiet words: "Recollect what I told you was in the blacksmith shop, young man?"

M. J. moved to the door. He was ill and shaken, but the weary voice followed him.

"I 'member tryin' to eat supper that night in Red Ante, and tryin' to sleep. I 'member draggin' a blanket out in the sand to get away from the cries, but they were already in my soul, as Mort Cotton said later, and I've thought about that a lot. . . . A while afterward, lyin' out there in the dark, I heard the sound of a shot from the direction of the blacksmith shop. Welton was there before me, and found Palto's troubles over, but Bart was missing. It was not until daybreak that I found a paper pinned to my saddle, and these were Bart's words:

"'I guess I don't belong here, dad. I'd be taking Palto, but he can't walk. I think I'll have to put him out of his misery before I leave. So long.'"

The old man turned his face away

"I guess that's about talk enough from me right now," he said after a moment, "only when we got back to Schwartz Creek they entered a murder charge against Bart. 'Mebbe it was murder, Letchie,' Mort Cotton said at the hearin', 'but the most merciful bullet I ever heard fired was that one of Bart's just 'fore he rid out of Red Ante.' But no words of Mort's or mine did any good. . . . You can go down trail now. Mort'll tell you the rest, if I don't get to it."

(Continued on Page 109)

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(Continued from Page 106

Several times the doctor observed that there might have been a chance, if Mr. Leadley could be moved, but that was out of the question. It was hard, just sitting around, as Mr. Cotton said. That seemed to be the main occupation during the days of M. J.'s "vacation," but it was all over within the two weeks. On the day that Mort Cotton was leaving the cabin a last time, M. J.'s questions brought out a few final facts of the Red Ante story.

"No good talkin' to Letchie Welton," Mr. Cotton said. "He was marshal, a man o' law—had the law on his side. A greaser had murdered a white man, and a hole cut in the Republic of Mexico wouldn't pay for that. It was worse even than we thought back in the creek. Welton sprung the idea that Bart was in with the other three in the murder of old Batten; that Bart killed Palto to prevent him squealing, before lightin' out to connect up with his share of the loot. . . . Rueda was caught and hung, his last words being that Margueran had done the killing, but Margueran was never caught.

"Word drifted back that Bart was ridin' with Monte Carrigio, a bandit leader down in Sonora, and Bob went down there. That was nearly two years after Batten was killed. He might have come up with Bart, only, as he tells it, all at once the *rurales* began takin' an interest in his case. They couldn't do enough to help him find what he was after."

"How did the *rurales* learn what Mr. Leadley was down there for?"

"Same old Letchie Welton tipped 'em off below, but Letchie ain't so restless now—shot from his horse on the trail of Lon Bimlock two years back. They say Letchie was sleepin' his last sleep before he touched the ground that day. Nobody on this side's got a mean enough memory to make trouble for Bart if he came back now. Anyway, he didn't have no more to do with the death of old Batten than you did. Bart's still ridin' with Monte Carrigio, the last we heard."

A few days later M. J. was closing up the cabin. He had been through all the papers. There was one having to do with the lineage of Ganopol, a running horse, with lines tracing back to Europe and the Near East, and the days when man and horse were mates of the world. Names—feminine names of the desert, like those of the Old Testament, since the horse lines of Araby were kept from mother to daughter and not from father to son—"the listening mares." There were sweet meadow names of England, and M. J. noticed a remark in pencil on one corner of the big sheet:

"Her pedigree isn't any longer than a piece of burnt string, and where she got herself from I'm not prepared to state, but for a horse to sit on and come across with good sense, old Clara, the mother of Mamie, was sure a triumph of breeding."

It was almost like a voice. M. J. had turned his eyes to the empty cot. A little later as he touched a match to some papers in the fireplace, these brief but laborious lines caught his eye:

"On looking him over at your request, Bob, I don't feel troubled about his honesty, but I'm not so sure he's real bright."

It was the letter he had brought uptrail from Mort Cotton that first day at San Forenso.

The last chest was locked, the last cabinet. M. J. glanced around before shutting and padlocking the outer door of the cabin; a low nicker reached him from the corral and a flushed smile came to his face. In a sense this meant his start for Sonora right now. Of course there were matters to close up in San Forenso and Los Angeles—affairs of the Dry Cache, of banks, papers and probate, but Mamie was now to be ridden down trail, and it was like the beginning of a new life. From the doorway he studied the mare's sculptured head. There she stood as if listening to sounds which she alone could detect.

"And which side, I wonder, does a fellow get into the saddle from?" M. J. remarked at last.

His first experience in saddling anything but the wooden horse. He knew the straps and cinches—part of his recent business—and Mamie wasn't too restive, so far. But trouble came to her eye as he undertook to tuck the steel between her teeth. She didn't like the way he went about it; also it seemed he had to mash her ears about to get the bridle on. She was nervous as a child being severely washed. Finally the man got his foot in the stirrup and raised himself. With a little dance to the left the mare glided from under, and stood with trailing bridle rein, looking at him, confused and incredulous.

"I guess that couldn't have been the side to get on," M. J. remarked. "But he said for me to keep on her right side."

Five hours afterward Mamie veered suddenly into the wide gateway of Mort Cotton's ranch near San Forenso, where she was known by all but the newest cow hands. M. J. let himself down with difficulty, and steadied himself before letting go of the pommel.

"Lucky Bob couldn't see her with the saddle as far back as that," Mr. Cotton remarked.

The saddle was removed, and Mort's twisted hand was now knuckling down the buttons of Mamie's spine.

"Thought so. All the weight on her kidneys. Say ——"

His glance turned in M. J.'s direction and settled upon his riding cords.

"Caked or I'm a Spaniard," he muttered. "Come on into the house."

M. J. obeyed, but made no move to a chair.

"I led her down part of the way," he confessed unsteadily. "She's so much, all the time ——"

"She sure is—so much hoss all the time. And what you want now, Mr. Bascom, isn't no train to Los Angeles, but quarters to cool down in right here, good upstandin' quarters. And say, I've got some hosses here for you to do your rough ridin' on. Mamie's a bit too fine to break a man in. I'm goin' to give you some lessons personal, before you leave, and bring you up so's you'll know what you're ridin' when you get Mamie under the saddle."

"Not at once," said M. J.

"No, you'll be walkin' like a bear for a week yet."

Late in August, his last night in Los Angeles, passing the Plaza—the strain of La Paloma reached him from the Mexican band:

Cuando salí de la Habana,
Válgame Dios!

and queer wistful longings took him, just as if he were not in direct way of working out the old dream.

In old Mexico a few days later the song was like an ever-continued story—Sonora at her sleepiest and dustiest as his day's rides took him farther south. Plenty to hear of Monte Carrigio, the bandit, who had become very popular with the peons during the years, and was expected at any time to break into politics; but never a word of a white man who rode with him. Everywhere it was related that the notorious Monte had the best horses in Sonora. The people seemed frequently reminded of this by the coming of Mamie into their towns. They would look her over, saying, "Monte Carrigio would like that mare," or "Monte Carrigio rides a horse like that."

M. J. came to know all the mare's movements and whims; also that she was aware of many of his. She was never tethered at night; she never strayed, and the whistle in the handle of the sheath knife he carried brought her in from the sweetest herbage. He liked the nights in the open, Mamie grinding at her forage the last thing—sleepiest sound in the world to him. And her early call; out of the deepest sleep he would hear that. But by the time his eyes were open she was merely to be seen feeding at a distance, her head turned away. If he dozed again a more peremptory summons would sound, but Mamie was apparently calling to the hazy hills, her farthest concern to do with him.

One morning he didn't doze a second time, but watched instead. About ten minutes after first call the mare stopped feeding and came toward him, her hind feet lifting high and quickly like a race horse, under the big blanket. Suddenly she stopped, blatted her loudest toward M. J.'s partly covered head, but wheeled on the instant and was cropping again.

Though the bandit Monte Carrigio was as much discussed in Sonora as Juan Cardano himself, who commanded the military of the whole department, no one was able or willing to tell where the Carrigio picket lines were stretched. M. J. often wondered what he could ever do alone, when the *rurales* for years had failed to bring in the bandit. Months passed before his task became actual. He had been as far as a hundred and fifty miles southeast, and had made a big circle north again toward the border, when word sped from town to town that Monte Carrigio had held up a westbound Mexican Pacific train in San Isidro Gorge, not primarily to loot the passengers—that was incidental—but to relieve two express coaches of a string of thoroughbreds en route to the running meeting at Tia Juana.

At this very time M. J. was in the little town of San Isidro, less than twenty miles from the scene of the holdup.

Southeast with his new saddle stock the master of the road and his band were said to be galloping, with three troops of *rurales* beating the trail behind—the latter stung and aroused as never before. Gold bar couldn't have challenged the mounted police as this theft of bang-tails. M. J. was not slow in following the trail of the *rurales*, though he tried not to appear too tumultuous. Two days later the most incredible of all possible rumors was in the air—that Monte Carrigio and seven of his men had been captured a few miles beyond Arecibo, and had been brought back to that town, where they were being held under a guard of *rurales*, as well as watched over by the little garrison of Cardano's soldiers located there.

No trial; only an order from General Cardano was awaited; then the bandit party entire would be put to death in *el cuartel* at Arecibo. "A mere formality," the natives moaned, intimating that supplying the paper would be a pleasant task for the general. This "mere formality" sank into M. J.'s head. Later the news reached him that another wing of Monte's band had been taken.

Midafternoon, as he was nearing Arecibo, a most inviting level stretch of turf showed ahead. Mamie did not miss the fact. She had been well rested in San Isidro; her fitness brought to a fine point. She was teasing at the man's arm now, and rising under him, as a small boat in open sailing after the drag of a breakwater. She took the gallop and M. J. wasn't so hard to persuade as she stretched out, loosening her mouth from the restraint of his hand.

There was a laugh on his lips as he let her go. These were some of their best moments together, and this promised to be a jewel among them—only in the lee of a big bowlder as he flicked round a bend stood one of the *rurales* at raise pistol, and a snapping bark to halt from his throat.

It took more than a hundred yards for Mamie to slow down. M. J. turning her about at length, perceived the native trooper riding his way, one of Sonora's finest, gunned, spurred, saber-sheathed on one side, carbine-booted on the other, and around the mustachios a restless uncertain look.

"Magnificent horse you ride, señor," the *rural* said.

"She's a good mare—just trying her out."

"Had her long?"

"Oh, yes." But that didn't seem to go with "just trying her out."

The *rural* was sizable for a Mexican, not so tall, but thick in proportion; heavy wrist, bulging forearm and thick straight back. His pony looked small and desperate compared to Mamie, but kept going with outstretched head.

"And where does the señor travel?"

"The next town—Arecibo."

"I also go to Arecibo."

Mamie was now being regarded with even more than customary interest, back and forth, up and down, the *rural's* eye roving, so that it was with difficulty that he kept his mind upon conversation at this time. Still M. J. was used to this sort of thing, having frequently found himself judged as a *caballero* of some great and elaborate house by the horse he rode.

"I have heard that the notorious Carrigio is being held in Arecibo," he began with sociable impulse.

"Yes?" questioned the officer in return.

M. J. wondered at the curious tone. Everyone talked freely of Monte Carrigio in this Mexican world.

"But I have been on the road for two days, and possibly am misinformed," he added.

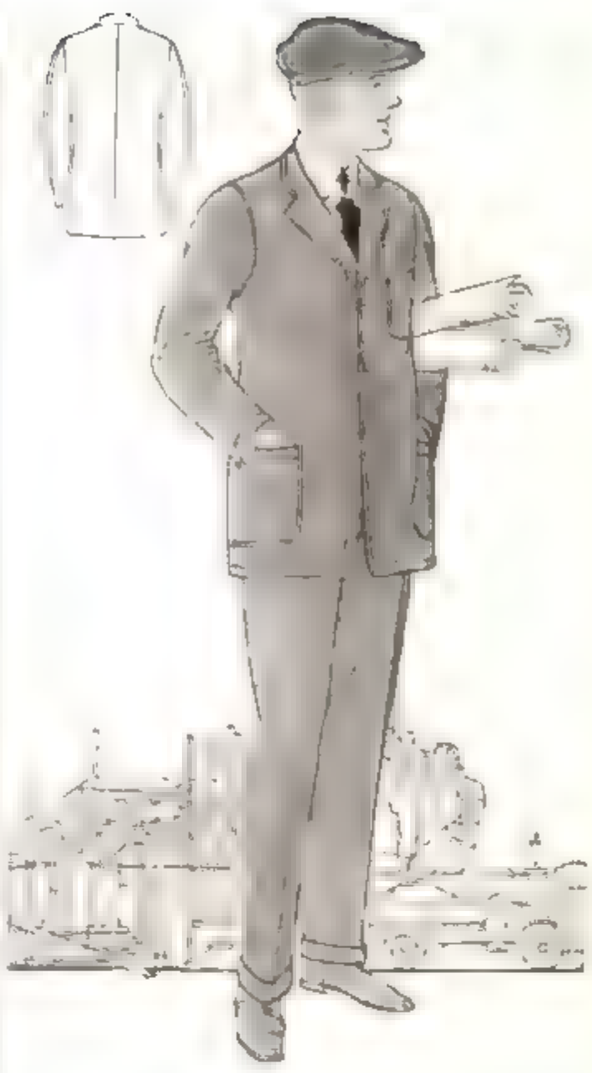
"On the road—from where, señor?"

"From San Isidro."

The other's hand jerked at his bridle rein.

Now the American began to realize that San Isidro was hardly a town to mention—so close to the Gorge of the same name where the recent holdup had taken place.

(Continued on Page 113)



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(Continued from Page 109)

The Mexican slowly pulled himself together to reply.

"Monte Carrigio is not being held in Arecibo. In *purgatorio*, at this hour—so I trust. Ah, it was magnificent!"

Mamie was now forgotten; a transformation in the *rural* was to be witnessed at this point. He seemed higher, rising in his saddle with enthusiasm. Here was one of the pride of the republic, indeed, having banished all present care in the thought of the recent exploits of his troop, and especially of the lighthearted and inimitable courage of his chief, Ramon Bistula, *el capitan*, to whom the bandit's capture was largely due.

Tributes, dithyrambs, even—but no news of an American called Bart.

"You say Monte Carrigio was put to death today, and by the hand of this famous captain of your troop?"

"*Si, señor.*"

"And where is your captain now?" M. J. asked at random.

"In Arecibo—have no fear. Señor will be welcomed by *el capitan* himself, who put the bullet in the head of the chief of the bandits, Monte Carrigio!"

M. J. struggled with his composure.

"I do not understand about your captain's bullet—if Monte Carrigio was already taken captive?"

"This very day!" exclaimed the *rural*. "It was so, señor—a most charming thing! The great Carrigio had many wounds at the time—many wounds, but would not fall. Laughing, he stood unbound—his head uncovered, trying to light with wet fingers his second cigarette."

"I did not hear about the first. Please not so fast," said M. J. "My Spanish is of the book; no so fast, please."

"Ah, señor, your Spanish is quite—Castellano, quite. The Spanish of *el capitan* is like that also."

Then with a geyser-rush, the story itself: "At daybreak this very day, seven men and the great Carrigio himself, put to death in the patio of *el cuartel* in Arecibo by the limping idiots of Cardano who call themselves soldiers. Seven prisoners, bound and blindfolded, shot down by the soldiers of Cardano, while Monte himself and my captain, Ramon Bistula, laughed and chatted together until there were no more prisoners standing and it became time for Monte himself to stand against the wall. No bandage for the eyes—ah, no, not for such as he! No thongs for his hands—he waved them away; and stepping carefully to avoid the dead and shaking ones of his band, he took his place against the blank wall, lighting his cigarette."

M. J. was enduring a positive strain to know if one of the bodies Monte Carrigio stepped over was Bart Leadley's. Not without difficulty he followed the details of the trooper's story. It appeared that at this instant Ramon Bistula had called word to the soldiers to desist in the firing until the bandit chief had finished his smoke.

"Such courtesy!" exclaimed the enraptured *rural*. "And then it was, in a moment more, with a gesture of thanks to my captain, Señor Carrigio bowed his head for death, but there was not one of the soldiers who cared to put an end to such courage, and none could fire straight in any case; so boom-boom from the volleys, and Monte Carrigio did not fall."

Now the trooper swung his shoulders to the right and left in the way of portraying the manner the doomed bandit kept his feet—unsettling the gait of his pony thereby.

"Several times—in the arms and legs struck, señor—yet smiling still and holding to his lips a second cigarette."

Here, manifestly, was the climax of his narrative. The trooper's speech had become very rapid; his bridle rein changed from hand to hand, the ears of his mount cocking with the gestures. Once he dropped the rein entirely, needing both hands.

"Then it was, my captain, Ramon Bistula, hastened forward. He caught the reeling Carrigio in his own hands. He held him still. From his own case he drew a cigarette. He struck the match, lit it in his own lips. He placed it in the lips of the other. This I heard, 'I have the honor to end the work of these frightened butchers. You are a brave man, Monte Carrigio!'

"And with that, such a beautiful look came into the eyes of the bandit chief, as he said, '*Gracias*, captain, your words and your tobacco are of one excellence!' And after that, 'It is finished. I will thank you to put me to sleep, Brother Ramon.'

"It was then with his own hands ——"

Florid life was closing in upon M. J. a bit too fast. Riding in silence into Arecibo, he reflected upon the quiet life of the leather store. One but arrived to the estate of manhood in this country, when he met death in violent form.

The little plaza, with only one building of more than one story surrounding, and that *el cuartel*, looked cold and forbidding to his eyes at first; and the little shops with dirt floors, where old cheese and new rum struggled together to reproduce the flavor of bygone Spain, had lost their accustomed romance. It was not until Mamie was safely cared for in a clean corral by herself; not, in fact, until her master sat down to *tortillas* and *huevos rancheros*—the flavor of garlic coming in from the open fireplace of the little *fonda*—that the gladness of life really began to stir again in the American's veins. Black tobacco, black coffee sweetened to a sirup.

"If one could only live to enjoy all this," he reflected, leaning back.

Dusk was already in the room—candlelights across the plaza, the first strum of guitars. At this moment a young Mexican officer appeared; elegantly dressed he was, riding crop for off-duty, incredibly polished boots.

"Señor Bascom, may I humbly present myself—Ramon Bistula?"

M. J. arose, but before he caught himself his fascinated glance was drawn to the gloved right hand that had put Carrigio to death this very day. Not a bristling murderer of outlaws, Bistula seemed, but a youth of cultured turn of thought—brown eyes and boyish lips, a face white as M. J.'s own; uninterested apparently in soldiers, *rurales*, even in bandits, but asking many questions regarding America, the states and cities, the night life, and how long it took to go from Chicago to San Francisco.

"Not three days, señor!"

"Yes," said M. J.

"Not three days at fifty miles an hour night and day?"

Like a child—or, at least, a younger brother—was this slayer of the great Carrigio with his own hand; and doubtless others. Leisurely together they walked out of the *fonda* into the starlight.

"*Si a tu ventana llega una paloma*—" from the guitars, and by this time the girls of Arecibo were moving softly by. It was their brief hour of night, and all were abroad, eyes shining, under their mantillas; all from seven to the great age of twenty-seven, passing by the beloved captain and his friend, the American who came on the magnificent horse.

Certainly with his interest in America the elegant Captain Ramon would have mentioned the detail—had there been an American among the seven. M. J., in speaking of his own ride in the afternoon, asked if all Captain Ramon's men were as enthusiastic about him as the trooper who rode with him into Arecibo.

"They are pleased with small things," lightly said the captain. "Tomorrow perhaps you will see the rest of my troop."

"They are not all here in Arecibo then?"

"Ah, no—a third party is due to report at this time. We look for further captives with them. Six more of Carrigio's men were brought in today by a second squad. Ah, yes, the outlaw band is broken into many pieces."

"Six more prisoners in Arecibo now?"

"Yes, Señor Bascom—waiting death now in the patio of *el cuartel* yonder—a mere formality—the paper from Juan Cardano—any moment."

M. J. turned his head away. "Great night for guitars," he said.

"But to hear the bands of countless pieces in the great plazas of America!"

M. J. heard his own voice reach out plaintively in the hush.

"When do these further executions ——"

"Tomorrow—next day—who can tell? We wait Cardano's order only. You care for these things?"

"I could hardly say that, captain. I was only wondering at the manner in which the prisoners face the end—if an American would act the same."

"Ah, doubtless Americans would accept with perfect composure. It is the least a man can do."

"Are all these men calm?"

"Again, please?"

"Are all calm?"

"Calm. I had not thought of that. They are so-so. Why not come with me now and let us see if they are calm?"

The captain explained that he was due to report at *el cuartel* at this time, but that his personal quarters were in the *fonda*, and the picket line of his men at the other side of town. *El cuartel*, it was to be noted, was spoken of with faint scorn as the home of Cardano's soldiers—a poorhouse and prison combined.

The two strolled across the plaza and the heavy wooden gate swung wide. It was like a tunnel of clay they entered, wide and high enough for a horseman to ride in, with a narrow door leading to the barracks on one side and to an office on the other. The tunnel itself opened to a large patio with low cells on all sides. Only the front of the building had a second floor. M. J. smelled the earthiness of the dried clay walls as he passed through this portal at the heels of Ramon Bistula. The suggestions of underground began to haunt him—the presence of condemned men—blank wall—eight executions this very day.

The cells were open, the prisoners and Cardano's soldiers moving freely together in the patio. Captain Ramon informed him that for a time in the cool of the day the cells were unlocked, but the prisoners were returned to their quarters at nine promptly. Small fires were here and there; perhaps fifteen men in all lounging about the fires, ponies feeding in far corners. Some gambled; all smoked; one sang with guitar.

Tomorrow or the next day—six more of these men to die—and they played cards tonight. Tobacco was as good to them as ever; peace was abroad; one boyish voice sang, but M. J. remembered the underground smell of the long clay arch.

No American save himself in the prison court—no troubled thoughts save his own apparently. He moved from knot to knot among the fires, Ramon Bistula having excused himself to enter the office. The faces turned up to him from the cards; from the interminable little match boxes and papers of tobacco. The one with his guitar looked up, smiling as he hummed, but did not lose a beat of his song.

Scarred, pocked, peaceful faces—they did not seem to know any more of what was coming than the ponies in the farther shadow. There was one with the luminous welt of a knife wound running down the side of his throat and vanishing like the head of a worm under his collar. Boys and men. All smoked; one sang with guitar.

Ramon Bistula approached, but only to excuse himself again. Round and round among the little fires the American moved. No, he was not as they were. It was as if, in passing the clay tunnel to the little court, something had fallen from them—ghastly responsibility of self-preservation—but it had not fallen from him; it choked his throat now.

He had paused a second time at the feet of the boyish figure with the guitar. The words of the song were of some curious provincial Spanish, and slowly uttered. It was this that the youth sang:

A girl once stood in a doorway and there was dust of corn upon her elbow, upon her cheek, and pale gold corn in a pile upon the mortar stone at her side . . . a girl with corn like sun dust, shining on her skin . . . with a golden bud springing like young corn in her breast.

Something like that, chaste as the light of that endless summertime. And the youth strumming the guitar seemed not to feel the great wounding of separation—but to take a vague sweetness from repeating the words—as of approach to that far doorway.

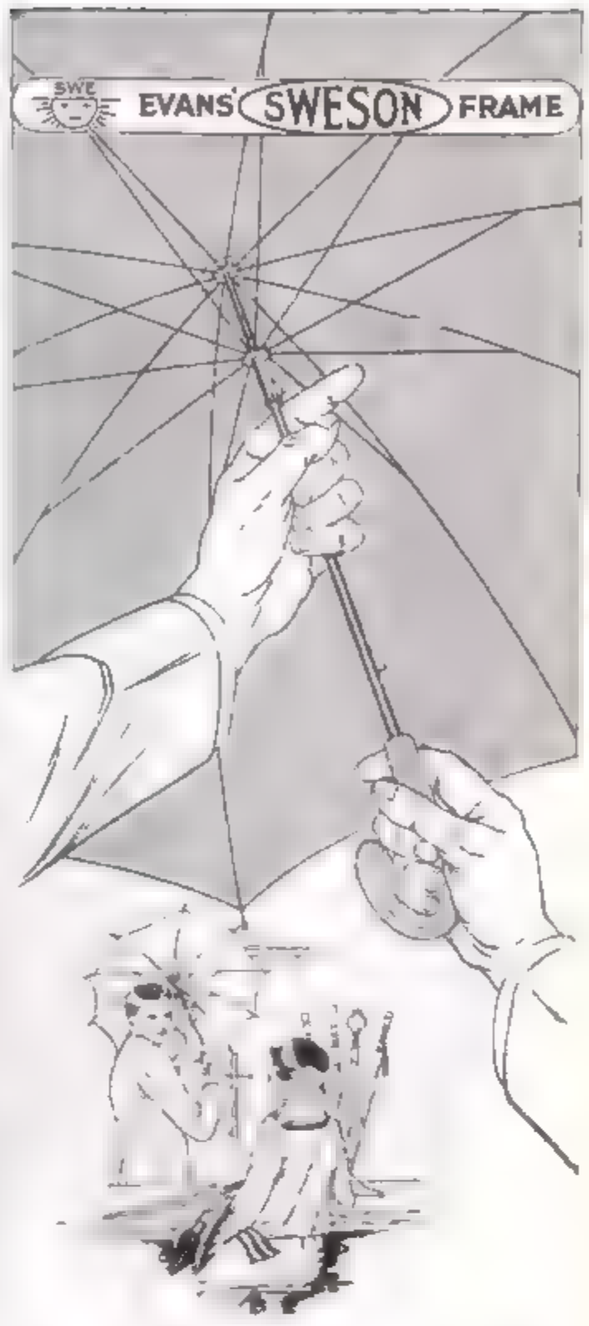
M. J. could stand the tension no longer. His mind welcomed the thought of the *fonda*, Mamie in the clean corral behind it. A sentry, one of the soldiers of Cardano, stopped him as he started to enter the portal from the patio.

"I am leaving," he said. "I am with captain of the *rurales*."

Ramon Bistula now came forward from a low side door in the wall, and at the same instant the heavy wooden gate opened from the street and Mamie veered in under the arch, led by a soldier. Another soldier followed, bearing the big stock saddle and blankets—Mamie entering the portal of clay. He called her name; she nickered back.

And Captain Ramon was saying: "I trust it will not be a great inconvenience—your things brought from the *fonda* for one night—you to pass the one night here instead of at the *fonda*—more air, more room—a room being prepared, in fact, for yourself quite alone."

[TO BE CONCLUDED]



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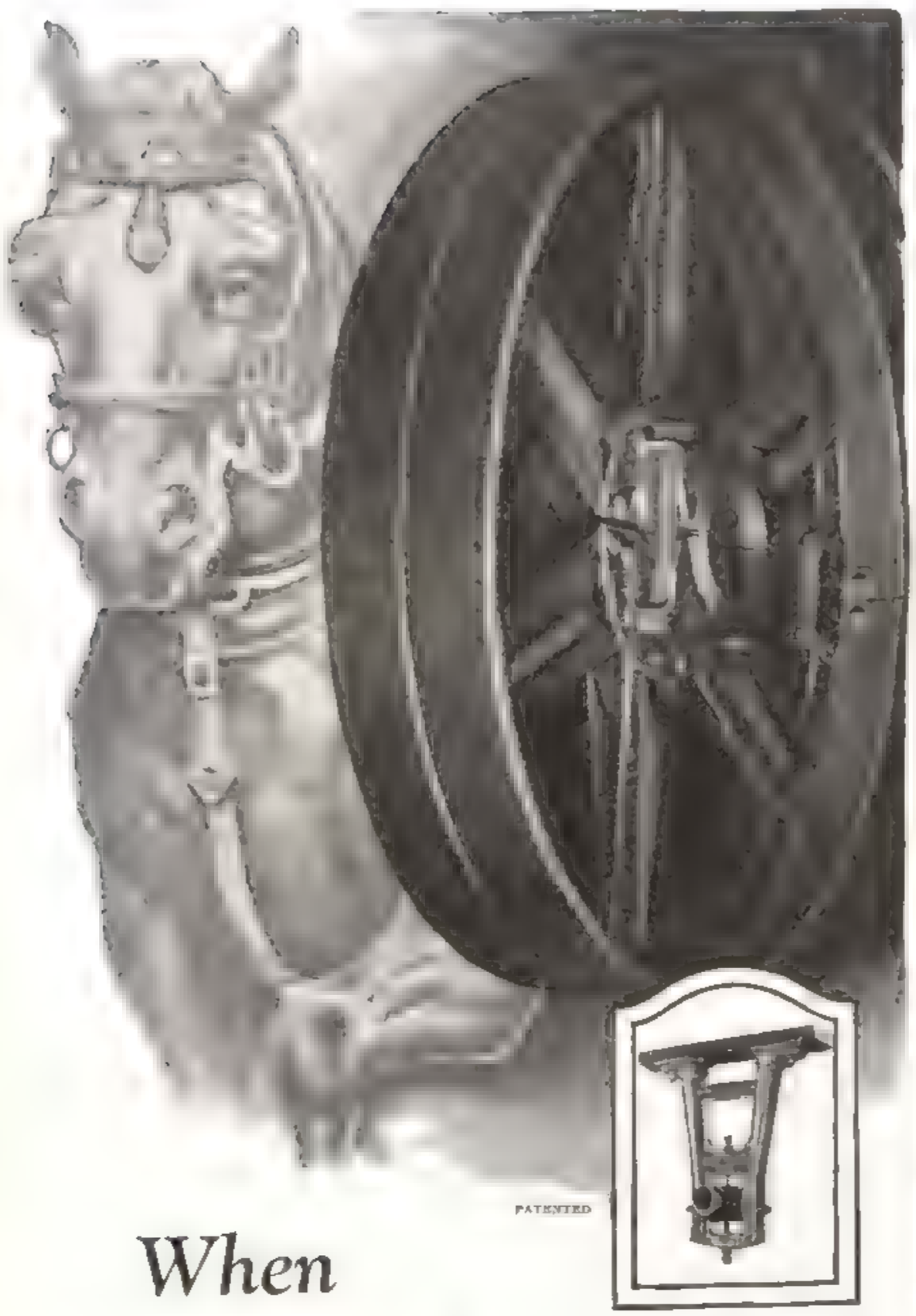

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WITH PENCIL, BRUSH AND CHISEL

(Continued from Page 7)

has greatly enriched my life. At that period Vienna was the center of music. At the Boesendorfer Hall I heard the débuts of most of the artists who have since then become famous the world over. It was here that I first heard Paderewski; Busoni; Moritz Rosenthal; Arthur Friedheim—the favorite pupil of Liszt; De Pachmann; Kreisler, and last, but not least, the great Anton Rubinstein himself.

Paderewski was then about twenty-eight years old and very slender, with an enormous mane of reddish-golden hair, which made his magnificent head still more magnificent. After one of his concerts at the Boesendorfer Hall, I was asked to a Bohemian beer party at an inn near by, where Paderewski's teacher, Leschetitzky, was the guest of the evening. It was a great gathering. Never before had Leschetitzky, perhaps the world's foremost teacher of piano, appeared so radiant. His presence in itself was an event. Once he rose and made a brief speech sketching out the future of his gifted pupil, and all his hearers felt that Paderewski's career was bound to be a glorious one. And every augury of that night has been amply confirmed.

Johann Strauss, the immortal composer of waltzes and ballroom music, was nightly producing his music at the Theatre on the Wien. The most famous of his operettas were coming out in uninterrupted successes. The Bat, The Gypsy Baron, The Blue Danube—all appeared at this time. He composed them all, oddly enough, upon an organ which he had built in his palatial home. If there is any one instrument one does not associate with this light music it is an organ.

It was my good fortune also to meet Johannes Brahms. The collecting of autographs of famous men is still a hobby with some people as it was then, and I called to ask that I be permitted to add his signature to my treasured group.

Most of his later years he spent in seclusion in a fashionable suburb named Landstrasse. Like Steinbach, he was a bachelor, and if there be any truth in the words of Goethe that every genius is linked to his century by one small failing, their housekeepers must have been their weak spots; for these two men were completely under their dominion and to gain admission to the presence of either, one had to resort to all sorts of devices to get into the good graces of the monitors.

Harsh Criticism

It seemed inconceivable that Brahms could have written those tender songs attributed to him, for there was no poetic tendency discernible in the man. He was short and stout with long hair and beard, and he spoke brusquely in the hard, unsympathetic dialect of the North. He received me in the midst of his work, carelessly attired and wearing loose felt slippers. Having succeeded in penetrating to his sanctum, I accomplished my object, but judging by the manner he received me, mine was only a Pyrrhic victory.

To listen to music, to play, to sculpt, to paint—that was my life at this period in Vienna. It was all like some delightful revel. And indeed, revels were not wanting. Upon the occasion of the marriage of the Crown Prince Rudolph the city of Vienna arranged a pageant which was the most splendid that her artists could invent. The particular author of this was Hans Makart, a historical painter whose pictures, The Entry of Charles V into Antwerp, The Dream After the Ball, and The Hunt of Diana, made his fame world wide. The last two are in the Metropolitan Museum in New York. He often came to visit my parents, and upon one of these occasions my father ventured to show him a part of his pageant which I had copied from the illustrated booklets that were sold in the town. Hans Makart scrutinized my drawings carefully.

"The blanks are the best," he remarked after a pause.

I was barely twenty-two when I lost both my parents. My fate was now in my own hands, and after a short stay with Professor Hellmer in Vienna I decided to try my luck with Professor Schaper in Berlin. I dismantled my studio, packed my belongings and left Vienna, never to live there again. When I came to Berlin and showed my work to Professor Schaper he informed me that I knew nothing about sculpture. He only told me what I already suspected. But I was pained to realize that the fact was so apparent. With much persuasion I induced him to give me a trial, and he accepted me as one of his pupils.

Here at last I had my chance. I could study and study undisturbed in Berlin, as I had never studied in Vienna. And here I may say I made the best use of my opportunities. After a year's work I was rewarded with the privilege of having a small studio of my own at the Berlin Royal Academy. Some other minor compensations which came at this time were also encouraging. It appeared to me that the best use I could make of my private studio was to compete for one of the scholarships which the academy had it in its power to confer. And I had only just reached the age of twenty-four—the minimum age for competition—when I was lucky enough to be the winner.

Anton von Werner was the director of the academy at Berlin. The great Anton von Werner, he was called. It was said of him that he could put more art into the painting of a soldier's boots than others could put into the face. His studio at the academy was filled to overflowing with patriotic pictures. He painted The Proclamation of William the Great as Emperor at Versailles and The Negotiation of Peace at Versailles, in which Bismarck forced Thiers to sign the treaty, and innumerable other historic canvases.

The Alley of Abominations

Von Werner was considered an institution in German art second only to Menzel, his celebrated contemporary. The academy was proud to possess so distinguished a leader. And excellent he doubtless was for that particular post. His speeches at the beginning and end of each term were considered classics of their kind. Even in my brief stay there, two things which he said still linger in my memory. At his opening address he took a piece of chalk and holding it up, declared, "Talent is one. It is the basis of art. Without it any amount of industry is of no value." Then he added a zero, and held the one beside it. "But," he went on, "talent and industry combined make ten."

At another time he said, "Academies are only for mediocrity. They are the crutches upon which art students learn to walk. But some of the students are born with wings—those are the geniuses. To them the academy is only a hindrance."

When, before starting for Italy, I took leave of him, he gave me another grain from his supply of wisdom: "If the world praises you, it is good; if it abuses you, that is not bad; but beware if it passes you in silence."

Had anybody told him at that time that his pictures would be almost forgotten, even before his death, he would have been astounded. So imbued was he with the sense of his own greatness and importance, with such deference was he treated by the high and the lowly, that nothing but eternity could have appeared to him as a possible measure of his fame's duration.

At this period, during the Emperor William's reign, art was a matter of discipline, like soldiering. The highest form was the military picture or the monuments or memorials commemorating heroes of the Franco-Prussian War. As in everything else, the Kaiser's decision was final here also; his taste was prescriptive. From one studio to another would he go, inspect the work, and sometimes he would even take the pencil or the modeling tool and show how he desired this or that to be done. One creation of his fertile mind was the Alley of Victory, the Sieges Allee in the Tiergarten in Berlin. There he erected at his own expense a row of marble benches, fifty or more of them, adorned with the figures and busts of all the great soldiers and statesmen from the period of Frederick the Great to his own time. Even in Berlin this Sieges Allee has been called the Alley of Abominations, which one would not be

(Continued on Page 117)

The President nearly lost $45,000

This man only lost a dollar

The hole in the pocket where he nearly put $45,000

President: "Nonsense! With those sprinkler, heating and power piping specifications the way your engineering department has developed them, any contractor can handle the work. My chief engineer was just telling me he never saw such splendidly detailed plans."

Architect: "That's flattering, but there's a long way to go before plans and specifications become a producing equipment."

President: "You guarantee that the finished jobs will meet your specifications, don't you?"

Architect: "Certainly, but —— "

President: "That's all there is to it. There's a difference of $45,000 in the estimates on this $300,000 worth of work and I'm going to put it in my pocket. That will please my bankers,—gives us just so much more working capital, you see."

* * * * *

"What does your Architect say about it?" asked his banker the next morning when he heard of the contemplated saving on the piping work.

President: "Oh, he's against placing it with the low bidder. Very clever architect—but not a good buyer like us. Can't see the necessity of these economies on purchases. Wants the best and thinks the only way to get it is by paying a higher price."

Banker: "The best is always higher priced. It's just the same with materials and contracting service as it is with bonds. Good securities sell on a 5 or 5½% basis—poor ones to net you 8 or 10. Why? Because they are safer—better. You take my advice on securities. Your Architect is no different from your banker—take his advice when you invest in a new building."

President: "Why—why—I thought you'd be delighted to see us add $45,000 to working capital."

Banker: "I would—but not at the cost you're apt to pay. See here a minute," he went on, pulling a pad toward him, "you've got an investment in that whole property—land, buildings, machinery, stock, equipment, etc., of $5,000,000. You can't start earning money until these piping jobs are in. You've figured to do $10,000,000 a year at 10% net which makes each day's net profit over $3,300. If there's twenty days' delay in getting into production, where's your $45,000 saving gone?"

President: "But—but ——"

Banker: "There's no 'but' about it. As a banker, I had to be assured that your promises of early production would be realized, so I called up your Architect this morning and asked for the bald facts. He told me that the delay might amount to more than 20 days in spite of all he and his field superintendent could do. Explained why, too, although I confess I didn't understand the technical references to purchased material, hangers, interpretive engineering and a lot more. Said he knew Grinnell Company would get the work in on time and that it would be right, with no changes to be made. Spoke of their fulfilling the spirit as well as the letter of the contract. You should follow his recommendation on a contractor just as you'd take your doctor's advice on where to get an especially important prescription filled. In fact, I was so impressed by what he said that I've asked him to help me prepare a paper on it for the Bankers' Association."

President: "I see now—I was just about to put that $45,000 in a pocket with a big hole in it."

* * * * *

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Save up to 15% on interest charges.

Save up to 75% on insurance charges.

The manufacturer who can control these three items will come closer to having the competitive situation in his own hands.

AS Weyerhaeuser points out in its study of industrial buildings, the typical industrial building of today adds a good deal more to the overhead of a business than it did prior to about the year 1900.

"Fireproof" has been a word to conjure with.

Yet the man who is planning to build a factory or warehouse today may well ponder the fact that the only successful, sizable concerted effort to reduce fires in American Industry was carried out in buildings mainly of the "Mill Construction" type.

In one section of this country there are hundreds of great factories built of "Mill Construction," and protected by sprinkler system against inside fires, in which the losses from fire over a recent 3-year period have averaged only 3½ cents per $100 of insurance written.

IN BRINGING the above factors into the light for the Industrial Man, Weyerhaeuser is aware that it has also assumed a responsibility that "Mill Construction" shall *not* be used when this type of construction is not suited to the purpose of the building.

For this reason, and in extension of its program of service to American industry, Weyerhaeuser has inaugurated the *personal consultation service* by the Weyerhaeuser Expert Construction Engineer.

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RESPONSIBLE members of industrial concerns are invited to send for complimentary copies of the Weyerhaeuser books—"Industrial Buildings," written for the Business Man, and "Structural Timbers of Douglas Fir," a book for the Building Engineer, Architect, and Purchasing Agent.

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(Continued from Page 114)

surprised to see demolished one of these days.

How pernicious the Kaiser's meddling in art matters ultimately became is well illustrated by the case of Princess Lwow Parlaghy, a painter who only recently died in New York. In 1890 she was still young and attractive and not without a certain talent. She called herself one of the few pupils of Lenbach. When the Emperor heard of her he commanded her to paint his portrait. The result cannot have been distinguished in view of the fact that the jury of the Spring Exhibition in Berlin dared to reject it—notwithstanding the identity of the sitter. They did reject it, nevertheless, and their act caused something like consternation. Upon learning of it the Kister immediately ordered the portrait to be hung. When the list of medals and other honors was submitted to him for approval, a customary procedure, he canceled the name of Wallot, the architect who had just completed the capitol at Berlin, a public building considered one of the finest in Germany. The medal of first award which was to have gone to Wallot was conferred by the Kaiser upon Miss Parlaghy.

Among artists there was great though futile indignation at this royal action. Wallot left Berlin and settled in Dresden. There he was at once surrounded by a host of admiring and loyal pupils, and there he died with the reputation of being one of the most notable architects of his time—without the medal. The Princess Parlaghy, upon the other hand, despite all her honors and decorations, could not make a living. She died some months ago in New York in poverty, just when the sheriff was about to descend upon her house and studio.

One day I received a commission to make an equestrian statuette of the Kaiser, in silver. This was to be given as a racing trophy. The commission came in the ordinary course of events from the court jewelers, the Brothers Friedlaender, who had inquired at the academy concerning a student sculptor competent to do the work. So many portraits were constantly being done of the "all-highest war lord" that artists of my modest standing could obtain their sittings only from the uniform which was held for such purposes and the loan of the "Vice Kaiser." This person was a servant in the imperial household whose figure, weight and proportions came as near as possible to the Emperor's. The man also knew how to wear the uniforms with the endless trappings and decorations. For the use of the model horse I had to apply to the royal stables for permission.

Kaiser-Broken Horses

Those royal stables were in themselves a vast affair. They were L shaped, each side several hundred feet long. In one part was a long row of carriage horses, all black with the exception of the spans of bay horses—Hanoverians—with long bushy tails; these were used only for notable state functions. Fine animals they were, of all sizes, from the giants of eighteen hands to a number of the double ponies used for riding and driving by the numerous princes. The royal stables were in charge of Baron von Reischach, an officer of the guards, and kept with meticulous care and military precision. The Kaiser himself used many horses of all builds and colors, depending upon the occasion. For instance, when he wore the uniform of a Death's Head Hussar he would ride a light horse, one with a long and bushy tail, in order to appear the more imposing. When he was a cuirassier of the guards a large animal was needed to give him that overawing dignity which he so craved.

Because of his short left arm, which he could scarcely use, all the horses were especially trained to obey the slightest impulse from the rider's thigh. The moment a horse returned to the stables from a ride with the Kaiser, it was taken in hand by the head trainer and soothed back to its normal form after the uncertain treatment of its august master.

Very often the training would be supplemented by such distractions as a concert in front of the horse. Musicians would appear and play trumpets, bugles and other wind instruments. At other times a crowd of stable boys would rush up and shout "Hoch!" "Hurrah!" or even discharge a gun in his proximity. All this would leave these animals unperturbed. They knew too well that their good behavior would be rewarded with sugar and other delicacies, which they must not risk by shying. It was one of these horses, a beautiful and gentle animal called Meteor, which the Kaiser rode most frequently, and which was assigned to me as my model.

One day as I was working on my statuette there was great commotion in the paddock behind the palace. My model and my work were hurriedly thrust aside. The Empress was coming to look on at the riding lesson of her two eldest boys. As she passed my corner she threw a glance at the strange group, and a few minutes later I was called and my work was brought before her.

She was a woman of striking appearance, considerably taller than the Kaiser, and her customary smile was very becoming to her. She was an ideal wife and mother, devoted to her family and her children, and so patriotic that she would order her clothes only of German dressmakers—an example by no means followed by the German aristocracy. Upon this particular occasion she wore a rather tightly fitting tailor-made costume of beige-colored cloth which emphasized her tall, slender figure and gave her a Junoesque appearance.

Not being accustomed to royalty I felt a little embarrassed in her presence. She seemed not to notice it, asked me many questions about my work and myself, and was very condescending. The Master of the Horse helped me in answering her questions. He explained to the Empress the purpose of the statuette and told her I was still a student at the academy. Fortunately, she seemed to like the work, and especially the fact that I should have been able to get a likeness of the Kaiser without having seen him close by. She was kind in her criticism. She thought, moreover, that I ought to have better opportunities for studying my model. She accordingly gave orders to have it arranged that I be allowed to see the Emperor mounting and dismounting from his horse.

An Unusual Commission

In the meantime the ponies were brought in and she invited me to watch her boys at their riding lesson. The exercises through which they were put made me gasp. Again and again they were drilled in mounting and dismounting, in sudden wheeling, in jumping series of hurdles, and all this under commands from the riding master precisely like the sharp military orders of an officer to a private. Their ponies had no saddles, and more than once the boys had falls while jumping over the hurdles. But all this they took in good part as a portion of their lesson. Another set of ponies would be brought out to replace the first, and they would go through their discipline all over again. These were the exercises which made all the young German princes such experienced riders.

The Crown Prince was the slenderer and more alert of the two. His brother, Eitel Frederick, was the handsomer and more sympathetic. The horses they rode were full of vitality and spirit. I could not help comparing those splendid animals with the wornout and decrepit hacks they gave us whenever we had to stage the pageants which the students of the academy arranged upon great occasions. I even had the temerity to mention this fact to the Empress. She smiled when I described the little tricks we resorted to in order to put life into our horses. When giving me leave to go she did a gracious thing. She had a message sent to the court jewelers which was so effective that their order was followed up by several others and with an advance in price.

Among the many visitors who came to see the royal stables and mews during the time I was working there, was a gentleman with his small son. He stopped before my model and seemed to take more than ordinary interest in my creation. Several days later he looked me up at my studio and asked if I would undertake to do some work for him, even though it was not of a nature as artistic as that which he had seen at the royal mews. I told him I should be glad of any opportunity, whereupon he invited me to his hotel. There he explained that his son, then a lad of about six, had some trouble with his foot for which he needed a cast. He did not wish to intrust the work to a molder, and he hoped that I would find it convenient to oblige him. When the cast was delivered he came to see me again, looked round my studio and chose the bust of a child in plaster. This he asked me to execute for him in marble. It was my first commission for a sculpture in stone.

Louisiana Pudding

THIS is a satisfying dessert—just right to serve with light dinners. Don't tell the folks what the dessert is going to be. Just say *something from New Orleans!*

Mix 4 cups milk, ½ cup Brer Rabbit Molasses, ½ cup washed rice, ½ cup raisins, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, ½ teaspoon salt. Stir thoroughly. Bake in slow oven about 2½ hours, stirring 4 times (every fifteen minutes during first hour) and add 3 teaspoons butter on fourth stirring.

In Brer Rabbit you have it—real, old-time sugar cane molasses. Pure and rich in the mineral salts doctors say we need. Like milk it is rich in calcium and like spinach it is rich in iron.

Two grades—*Gold Label* for table use and fancy cooking; *Green Label*, a somewhat stronger flavored molasses for general cooking.

FREE RECIPE BOOK: Send to Dept. P-4, Penick & Ford, Ltd., New Orleans, La., for the Brer Rabbit book of delicious molasses recipes.

Brer Rabbit Molasses

—and then her doctor told her

FOR some time she had not been herself. She was run down, languid, tired out each day before the day's work began.

One day she called on her doctor. He advised her to eat bran muffins made according to the popular Pillsbury recipe. He knew that the underlying cause of her trouble was faulty elimination. He also knew that she would enjoy the bran muffin diet because muffins made the Pillsbury way are so delicious. And Pillsbury's Health Bran is Nature's own food-laxative.

Pillsbury's Health Bran makes wonderful muffins, bread and cookies. There's health and delight in every bite! The tested Pillsbury recipes are on the side of the package. Order a package from your grocer—serve Pillsbury's bran muffins today.

Pillsbury's is pure wheat bran—nothing added, nothing taken away—only sterilized and packed air-tight. The crisp, coarse Pillsbury bran flakes come to you just as Nature grew them, full of health and natural laxative value.

Being *natural* bran, Pillsbury's Health Bran may be served in an endless variety of appetizing ways. Twenty delicious ways of serving are given in our Health Bran Booklet. It's free—send today. Pillsbury Flour Mills Company, Minneapolis, U.S.A.

Pillsbury's Family of Foods

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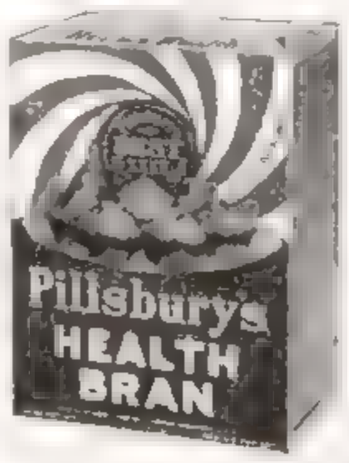

Pillsbury's Health Bran

One of the family

Later, when the papers announced that I had won the traveling scholarship to Rome, I received a letter embossed with a coat of arms, and in it a check for a thousand marks, accompanied by best wishes for my welfare in Italy. The writer was the father of the little boy for whom I made the cast in plaster, Count von Bentinck and Waldeck-Limpurg. The little boy is the present count who extended the Kaiser his hospitality in Holland for so many months after William's abdication.

The racing trophy I had made at the Kaiser's stables was followed by a likeness of Prince Waldemar, the Kaiser's youngest brother, who had died as a boy. This bust was to be a gift from my patron, a loyal and admiring subject, to the Hohenzollern Museum at Berlin. In order to have all the material available I was permitted to work at the palace of the Empress Frederick, Unter den Linden.

Situated opposite the Royal Academy of Arts, it was, since the death of the old Emperor, rarely inhabited. The Empress spent most of her time at the castle in Friedrichsruh which she had built for herself as a retreat. The estrangement between her and her son, the Emperor, was another reason for her constant absence. The house showed all the desolation of inoccupancy. It was guarded only by a major-domo and the military sentinel. No carpets lay on the floors; all had been taken up and rolled in long cartridges. The curtains were down. The furnishings were a quaint mixture of the heavy gilt and carved official style with massive damasks and velvets, interspersed with some dainty pieces which the Empress had brought with her from her English home across the Channel. The pictures on the walls, some of them done by the hand of his excellency, Anton von Werner, were mostly glorifications of the old Emperor's deeds on the battlefield—canvases of vast dimensions. Their banishment to that uninhabited house indicated plainly how the finer taste of the Empress had judged them. There were, too, innumerable models of memorials to the Emperor, to his father, to Moltke and Bismarck—in bronze, marble and even in silver. The corridors and passageways were covered with numberless addresses, mostly illuminated by second-rate artists, commemorating endless official visits and occasions.

To obtain permission to remove some of these photographs and pictures across the street to the academy would have been such a complicated affair of red tape that I chose the shorter and more expedient way, and worked in the palace.

Artistic Anatomy

As my two years' stay at the academy in Berlin was drawing to a close I looked back over my experiences and could not help feeling that I was progressing. Although art there doubtless moved in the good old channels which were emphasized by a Schaper and a Von Werner, there was nevertheless a distinct current of fresh air and fresh ideas noticeable. It must be owned that to the more enlightened the academy appeared stuffy, and they left it. Personally, I felt otherwise. I had never looked upon it as other than those pair of crutches by the help of which I might learn to walk. The thoroughness of its teachings appealed to me.

By way of illustration of that method one may cite the fact that no student was allowed to pass a certain class unless he could produce a certificate of a successful examination in anatomy and perspective. For anatomy the academy had a lecture room adjoining the medical school. Professor Virchow, the son of the famous scientist, was assigned as lecturer to the art students. A part of his duties was to visit the studios whenever there was the need, to examine the work and the models of the artists, to point out their errors in drawing, first upon the living model, and then in the dissecting room. In no other art school have I ever known of such thorough training. When I sent in my exhibits on the occasion of the scholarship competition, that training in drawing stood me in good stead. It gave me what I needed. Now, looking back to those distant student days I am heartily grateful to that institution which equipped its students with so solid a foundation.

The time was now at hand when I must make ready to leave for Italy. This was in 1890. My friend Doctor Steinbach had just been made a member of the cabinet in Vienna. One day I received a letter from him suggesting that I arrange my itinerary in such a manner that I might pass through Vienna.

When I went to see him at the treasury, there was still all the elaborate pomp and circumstance which the tradition of prewar days required. The great rooms were in a style of rich baroque, highly overdecorated. All the servants were in brilliant uniforms Busy counselors kept running back and forth with an expression of importance which increased with the descending scale of their rank. The minister's anteroom was full. Finally my turn came. I was ushered in.

The man himself was unchanged. He was the same as before, the same kind friend, simple, cordial and glad of my progress. He bade me sit down near him and tell him all about myself. Time and again he grasped both my hands and said, "Splendid! Splendid!" And he did make me feel so happy! I could not tell him enough about myself and my training. At last, when one of the officials timidly opened the door, it dawned upon us both how fast the time had flown. But there was so much more to be told.

He asked me to dine with him that night. "But," he added, "no ceremony; just like in the olden days."

The Lost Mountain of Marble

At first I did not quite understand what he meant. But as he explained, I learned that he was not occupying the official residence which was his perquisite. He still continued to live in his three rooms in the little house in the suburbs—the same little house, the same crotchety housekeeper, the same atmosphere. The only difference I could detect was an increase in the multitude of books surrounding him there. When the time came for me to take my departure he bade me Godspeed with all the old cordiality and gave me this parting advice:

"Fortune rolls a ball once to everybody during his lifetime. Hold fast to yours."

When Doctor Steinbach had finished his task of revising the currency system of Austria he again received an autograph letter from the emperor, which read:

"*Dear Doctor Steinbach:* You have completed to my entire satisfaction the task upon which you set out. I consider your services so valuable that I should like to ensure their permanency. I appoint you therefore First Lord of the Court of Appeals."

This was an appointment for life. Steinbach, who was first of all a lawyer, greatly preferred his new position, and filled it with entire success for many years.

I continued my journey from Vienna, and my first stop was Venice—Venice, the city of dreams.

All my dreams of this magical city, however, were soon shattered. After a week's sojourn there, where I experienced nothing but cold, rain, mist and all the inconveniences of a chilly boarding house, I felt unhappy and disappointed. At the *pension* I always found myself at the wrong end of the table, where the dishes reached me almost empty. Nor was I as yet accustomed to the little Italian charcoal fires, or *scaldini*, which people held under their hands, as if they expected the heat to radiate all over their bodies. I was miserable, and I moved on.

I have since often returned to the abode of my dreams and have enjoyed the poetry which envelops this city of enchantment—the majestic Lido, the Grand Canal, with its countless gondolas gliding silently over the waters which reflect the moon a thousand times in their mirrorlike waves.

My next stop was Pisa. I wished to see Carrara. I was eager to visit the marble quarries there, those famed quarries which supply the sculptor with the snow-white stone, ready to accept the most subtle of emotions. But Carrara was a misnomer for the marble. The mountain which Pope Julius II gave to Michelangelo for use as a quarry for the papal works of that time was situated at Seravezza. For almost two hundred years the position of that mountain was lost, until a Frenchman by the name of Henreaux rediscovered it by the aid of certain documents which he had unearthed. Once the exact location was established, the fortunate Frenchman was able to buy the ground for a moderate sum. Today the family of Henreaux still possesses the virtual exclusive monopoly in that rare marble which artists universally prefer to all others.

(Continued on Page 120)

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Vaults cannot protect records against the ravages of time!

Long life is one of the four factors considered in The Specification Chart

THE introduction of wood into the manufacture of paper has brought about changes with which the greater portion of the public is unfamiliar.

Newspaper stock is made entirely of wood. Librarians are endeavoring to induce newspaper publishers to print a small edition on rag paper for filing copies. A librarian, in a large eastern city writes of newsprint: "*As guardians of the printed records, we are laying up a mound of trouble for ourselves by putting away for future generations records in this shape, which begin to crumble almost before they are bound*". The American Library Association has made specific recommendations on this subject.*

This subject is of equal importance to business men, who may unknowingly prepare documents of the utmost importance on papers made only for temporary use. You may rely upon the Specification Chart for guidance in this matter. Long life is one of the four major factors considered in the preparation of the Specification Chart.

• • • •

Out of the chaos of paper grades, the American Writing Paper Company has scientifically graded nine bond papers [see Grade Chart] which cover every bond paper need. These papers—Eagle-A Bonds—are produced in volume, providing greatest possible value in each grade, and the Specification Chart is the guide to their best use—bringing to you the *right* paper for the purpose, at the right price.

Considering life and probable handling, the Specification Chart distributes the nine basic grades of Eagle-A Bond Paper into three primary groups—permanent papers, semi-permanent papers, and temporary papers.

Proper care of records requires paper in all three groups. Daily time sheets, receiving reports, inter-department letters, etc., are usually short-lived, require little handling, and a temporary paper is all that is required.

Recapitulations of temporary records, for semi-permanent filing and letterheads for commercial uses, require a good grade of rag-content paper, due to the probable handling they will receive, and their need for preservation.

Yearly recapitulations, contracts, deeds, etc., are permanent and lasting records, and require a permanent and lasting paper.

• • • •

The Specification Chart has been adopted by leading business houses and representative printers throughout the country. *A copy of the Chart in convenient form will be sent to you upon request and with it a booklet, "The Correct Use of Bond Papers", and a sample portfolio of the Nine Eagle-A Bond Papers as additional guides.*

AMERICAN WRITING PAPER COMPANY
Makers of Eagle-A Bonds, Linens, Ledgers, Covers, Book Papers and Announcements
Holyoke, Massachusetts

*If you are interested in detail in this phase of paper, you should consult Vol. 12 No. 3 (pages 211-216) of the Quarterly Bulletin of the American Library Association. You will undoubtedly find this on file in your local library.

EAGLE-A *Bond* PAPERS

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This watermark guarantees Eagle-A Bonds

THE SPECIFICATION CHART
BOND PAPER USES

Each of these nine grades of Eagle-A Bond Paper is produced on a volume basis, with all the resulting economy in manufacture and distribution.	The Controlling Factors in the use of all Bond Papers									
	PERMANENT			SEMI-PERMANENT				Temporary	
	Rag Content Papers							Sulphite Papers	
Chief uses of paper in modern business	Coupon Bond	Agawam Bond	Persian Bond	Contract Bond*	Airpost Bond	Chevron Bond*	Acceptance Bond	Norman Bond	Telephone Bond
Letterheads	A1	1	2	2	3	3	3		
Invoices	A1	1	2	2	3	3	3		
Statements	A1	1	1	2	2	3	3		
Checks				1	2	3	3		
Drafts			1	2		3	3		
Notes			1	2	2	3	3		
Purchase Orders		1	1	2	2	3	3		
Contracts	A1	1	1	2	2	3	3		
Receipts			1	2	2	3	3		
Inter Dept Letters							1	2	3
File Copies							1	2	3
Acknowledgments			1		2		3		
Price Lists				1		1	2	3	
Mortgages	A1	2	3	3					
Deeds	A1								
Stock Certificates	A1	2	3						
Policies	A1	2	3	3					
Inventory Forms				1	1	2	2	3	
Requisitions				1	2	2	3	3	
Mfg. Orders				1	2	2	3		
Receiving Reports							1	2	3
Stock Reports				1	2	2	3	3	
Time Slips							1	2	3
Memo Slips							1	2	3
Reference Booklets						1	2	3	

KEY TO ABOVE CHART
A1—Extra First Choice 1—First Choice
2—Second Choice 3—Third Choice
*Recommended for Offset Lithography

Four factors are considered in the above classifications: (a) Appearance, (b) Long Life, (c) Printing Qualities, (d) Probable Handling (in office, in mail and at destination). First choice provides maximum service others a slight sacrifice of one or more of the above factors, as indicated in the Grade Chart.

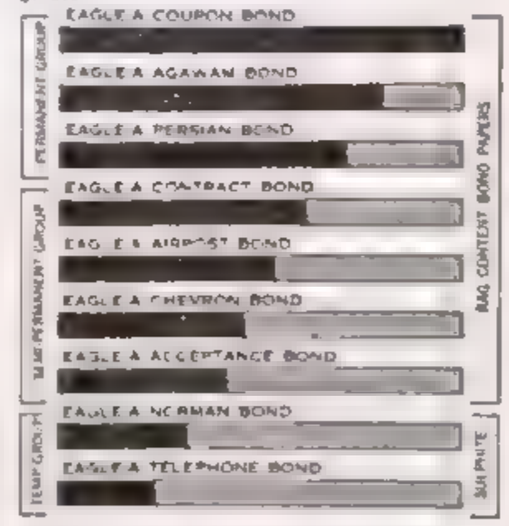
THE GRADE CHART

The Grade Chart indicates the relative price-quality position of each of the Nine Eagle-A grades.

These nine grades cover every bond paper need.

The Grade Chart supplements the Specification Chart, and will assist the buyer in determining whether a first, second or third choice should be made.

It is also an accurate presentation of the bond paper standards governing the nine Eagle-A basic grades.



Eagle-A COUPON BOND is recognized as 100%. The other grades are all shown in price and quality relation to it—represented by the solid black line (▬). The shaded portion (▒) indicates the relative sacrifice in quality factors (Appearance, Long Life, Printing Qualities, and Probable Handling).

The right *paper for the purpose*

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for your boy
-and his Dad

Real fun with your boy. Not making yourself play some childish game with him for his sake. But playing with him as a pal at a game that is just as much fun for you as it is for him—forgetting the difference in years.

That's what happens when you get him Meccano—engineering for boys. A Meccano set is composed of accurate engineering parts and with them your boy can build almost any kind of model or structure; — skyscrapers, cranes, shovels, derricks, automobiles, even a clock. And each machine will be perfect and will "work" just as the big one does. It's all dead easy. The genius is in the parts.

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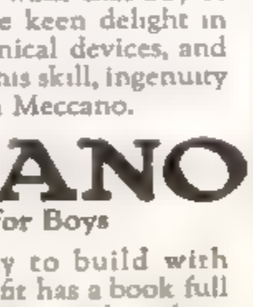
For sale at most department, toy, hardware and sporting goods stores. If your dealer cannot supply you, order direct from us enclosing price.

This Book Sent FREE

Send us your boy's name and address with those of three of his chums and we will send him free our new book, "The Magic Carpet", which tells all about Meccano and the fun of Meccano building. Put No. 70 after his own name for reference.



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IMPORTANT NOTICE

(Continued from Page 118)

At Pisa I lingered only long enough to get a glimpse of the famous leaning tower, the baptistery and the others of that group of celebrated ivory-colored buildings, and to get the train for Carrara. Without further delay I continued my way to the Eternal City.

The government studios to which my scholarship bound me were located upon a hill known as the Monte Parioli. There was nothing in these of the grandeur of the Villa Medici, which Napoleon created the permanent home of the French artistic pensioners in tribute to art. Nor did they even approach the splendor of the Spanish Academy. Those two were communities quite by themselves. Their students, well aware of their own importance, held much aloof and would not mix with the youth of the other nations. Their scholarships are known as the Grand Prix de Rome, and the deportment of their students kept pace with its dignity and pride.

Looking back after these many years I must conclude that old Anton von Werner had judged the situation correctly. Most of those who went across the Alps with glowing expectations and hearts filled with hope, ordinarily came back after a few years with little more than happy memories.

The few German studios which the government rented were beautifully situated upon the hill in the midst of a pine and cypress grove. There were no formal gardens as at the Villa Medici, nor any sumptuous receptions for Roman society, with choice music provided by the musical students. Our own humble receptions were twice daily at the little wineshop, the Trattoria, in Vicolo delle Colonette. There we had our own table, at which some old artist or another settled in Rome for thirty years or more presided over us youngsters. These old stagers talked to us, gave us advice, and helped us with much kindness.

For many years I had been fondly harboring a theme which one day I hoped to put into form. This idea, as it framed itself in my mind, I called Mother Love. My conception represented a young woman bound to a pillory, faint, exhausted almost to the point of death. But still she pressed her infant to her breast in an effort to nurse it. The child, unconcerned at its mother's suffering, is intent only upon its nourishment—its self-preservation. That composition I meant to be a monument to the love and unflinching suffering of motherhood. It was to consist of the main group and of a series of four bas-reliefs to be inserted in the pedestal. The front relief was to be an idyllic scene in which a boy and a girl were to form the center. The second was to be an idealistic presentation of a mother defending herself before an unsympathetic tribunal. The third was a procession scene in which the crowd escorts her to the pillory, carrying the child before her. The last was to be an apotheosis of motherhood.

A Romantic Knight

Now that I was in Rome with my wants provided for, I saw a chance of carrying out this idea that had dwelt so long in my mind, untroubled, undisturbed. Soon, therefore, I began to absent myself from the table of convivial companions at the Trattoria and drew away into the solitude of my studio. I encountered no difficulties in finding a model in sympathy with my idea, and one who did not object to the inconveniences of an uncomfortable pose. I embarked upon my work and presently I found time slipping away much faster than my work progressed. The first year had vanished, and still I was no further on my model in clay.

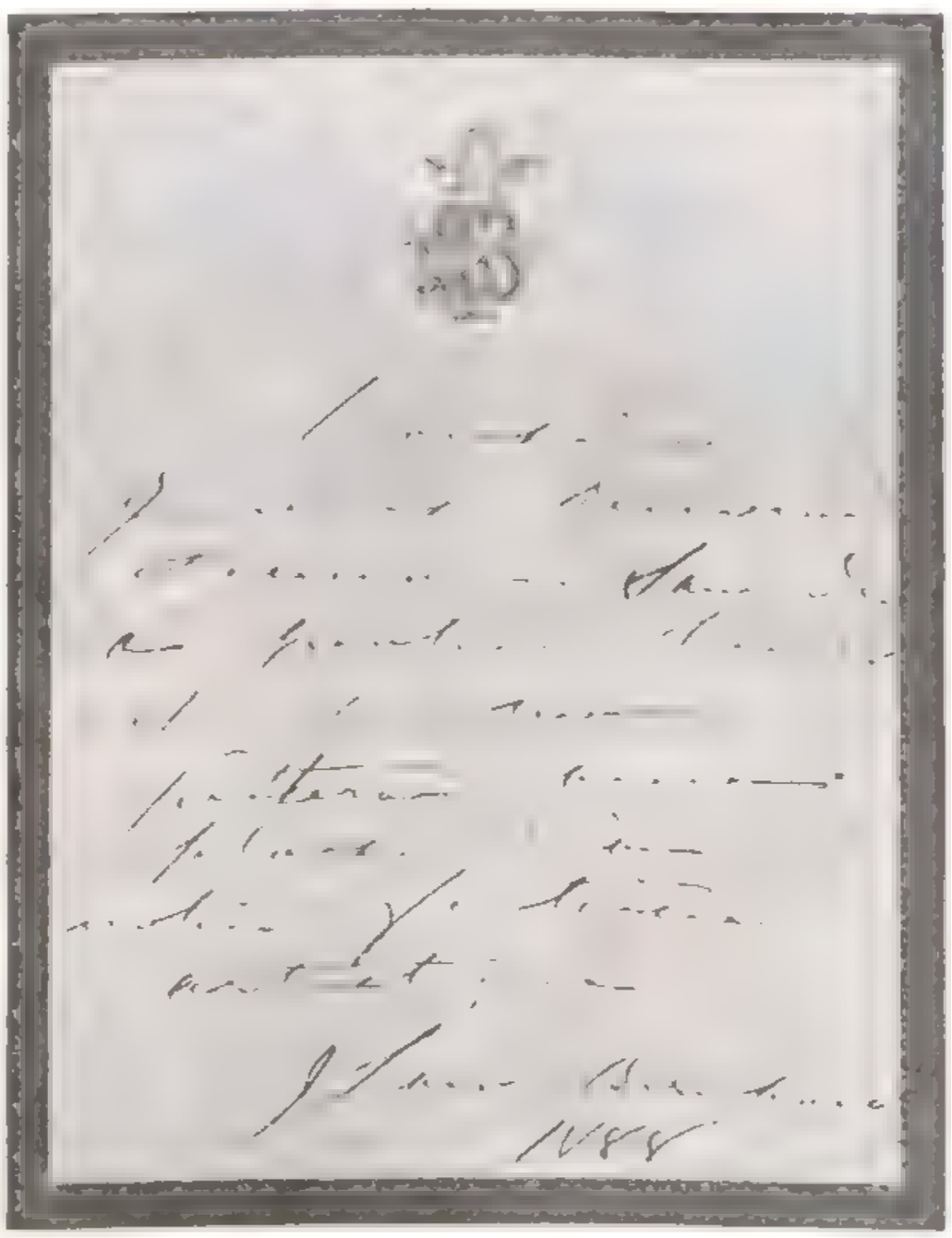
It was a condition of my scholarship that every three months I was obliged to present myself at the German Embassy to report upon my progress in Rome. A certain Count Solm, the then German ambassador, was an old friend of Bismarck and stood high in the diplomatic corps. By virtue of the large task I had begun I soon became known to the embassy staff, and through these I had opportunity of meeting others of the diplomatic service in Rome. Being an Austrian, I also had a desire to meet the representatives of my own country.

Like most nations, Austria-Hungary had two ambassadors at Rome. Count Revertera represented the Emperor Francis Joseph at the Vatican, while Baron Bruck was the head of the embassy to the Quirinal. Count Revertera was indifferent to art. The social life of Rome and entertaining on a vast scale in the famous Palazzo Venezia was all that interested him. His staff were ardent collectors of antiquities and art objects.

But if to Count Revertera art meant little, it was not so with his colleague at the Quirinal. Baron Bruck was one of the gentlest and kindest souls I met in Rome. Almost every day he would stop at my studio and watch the progress of my ambitious group. It seemed to appeal to him with peculiar force and he watched it with a haunting attention. He often gave out as his motto, "Stay where you're happy." And as I was certainly happy in Rome I could not but follow his advice.

When the time of my scholarship had elapsed, and still I was working on my large group, I left the government studio, rented one of my own near by, and began to execute my work in marble and bronze. The number of my visitors increased rapidly. There was, for instance, that very handsome and sympathetic young count, Charles Paar, son of the chief equerry to the old Emperor Francis Joseph. His blood was so blue and his family tree so old that he was an accepted member of the Ancient Order of the Knights of Malta. The members of this order were not permitted to marry. But when they appeared at official or social functions in their black robes with the large white Maltese cross upon their breasts, they looked so striking and picturesque that many tender hearts went fluttering.

It was so with Count Paar. Much interested in modern art, he often came to my studio, and usually brought some of his numerous friends, always endeavoring to persuade them to order something. He himself could do very little. In an unlucky moment of his life he had played for very high stakes and lost. He staked virtually everything he possessed and lost. Nothing remained to him but his salary and an income from his order. All this, together with his celibacy, spread about him an atmosphere of romance. A love affair with a beautiful lady of the Italian aristocracy, whom his vows made it impossible to marry, added to the pathos of his condition. It was touching to see this princess disregarding all the laws of convention and spending her days with him when he was stricken with his fatal disease. But neither her devotion nor her indefatigable care was able to arrest the decline which his many sorrows brought on. He died in Rome with the princess at his bedside—a figure as romantic as one in an ancient legend.



A Copy of a Letter From Sarah Bernhardt to Mr. Fuchs

Baron Bruck also daily brought some of his friends. Upon one occasion he even brought the Turkish ambassador, Mahmud Nehdim Bey. That poor man, who had been for many months awaiting the salary which his government was tardy in remitting, was sportsman enough nevertheless to order from the young artist a drawing of himself and a bronze of his beautiful great Dane, Achmet—which posed much more satisfactorily than his master. Bruck also brought the famous Marchesa di Lavaggi, who was then the talk of the town, a celebrity in Rome, because she had imported her bathroom complete from England—then considered the height of bizarre extravagance.

Training

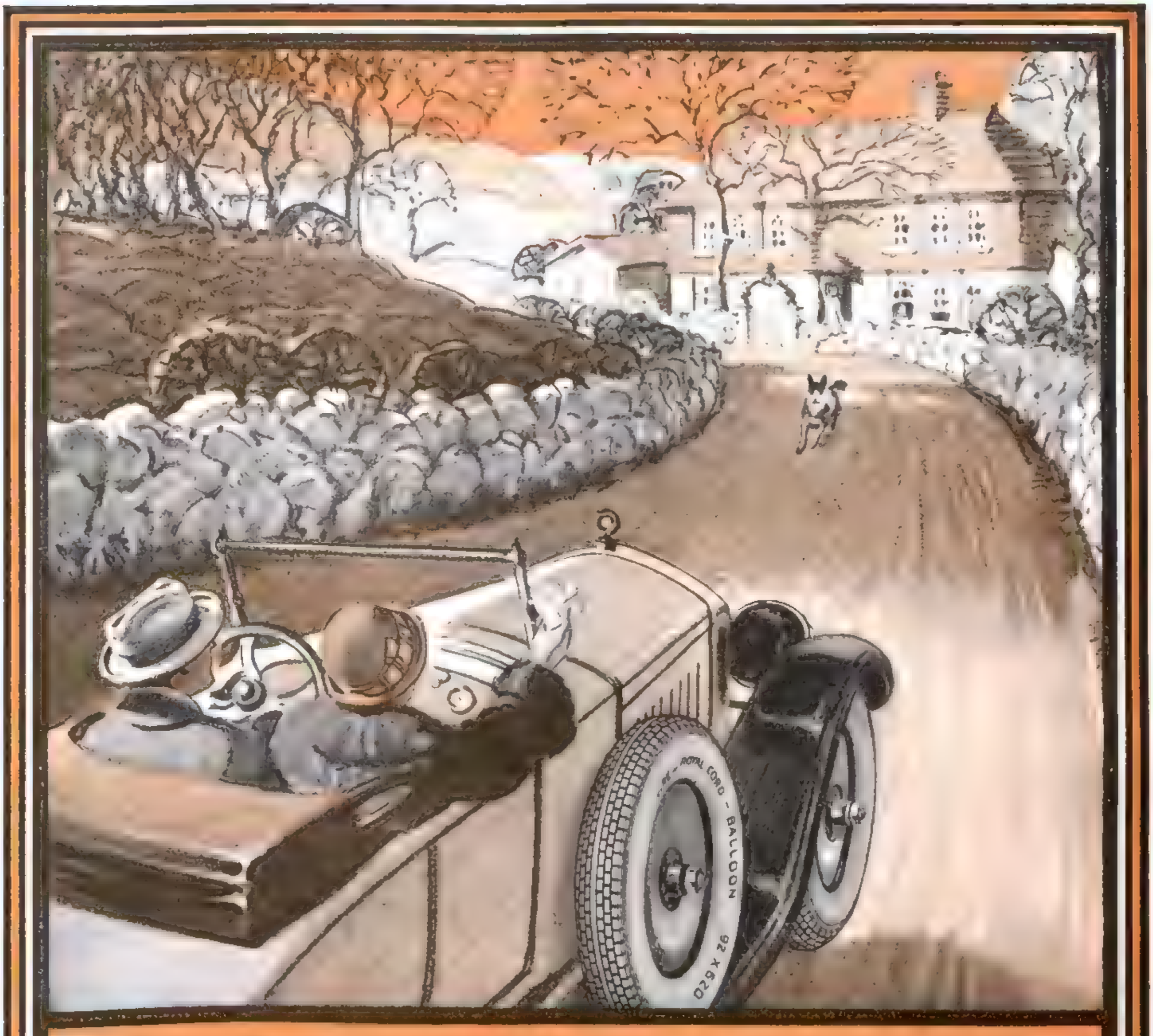
Prince Doria Pamphily was another of my visitors, and he ordered a marble of his little boy, who had recently died. And this order led to a friendship which lasted until the prince's death.

In the excitement of my studies and the work upon my group, it never occurred to me to figure out the expenses. I was absorbed in it and in my environment. Here I was with my life all before me in a wonderful land surrounded by the best that has been done in art, free to work according to my inclinations. Modern teaching in art is greatly at a disadvantage compared to the times of the Renaissance, when the eminent masters flourished. I saw my opportunity, and decided that I would not limit myself to one branch alone. I resolved to follow sculpture, indeed, but also to keep my hand in strict training for drawing, the foundation of all the graphic arts.

The very reason that a Renaissance came into being was that the pupils were trained by their masters in the extensive variety of the work of the studios. They were obliged to grind colors, to enlarge small sketches to the size of the cartoons, to prepare the clay, to build the full-size figure from the small model, to learn the intricate art of making the skeleton, and to prepare it so carefully that the master would not find the work collapsed upon the floor just when the finishing touches were about to be given. And they had to familiarize themselves with the difficult process of bronze casting, an art in itself.

At the time of Benvenuto Cellini the art of the lost-wax process—*cire-perdue*—was generally in use. It was most ingenious. From the model in plaster a form was made composed of many sections which could be easily taken apart and put together. Into this mold was poured a very thin layer of pure beeswax mixed with a vegetable color to render it opaque. After the wax cooled and stiffened this shell was removed section

(Continued on Page 123)



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They put the theory of balloon tire superiority into *practice.*

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Web-Cord is made by the patented Latex process developed and owned by the United States Rubber Company.

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To insure good cooking use *insured* milk

HAVE you ever stopped to think that milk is just about the most uncertain ingredient that you use in cooking?

You use the finest pastry flour, the purest shortening, the freshest eggs, the best butter—and hen you take a chance with the milk.

How often you find that milk you judged to be perfectly fresh was really "just on the turn." Many a dish is spoiled by *nearly* fresh milk.

Again, milk varies in richness. Sometimes you have whole milk.

Sometimes the only milk in the refrigerator is skimmed milk, robbed for the benefit of the morning coffee. Or the recipe calls for two cups and you have only a cup and a half. But you use it!

Scientific cooking demands known milk values

You make milk a known quantity in your cooking when you use *insured* milk—Carnation Milk. Carnation is always sweet and fresh. Every can you buy is like every other can. Alike in richness; alike in purity. No bacteria can grow in this sterilized, hermetically sealed product.

You are always sure of getting all

the food value of full-cream *whole milk*—all the butter-fat, protein, carbohydrates, and mineral salts that make whole milk a perfect food.

Only part of the water is taken out in preparing Carnation Milk: and nothing is added. This milk should not be confused with "condensed" milk sweetened with cane sugar.

Excellent results in all cooking

Expert cooks are enthusiastic over their success with Carnation Milk. Milk dishes made with it, they say, are admirable in flavor and texture. It produces uniformly good results every time, because it is always the same—*insured* milk.

It is convenient to keep on hand; easy to use; very economical. In coffee or on fruit or cereals it is delicious, yet it costs much less than cream.

You, too, should try insured cooking with Carnation Milk. It is, more and more, the way endorsed alike by experts and practical housewives.

May we send you an interesting 32-page booklet, profusely illustrated, about Carnation Milk? It contains 100 of Mary Blake's favorite recipes.

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You can dilute the double-rich contents of this can until the quart bottle overflows with pure milk

Carnation Milk

"From Contented Cows"

© 1924, Carnation Milk Products Co.

(Continued from Page 120)

by section. This wax had to be worked over by the artist almost as carefully as the statue itself. First, the seams had to be flattened out, and then were added the finishing touches to which the comparatively pliable and elastic wax lent itself better than the hard plaster. After this a liquid, generally composed of brickdust and plaster, to resist fire, was poured around the model. When dry and hard the whole was put into an oven and lightly heated for forty-eight hours so that the wax could melt out without leaving any residue. The model was cooled again, and the bronze, composed of nine parts of copper and one part of tin, was poured in in liquid form. This was the process—full of intricate detail, so difficult that since the time of its earliest use it has been twice lost and recovered.

In Italy the student has a chance to familiarize himself with all this technic. And this, in the midst of other preoccupations, I endeavored to do the while I was there. Though it is doubtless true that in such matters as sport or industry specialization is most to be desired, I firmly believe that in art the broadest and the most comprehensive foundation is necessary. Later in life I often had occasion for being grateful that I had early learned the elaborate technic of my craft. I studied the technic, and yet persisted at my big group. This was to be the crowning achievement of my Italian sojourn.

The more, however, it advanced, the more I realized what a foolhardy enterprise I had undertaken. Had I made portrait drawings of the entire Roman aristocracy I could never have earned enough with which to finish it, counting at the rate of one hundred francs a drawing, which I was then receiving. What made the situation still more serious was a change in the Austrian cabinet. Count Kalnoky, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, had resigned, and the days of my kindly patron, Baron Bruck, the dean of the diplomatic corps, were numbered. It was one of those unforeseen and unfortunate circumstances that react in a variety of channels. When I discovered that Bruck's successor was Baron Pasetti, little interested in art, it became evident that disaster was staring me in the face.

A Friend in Need

In my desperation I took a train and rushed to Vienna to consult again my guide, philosopher and friend, Dr. Emil Steinbach. With his everlasting patience and interest he would look at my photographs; he would delve into the whole history of my sojourn in Rome; every detail of my life, my aims, my dreams, found a sympathetic echo in the soul of this great man. The nearness of his presence alone removed those mountains which had seemed to pile up day after day upon my troubled mind, and when, after a short stay, I again boarded the train which took me back to Rome, I carried in a full and grateful heart the assurance that my group would be finished. In 1903, when the Vienna Art Association invited me to give a special exhibition of my work, I again saw my good friend, and rejoiced in his jesting admission that he no longer regretted having assisted in passing me through college unqualified and unmerited. Soon after my return to London I sorrowfully learned of his death. "Friend more divine than all Divinities."

After working for the best part of five years, my group was at last finished. I was obliged to do most of my own carving. This, however, in later life I did not regret. Just before the completion of the work I received an invitation from the Art Association of Munich to exhibit it at their Spring Exhibition. They offered to pay the expense of taking the piece to Munich from Rome and thence to the next exhibition. I accepted and was awarded a gold medal.

Mother Love is a group in the round; the four bronzes in the base are reliefs—the two side panels in high relief and those adorning the front and rear somewhat flatter. There is also a form of relief so low that it might almost be termed a painting in stone. This is the most difficult. To distinguish the modeling at all, it has to be lit by a sharp light which will throw deep shadows. Its technic is particularly well suited for medals and was used by Roty, Dupré and Bottée to best advantage.

A Saint Cecilia of my own conception offered me the opportunity to practice in marble all the delicate nuances the subject demanded. This I cut at the time I was working on my group; it was my rest and recreation.

When I left Rome the work was not entirely finished, but after settling in London its completion gave me many happy hours which were at the same time instructive.

My Roman studio consisted of the wing of a building close to the government studios. A ground-floor room contained my work in marble. From that room a staircase wound into an upper apartment where I was making drawings and models. The south wall of that upper chamber contained a huge window consisting of one plate of glass, overlooking the city of Rome, its innumerable towers and spires, and the Alban hills in the distance. At any hour of the day the effect was startling. But it was at sunrise and sunset that the new and indescribable pictures were constantly being revealed through my window.

John Sargent's Kindness

Queen Margherita, mother of the present king, Victor Emmanuel, and widow of King Humbert, was a noted lover of art and music. From some of my diplomatic friends she had learned of my group, and expressed the desire to see it before it left the city.

Pepino, a Newsboy. From an Etching by Mr. Fuchs

Were that happening today I should know better what to do when so honored by such a visitor. But being then inexperienced I thought it best to invite the embassy also upon the occasion of her visit. The new ambassador found the big group too sad for him. Again and again he asked me why I wasted my time upon gloomy subjects when I might do gay and cheerful little bronzes which people would readily buy. Queen Margherita, however, was warmly interested and expressed the desire to see everything. She was full of kindly and eager questions, so that I could hardly answer them for their rapidity. When she mounted the stairs and found herself at my great upper window just as the sun was setting, she exclaimed, "What a beautiful and novel view of Rome you have here!"

She recognized a portrait bust I had made of Gustav Freytag, the poet, and began to discuss his works, most of which she knew in German. She was graciously delightful, and I soon realized that the presence of the diplomats was an unnecessary luxury. I was pleasantly surprised when she turned to the ambassador and asked him if he did not think the group a fine piece of sculpture. I do not remember his answer. I doubt whether he made one when he bowed, but when she was about to leave she turned once again to the group and said, "I appreciate the way in which you converse with your marble, when I see the answers you elicit."

The Queen's visit was a definite landmark in my life. For, what with its attendant publicity, it brought many visitors to my studio, both Roman and foreign. One of these, Miss Alexandre Ellis, daughter of Arthur Ellis, equerry to the Prince of Wales, desired me to make a drawing of herself as a gift for her father.

Mrs. Carl Meyer, wife of the manager for the London Rothschilds, who kept open house in London and had a keen regard for art, commissioned me to model a bust of herself, which she wished me to start then, and, as she had not time enough to stay in Rome until it was completed, she invited me to finish the marble in London the following summer. Indebted as I was to Mrs. Meyer for her tangible interest in my work, I was even more grateful to her for a far greater thing which she did for me at this time.

Sargent was in Rome on a visit, and one day Mrs. Meyer brought him to my studio to see the bust for which she was sitting. This meeting I consider one of the epochal moments of my life. Sargent's fame was then beginning to spread over the civilized world. Not since the days of Frans Hals has been seen such directness in conception and rendering, such dazzling, brilliant technic as Sargent's. He had just finished the large canvas of Mrs. Meyer with her two children, the picture of that year at the London Royal Academy. The expectation of meeting him had keyed me up to a high pitch of excitement. From Mrs. Meyer's description of him I had formed an image already. When he entered my studio, a man well over six feet in height, I would have taken him for almost anything but an artist. In the Latin countries, especially in France and in Italy, we are so accustomed to recognize artists by their eccentricities in manner and dress, that we end by believing these a manifestation of talent. Were this true, Sargent could not conceivably qualify as an artist. There is nothing of the eccentric about him. But once he begins to talk he reveals the man he is.

I still remember the flattering words he uttered as he looked at my bust of Mrs. Meyer, and also his generous comment upon the group. A few of my pencil drawings hung upon the wall, and when for these, too, he had a kind word, I could not help pointing out to him that they were lacking in that freedom for which I was striving so hard and which was his gift in abundance. Reluctantly he then admitted I was right. This I subsequently found to be part of the high-mindedness of his magnanimous soul. Always he looked first for the best in everything. In the many years that I knew him afterward I never heard him criticize adversely except perhaps Burne-Jones, whose art is so diametrically opposed in freshness and directness, that it could hardly have been otherwise. But this does not mean that he was intolerant of the whole Pre-Raphaelite school. On the contrary, he had nothing but sincere admiration for Rossetti. Even his distaste for Burne-Jones he expressed in a gesture rather than in words.

Off for London

When he came again shortly before he left Rome, he generously offered me the use of one of his own studios when I should come to London.

I began to make my preparations to leave for London. I did not know then that it was to be my future home. During the four Roman years I had lost touch to a great extent with both Austria and Germany. Italy is a place for study and deliberation, rather than a permanent abode for a young artist. What my next step was to be I did not know. Chance had brought me the commission for Mrs. Meyer's bust—and chance seemed to point toward England.

One episode, even though irrelevant, I cannot help recording here. Just before I left Rome, Paderewski arrived to give a series of concerts at the Sancta Cecilia Hall. The first was to be in the afternoon at four o'clock and Queen Margherita was expected. The house was crowded to the roof. When the royal family arrived and the musician, amid profound silence, was about to begin his concert, a ray of sunlight shining through a yellow stained glass window crowned his head with a glow of gold so radiant that it gave the striking appearance of an aureole. The audience burst into thunderous applause which lasted many minutes. I have wondered if even today Paderewski knows the real cause of that spontaneous outburst.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Fuchs. The second will appear in an early issue.

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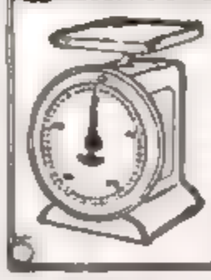

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HANSON SCALES
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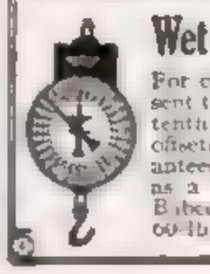

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THE ARTIST

(Continued from Page 13)

You had no need—unless your tastes were particular—to go into details; it was perfectly safe to leave such matters to him. There would be flowers on the table, relishes, a light soup, fish or perhaps a chop, coffee that was perfection; and cigarettes or the cigars which you were known to prefer would be passed to your guest at the fitting time. At some stage of the luncheon Hamel himself would appear inconspicuously at your elbow to ask, "Everything all right, sir?" And to your grateful nod he would respond with pleased humility, "We tried to have everything nice."

He took especial pride in arranging the details of a private dinner party, whether it were to be served in the café or in one of the small dining rooms which were a part of his domain. Pad and pencil in hand he consulted your wishes, suggesting and advising here and there, informing you whether there were particularly choice viands in the larder, recommending this dish, or that, or the other; and when the hour arrived and you were served he was at hand, in the background, but attentive, hungry for what small scrap of thanks or appreciation you were minded to give him. His zeal was not mercenary; he was notorious for his reluctance to accept a tip. The waiters who served under him, knowing quite well that anything given to the head waiter is apt to come out of their pockets, approved of this habit on his part, and it was responsible for no small share of the hold he had on them. He was as grateful for a generous tip to one of them as though you had given it to himself, seconded the man's thanks with his own, and took so much the greater pains to serve you when next you gave him the opportunity.

I once asked him why he refused gratuities: he smiled in a deprecating way as he replied.

"It pleases me to have everything nice without that," he explained. "I like people to be satisfied, and when they are satisfied, then so am I. That is all. Besides"—this with a careless gesture—"I do not need the money."

He managed at such times to give a curious impression of affluence and ease, as though his service here were a pleasant hobby rather than a profession.

The high spots of the year were for him those occasions—Christmas, New Year's, Valentine's Day, and the like—when the café served a special dinner. At such times he even supervised the work of the orchestra; he made sure that you were personally informed of the opportunity for dancing in the assembly hall upstairs; he distributed favors—masks and paper caps or hats with a childlike delight; he invited you to take home the flowers that were set upon each table; he beamed upon you with a jovial good cheer almost too great for his small countenance to carry.

And now and then you heard his whisper in your ear: "Everything very nice, isn't it, sir? A nice dinner, yes?" And when you agreed with him he beamed again.

Hamel was an extraordinarily confiding man, and he seemed to find a keen pleasure in telling you about his private affairs. He lived, he used to say, in a beautiful apartment overlooking the river. His wife, he assured those who would listen, was the most beautiful and gracious of women.

"She's like me," he would assure you. "She likes everything nice. You wouldn't believe to see how pretty things are at home. Everything just so. She's not satisfied unless it is. I tell her to go out more, to leave things a little, not to work so hard; but she's that way. Hard to please, I tell you, sir, she makes me be careful. You think I am particular and all that, but you should hear the way she talks to me."

This was, we agreed, not incredible. Zealous as Hamel was, he was, after all, a man; and no man can bring neatness and order to the point which is natural to some women.

He sometimes described the beautiful rugs, the carefully chosen furniture in this apartment of his. He must have known something of such matters, for he spoke of Phyfe and Sheraton; ancient Persian names came trippingly from his tongue; his collection of early glass was, by his own report, small but extraordinarily choice. Now and then the incredulous asked how he could afford such things.

"They're investments, you see," he used to say. "Better than bonds in the bank, because they increase in value faster than the interest on your money. I'm careful, when I buy, to get everything nice. That's the way, you see."

In the course of half a dozen years he built up in this wise a beautiful and luxurious background for himself. Now and then someone, faintly curious to see the wonders of which Hamel spoke, suggested that he invite some of us to his apartment; but the little man at such suggestions was accustomed to smile in a deprecating way and say humbly, "But no, you see. It's very nice for me, but that is always another thing. Besides, I must not put more work upon Mrs. Hamel. She is not so well just now."

He was not an inventive man, and this phrase, "Mrs. Hamel is not so well just now," became as much a part of the ritual as his insistence that everything be nice. We got an impression that Mrs. Hamel was a small, energetic but rather frail woman whose ordinary duties occupied her zealous industry to the point of exhaustion; that she waited upon Hamel and attended his wants with an ardor which left her depleted and weary. I sometimes wondered whether it was in a futile but eternal effort to meet his standards that Mrs. Hamel wore herself out. Hamel was a mild man enough; but he could also be stern. He had the true temperament of an artist, and derived from the arrangement and supervision of a beautiful dinner as keen pleasure as a painter derives from the production of a masterpiece. To have everything nice was his passion and his creed; and I thought that this insistence on his part might exhaust Mrs. Hamel. But he spoke of her so fondly and so proudly that for the most part we accepted the picture of him basking contentedly in the perfection with which she surrounded him.

One day we missed him, and inquiry revealed the fact that he had suffered an accident. The service elevator, like everything else in the establishment, was old and venerable; but it had the eccentricities of age, and Hamel had stepped into it to descend to the basement, where the larder was; its mechanism failed and the cage dropped some fifteen feet to the bottom of the shaft. The jar of the fall shattered his right leg above the knee; shock and pain rendered him mercifully unconscious, and he was removed in an ambulance to the nearest hospital. Thence, a few days later, to his home—so we heard—for the lengthy process of recovery. We sent him flowers, a dozen of us subscribing; then the routine of our lives went on very much the same as before.

It was surprising to see how quickly, with Hamel absent, the service in the café began to deteriorate. The man put in his place was one of the waiters who under Hamel had always been efficient and capable; but this man, who had done very well as a subordinate, proved his inadequacy to the position of commander in chief. He showed a gluttonous eagerness for tips; he argued with the other waiters in tones sufficiently loud so that their altercations disturbed our peace; he attempted to chide the cook and was set in his place for his pains. And he confided to us that Hamel would not be able to return for weeks, and suggested that he might not return at all. He let us understand quite frankly that he was ambitious to replace the little man, and solicited our support even while he failed in his duty to see that we were properly served. For a while we endured; but the contrast between him and Hamel emphasized in our eyes the little man's excellences; and we discussed the situation over the luncheon table.

It was Waldron who said one day, "The plain fact is I knew Hamel was good, but I didn't realize just how good he was. They say any man's place can be filled; but he's left a hole that is still a hole."

There were eight of us around the board, the big circular table in the middle of the café where the regular luncheon patrons were apt to gather. Ames agreed with Waldron, and proceeded to recount some of Hamel's virtues, while we nodded in assent.

Graves said, "I'm glad we sent him those flowers. But I, for one, am going to see to it that he gets some more of the same every

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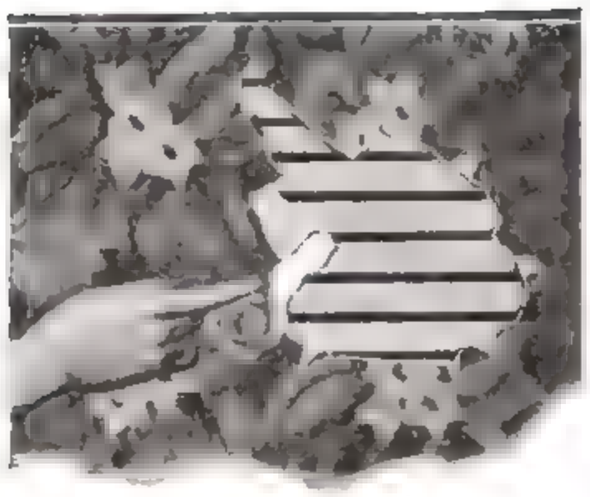

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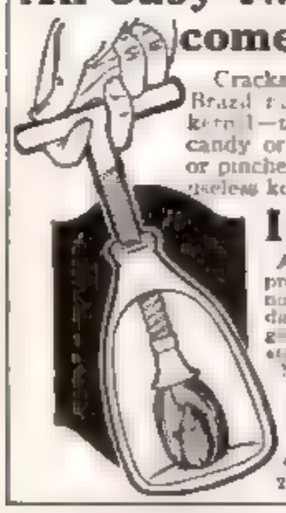

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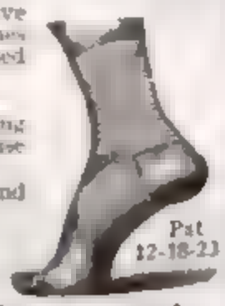

Pat 12-18-23

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day or two. The little chap was fond of flowers. Remember how he used to beam when we admired them on the tables."

"I sent him a bunch myself day before yesterday," Ames confessed.

"We'll take turns at it," Graves suggested. "Wonder if he'd like something to read. I expect he's fretting at being kept at home."

"It's probably making things hard for Mrs. Hamel," I reminded them. "A woman like that, a fastidious housekeeper, hates to have her home upset. And there's nothing more upsetting than to have a man around all day."

"We might chip in and send him away somewhere to rest up," Ames suggested.

"Oh, I feel sure he would prefer to stay at home," Randolph urged hurriedly. "Remember how proud he was of his place. Probably he's really having time to enjoy it for the first time in his life."

Some of us smiled at this, for Randolph's frugality was well known. At the same time, what he said accorded with our own estimates of Hamel's character. It was Durkin, big Durkin, who owns an enormous butcher shop in the market district, from which he emerges every noon to lunch with us, who made the next suggestion. I had not given Durkin credit for so much imagination. His business is not an æsthetic one; and he wears, somehow, the look of a butcher. A huge, broad man, bulky and thick, with cropped hair above a wide red face, from which gleamed his small blue eyes.

Yet he said now, "I'd like to send him one of these antiques, or a rug, or something—the sort of stuff he likes—if I knew enough about such things to pick 'em out."

A little silence greeted the proposal, a silence in which our thoughts recognized how apt it was and considered ways and means.

Ames was the first to speak. "That beats everything we could do," he agreed. "Durkin, you've hit it."

Randolph, who is New England born and bred, objected, "It would run into money."

"No more than we'd spend on flowers if he's at home six weeks or so," Ames reminded him.

"The eight of us here could manage some little thing," I urged. "Hamel would appreciate the thought as much as the deed."

"Ought to be something particularly nice," Durkin reminded us. "Something he's maybe wanted."

"We might consult Mrs. Hamel and find out what he has wanted," Graves proposed; but Ames objected to that.

"She'd let it out. We want to surprise him."

"He likes things nice," Durkin said again, unconsciously adopting Hamel's own phrase.

The plan did not mature that day, nor the next. But we discussed it pro and con, and the project grew upon us. Our enthusiasm, perhaps, carried us away. We at first thought of contributing five dollars apiece; it was at once obvious that this was insufficient, that forty dollars would buy nothing of importance. Not from the point of view of a man like Hamel, somewhat of a connoisseur. We considered ten. Then Durkin reminded us that Hamel never accepted tips from any one of us, that we could afford to lump the tips we might otherwise have given him. Randolph thought ten dollars was enough; Durkin, blushing a little at his own prodigality, suggested fifty. In the end we agreed upon twenty-five dollars as a rough figure; decided we would spend somewhere around two hundred dollars, dividing the sum equally among us. Randolph, the only reluctant one, was brought to agree; but he would, he insisted, go no higher than twenty-five.

The question of what to buy divided us for a long time. Graves knew something about rugs; Martin had some familiarity with Colonial furniture; but it was Durkin again who displayed the practical mind.

"Cross out rugs," he urged. "You know Hamel. A rug from us he'd want to hang on the wall and keep nice. We want something he can use every day, and value too. Who's the best antique dealer in town?"

We looked toward Martin, who answered without hesitation, "Pomeroy! He has the best stuff, and he's honest."

"Let's go to Pomeroy, then," Durkin advised. "Tell him how much we want to spend and put it up to him."

Durkin had this ability to hit upon a suggestion so eminently sensible that there was no opposing it. We at once adopted the measure he proposed, finding reasons to support it, half inclined to believe we had ourselves devised the plan. We thought of going in a body to Pomeroy; but there was no hour convenient for all of us. Durkin said he would not go.

"I don't know anything about things like that," he reminded us.

But we agreed that his judgment was what we needed; and he eventually said he could be at Pomeroy's at four that afternoon. Ames would be there, and Martin, and I saw my way clear to go. The others agreed to leave the decision to us, but Randolph reminded us that we were on no account to exceed the maximum limit. We liked Randolph, in spite of this well-recognized trait in the man. Ames and I, departing together, decided that he would probably turn up at Pomeroy's to enforce the limitation.

We were not surprised, therefore, when he appeared at a little past four. Pomeroy had heard our desires and had taken an instant interest; said he knew Hamel himself and liked him. The dealer was not a regular patron of the café, but I remembered having seen the man there.

"Hamel comes in here sometimes," he explained. "But he's never bought anything of me. Of course my prices are high. But he likes to look around the shop."

Durkin asked, "Anything here he has particularly wanted?"

So Pomeroy produced the clock. Such matters are Greek to me, but I remember he said this was rare and remarkable. "An antique dealer bought it in Maine," he explained. "Paid fifteen dollars for it. Thought it might be good, so sent Wales a description." Wales, I knew, was the proprietor of another shop in town. "Wales paid him seventy-five dollars, and the Maine man bragged about his deal. But Wales had the clock fixed up and I was glad to pay him two twenty-five. I'm asking four, and it's worth more."

Randolph spoke promptly. "That's over our limit," he said.

"The clock's in running order," Pomeroy rejoined. "I had it overhauled. It's worth five."

"We're not paying over two hundred," Randolph insisted stubbornly.

Durkin spoke. "There are eight of us buying this," he told Pomeroy. "You're in business for a profit, but you can afford to advertise. It would pay you to let us have this at what it cost you."

"I paid thirty dollars to have it overhauled," Pomeroy replied.

"Say two fifty," Durkin suggested.

"We agreed not to go over two hundred," Randolph protested, almost angrily. "That's why I came up here today. I expected you to lose your heads."

"I'll take the extra fifty personally," Durkin said in a mild voice.

Martin shook his head.

"We'll split it," he corrected. "Letting Randolph out for his twenty-five, if he wants it that way."

Randolph is wealthy; his distress was mildly amusing.

"I didn't say that," he protested, flushing. "Besides, Mr. Pomeroy wants more than two fifty."

Pomeroy may have wished to discomfit Randolph; he may have sought to emulate Durkin's generosity; or he may have been moved by the situation itself. At any rate he said easily, "No, I'll take two fifty. I'm sacrificing that much profit, but, after all, I'm not losing anything."

"Wrap it up," said Durkin promptly.

I suggested engraving a legend upon the back of the case; but Martin set me right. "This is an old clock," he told me. "That's its charm. Hamel won't need to be reminded who gave it to him; he'll prefer it as it is."

This seemed reasonable, and Pomeroy agreed. He undertook to deliver the clock, cleaned and in order, at the café next day, so that we might inspect it over the luncheon table and plan the presentation. Durkin wrote a check, and the rest of us reached for pocketbooks to pay our shares. Randolph, now the issue was decided, was the first to speak.

"That's thirty-one and a quarter each," he said, and handed Durkin his full share.

Durkin accepted it without comment; but Randolph seemed to feel easier and we were all glad the matter had been thus adjusted.

The clock was waiting for us next day; we lunched in one of the small private dining rooms so that we might examine it at our ease; and we decided to go with it to Hamel's flat that afternoon. Engagements that interfered were canceled by telephone; we were all, I think, as pleased and eager as children. Ames knew Hamel's address. We took taxicabs and gave the drivers street and number; and during the ride down into the west end of town, we pleased ourselves by guessing what Hamel's reaction to the gift would be.

The apartment house proved to be a fairly modern structure, not without charm, with letter boxes and speaking tubes in the entrance.

Graves, who is the city editor of one of the morning papers, said, "We'll surprise him; not let him know who we are. His suite's Number Twelve." And he pressed the button of Suite Number Fourteen. The latch clicked and we went in.

The small automatic elevator would accommodate only four of us at a time. Durkin and Ames and Graves and I went up first, Durkin carrying the clock. Then the cage descended to bring up the others. We found ourselves confronting the door of Hamel's suite, and spoke in whispers while we waited for our companions. No sound came from behind the closed door. The elevator rose again, and Graves knocked and Hamel's voice from within called to us to enter. Graves opened the door and we followed him into the apartment.

I remember quite well the curious sense of incredulity which assailed me in that first moment. I had formed a very definite mental picture of what we should find; expected a small, well-appointed flat, beautifully furnished, beautifully kept, quiet and luxurious. But the door let us into a narrow hall, filled with the unmistakable stale odor of fried onions. The hall was dark, shadowed at its inner end by curtains. I saw a hole in one of them, not worn, but torn by some violence; and when I brushed against them, entering the living room, dust filled the air. The living room itself struck me as a whole; remained as a whole in my memories thereafter. Yet I can still see details. A stain of ink upon the floor at one side. An inexpressibly cheap and ugly carpet in need of cleaning, scuffed over at one border so that the lower side showed. A yellow oak writing desk, open, revealing a woman's handkerchief and lip stick, an old newspaper, and some disordered letters. A rocking-chair of mission oak, and a morris chair, each vaguely dilapidated. Tacked to the walls, rotogravure pictures from one of the Sunday papers, and a cheaply framed oil painting of two oranges and an apple. A poor reproduction of September Morn, with a stocking hanging over the wire at its back. The table in the middle of the room was of oak, littered with the disorderly belongings of a woman. Her high-heeled slipper, in need of polish, lay on its side under the table. The whole room wore an atmosphere of shiftless neglect.

Hamel was not in this room, but in the next, the dining room. We had all paused, huddling in an abashed group, till he called to us, "Who is it? You, Sophie?"

We looked at one another, the same thought, the thought of flight, in every mind. But Durkin was brave.

"No, Hamel," he replied, and stepped toward the connecting door. "Some of us dropped in to see how you were getting along."

There was a moment's silence; the silence, it seemed to me, of consternation. I followed Durkin and saw Hamel's face, drained of color, drawn and ghastly. He lay upon a cot by the window, a pillow under his head, his leg stiffly outstretched in its bandages. The bandages were soiled, as though they needed changing. He stared at us, and I saw his lips work and his lower lip droop, and there were tears at last in his eyes. He looked from Durkin to me, and then to each of the others in turn; and each time his eyes moved with a slow effort, like one forced to look upon fresh horrors while the vision is still shocked with those it has already seen. But he managed at last to speak.

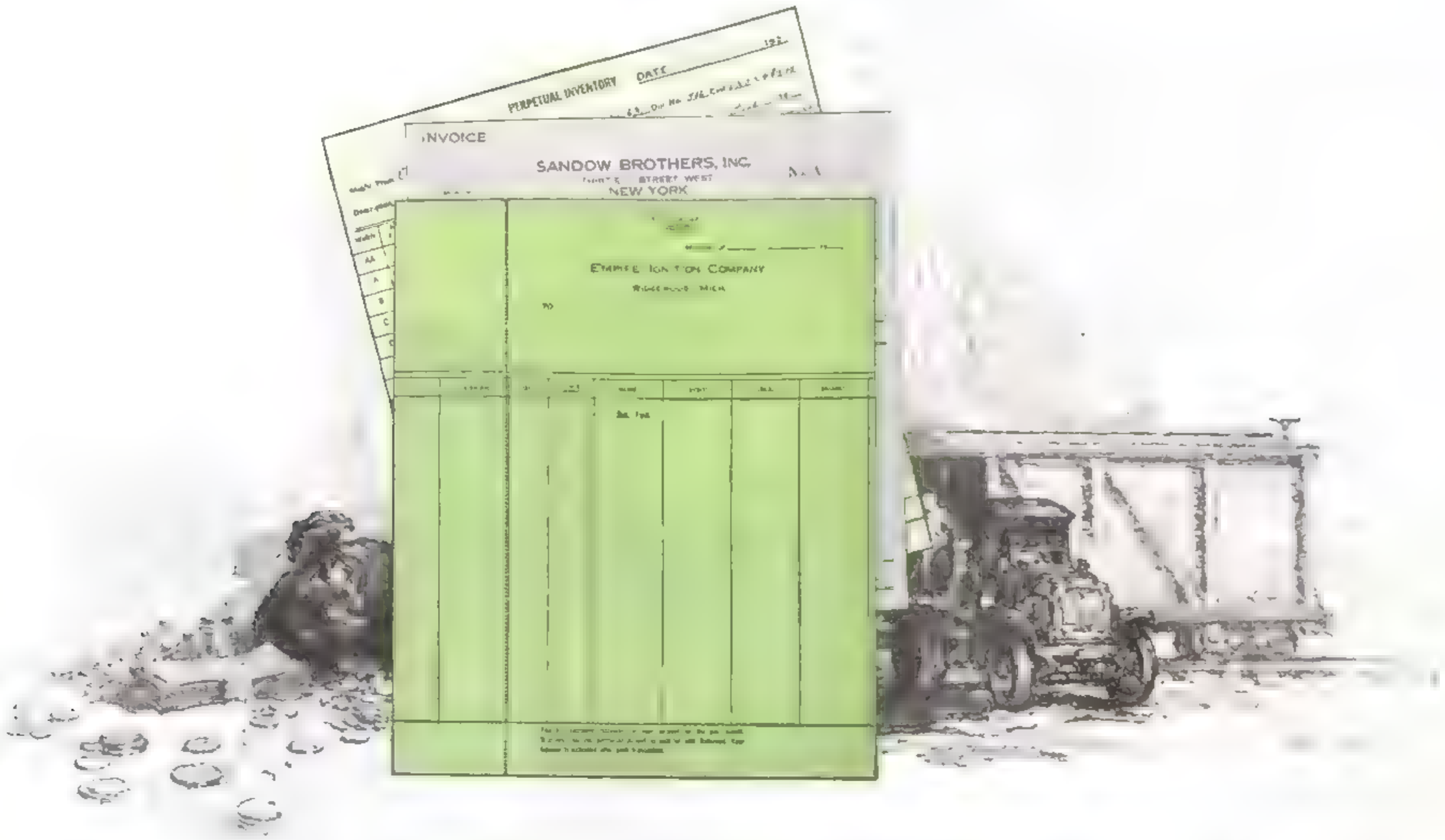
"Your coming—you're very nice," he said huskily.

Durkin wiped his forehead with his handkerchief. "Well, how you feeling?" he inquired.

"Oh, but I am feeling very well," Hamel assured us, seizing at the question, answering almost hungrily, as though the commonplace words were a relief. "Yes, I'm doing nicely."

"You're looking pretty good," Durkin told him.

(Continued on Page 129)



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The Amplifying Transformer *is the* Magnifying Glass *of* Radio

like the field glass

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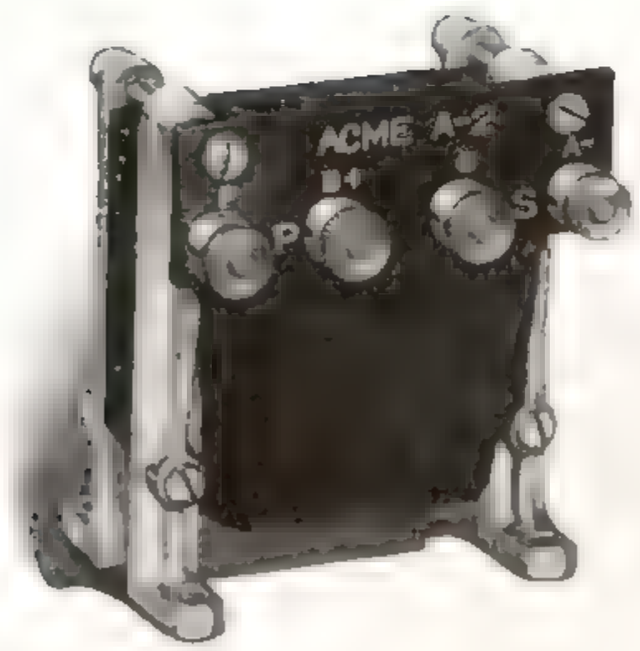

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(Continued from Page 126

There was a momentary pause that seemed interminable. I could not speak My consciousness was filled with the squalor of this room, the soiled dishes still on the table, the chairs in disorder, the linoleum on the floor, the aroma of stale food which came through the open door from the kitchen. Another open door revealed a bedroom and I could see the bed, unmade, a woman's stays on the floor by the foot The others were, like me, stunned and silent. Randolph was the first to recover. He had a poise hard to shake; and he stepped into the fearful silence

"Hamel," he said in a tone of friendly courtesy, "we have missed you. The Oak Room is not the same without you. We wanted to see you That's why we came today But also we wanted you to understand the very real regard in which we hold you, and so we have brought you this." He took the clock from Durkin's unresisting hands. "Something to remind you that we are missing you, Hamel." He began to strip away the wrappings, and the crackling of the paper was grateful, since it kept silence at bay. So presently he revealed the clock and set it on the table before Hamel. Hamel, quite obviously, could not speak, so Randolph said quietly, "I think you will find it keeps excellent time"

He stepped back, and I saw his fingers twitch with the strain. His eyes met mine appealingly, and I stammered, "We miss you every day, Hamel."

Durkin cleared his throat loudly. "You've got to hurry and get back," he urged.

Ames took a hand. "Place isn't the same," he testified.

"No, sir," Martin confirmed.

"Anything we can do ——" Graves seemed pleased with this innovation this new direction which he had given the conversation. Hamel was crying, and we could not look at him, so we looked at one another. "Yes, sir, anything you want," Graves repeated.

"Just let us know," I said.

"Call us up, any of us," Durkin urged.

"Or drop me a line," Ames amended.

The subject exhausted itself. Durkin discovered a new angle.

"If you need a doctor, or anything," he suggested, "we could send someone."

"Or a nurse?" Graves proposed.

Then he turned white with horror, because the suggestion seemed to imply a doubt that Hamel was having proper care, and thus to accuse the absent Mrs. Hamel. We looked at Graves ferociously; and Hamel himself was driven to speech by this.

"Mrs. Hamel takes care of me," he said brokenly. "She does everything. She's not very well, and it's hard work for her."

"You look mighty comfortable," Durkin assured him.

Hamel gathered courage. "The clock's nice," he said "It's too much. I've seen it at Pomeroy's It's too much for me."

We were in the midst of protestations, setting his mind at rest on this point, when Mrs. Hamel returned The outer door opened with some violence, silencing us; we stood like culprits, and I saw Hamel's eye, full of dread, watching for her appearance. Then she came to the dining-room door and saw us. She was a large woman, older than Hamel, I should have said. Her hair was unnaturally golden, her garments extravagantly in the mode. There was too much color in her cheeks, and the red upon her lips failed to conceal the hard cruelty of her mouth. The sight of us silenced her for a moment; then she saw our confusion, as a woman will, and regained her assurance.

She looked at Hamel and asked in a harsh voice, "Who are these guys?"

"They're gentlemen from the café," Hamel said softly. He looked at Durkin and took courage. "My friends," he added. "They came to bring me this clock."

She perceived our gift upon the table and walked toward it, brushing past us, stripping off her gloves; and she picked up the clock and looked at it. "It ain't running," she said accusingly

"It needs winding only," Randolph assured her gently

"It looks like a relic to me," she remarked.

"It is an antique, a very nice clock," Hamel protested.

"I been planning to get a clock, one of them under a glass bowl," Mrs. Hamel commented. "Maybe I could exchange this Do you think?" She set the old clock down jarringly. "Where'd you get it?" she asked us directly

Hamel said, smiling pitifully, "I expect you'll like it after a while, Sophie" He met our eyes, dignity in his. "It was nice of you to come," he said.

We perceived our dismissal; and, almost defiantly under that woman's scornful eye, we made our individual farewells to him; and each in turn we bowed pointedly to her. She followed us only as far as the door between dining room and living room. As we withdrew through the dark little hall she called, "One of you shut the door"

Durkin brought up our rear Before he drew the door closed we heard her say to Hamel, "I s'pose I can pawn the thing."

No one was willing to wait for a second trip by the elevator; so half of us walked down the stairs to the street floor. Outside the apartment, by common consent we hurried away toward the corner, and not till we were out of sight of Hamel's windows did we pause.

"We can get taxis here," Graves told us. For a moment we stood still, looking up and down the street.

It was Ames who first made comment. "Poor devil," he murmured.

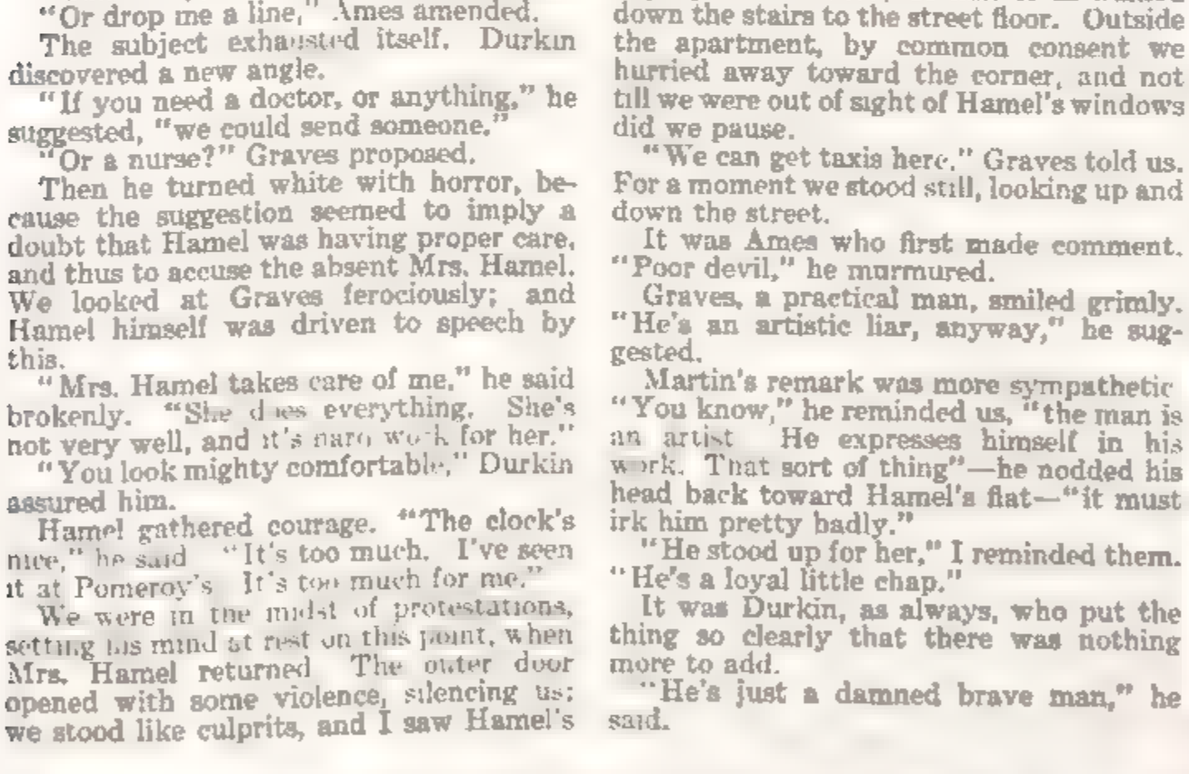
Graves, a practical man, smiled grimly. "He's an artistic liar, anyway," he suggested.

Martin's remark was more sympathetic "You know," he reminded us, "the man is an artist He expresses himself in his work. That sort of thing"—he nodded his head back toward Hamel's flat—"it must irk him pretty badly."

"He stood up for her," I reminded them. "He's a loyal little chap."

It was Durkin, as always, who put the thing so clearly that there was nothing more to add.

"He's just a damned brave man," he said.



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LEADING STRINGS

(Continued from Page 19)

"I will," said Forsyth, rising. "When either wants to occupy he can send the other a card. If any difficulty rises you can always come to me. But I'm sure it won't."

He passed to the door.

"Good-by, Forsyth," said Pomeroy. "And many, many thanks. For takin' other people's bulls by the horns you have no equal."

Belinda laughed mischievously.

"Whose bull did you take this morning?" she said.

"No one's," said Forsyth. "I took a lady by the hand and a soldier by the arm, and the three of us did some reading between the lines."

"What did I say you should have been?"

The solicitor smiled.

"I told you I was—sometimes."

As the two passed down the stairs, "I—I suppose you wouldn't lunch with me, Belinda."

"Not—not today, Ivan."

"You will one day?"

"Perhaps one day."

They passed into Lincoln's Inn Fields.

The lady's car was waiting and Pomeroy opened the door.

"It's—it's been a great pleasure," he said, "to see you again."

Belinda put out a small hand.

"I hope you'll be very happy at Iles d'Or, Ivan."

Pomeroy took off his hat.

"I might have been," he said.

With her hand in his, Belinda looked down and away.

"Good-by," she said gently.

The hand slipped away and my lady got into the car.

"You will lunch—one day?" said Ivan.

Belinda nodded.

The London season was drawing to a close. The two had met little; it seemed as though Belinda was avoiding her sometime swain. Naturally enough, the latter's thoughts were turning toward Biarritz and Les Iles d'Or. He decided, however, that the lady must make the first move. One morning a letter arrived:

"July 7th, 1924.

"*Dear Ivan:* If it's convenient to you, I propose going to Les Iles d'Or for a few days next week. Let me know when you want to come and I'll clear out.

"Yours,

"BELINDA."

A reply went pelting:

"July 8th.

"*My dear Belinda:* Of course it's convenient. I hope you have a topping good time. Stay as long as you like, dear, and send me a line when you go. I'd sort of like to follow you.

IVAN."

Nearly a month slid by. The weather in England was consistently vile. According to the papers, Biarritz was bathed in sunshine day after day. Pomeroy comforted himself with the reflection that Belinda was happy.

Then a telegram arrived:

"Are you at Les Iles d'Or? If not I go there next Thursday for a fortnight. Have been unable to get off before.

"SENESCHAL."

Pomeroy read the message with starting eyes. After a frightful half hour he sat down and replied by letter:

"August 5th.

"*Dear Belinda:* All right. I wish I'd known you weren't at Biarritz, because I'd have gone. Never mind. A fortnight from next Thursday will bring us to the twenty-first. That'll be all right, because I shan't want to come before September fifth. When you leave you might tell the agent to expect me that day.

"Yours,

"IVAN."

August was cold and stormy throughout the British Isles. In the South of France prayers for rain were being offered. The papers said that the Biarritz season was the most brilliant ever known. Pomeroy, who was at a loose end, began to count the days. Then came a post card.

"August 2nth.

"Leaving for Biarritz on September first. Could you postpone your visit till the fifteenth? I should have gone before, only it's been impossible to get away. If I don't hear I shall assume it's all right.

"B. S."

Receiving it from the hall porter, Pomeroy had to be assisted out of the vestibule. For a long time he seemed to have lost the power of speech. Then this returned—in spate. Pomeroy raged. He telephoned to Forsyth, but Forsyth was out of town. Then he wrote to Belinda—a letter three sheets long. This, when written, he destroyed. Finally he telegraphed:

"Shall arrive September fifteenth as sure as water's wet. Please inform agent.

"POMEROY."

It was the last straw.

The fifteenth day of September was the monarch of a glorious week. The sky was cloudless, and the sun, a beneficent giant, beamed upon a fabulous world. The ocean stretched, a flood of dark-blue quicksilver, brilliant and tremulous. The yellow coast and gay green countryside made up a ragged counterpane vivid and vast enough to shoulder Mandeville. The breath of a slumbering breeze tempered the savory air. Ivan, who had lain at Bordeaux the night before, came floating into Biarritz with a thankful heart.

As his car swept up the drive of Les Iles d'Or, his servant, unshaven and travel-stained, rose from a pile of luggage beside a bed of hydrangeas.

"What's the matter?" said his master, setting a foot upon the brake. "Can't you get in?"

"No, sir. The villa seems to be occupied, sir."

"What?"

"A quarter to eight we arrived, sir, just as you said. The door was open then, an' a fellow was sweepin' the steps. I took 'im for the caretaker. So I says, 'Good mornin',' I says. 'Jus' give me a 'and with this stuff.' 'E stares very 'ard, so I says it again in French. 'E didn' seem to get it, so I mentions your name. At that 'e tells me to wait, an' goes orf indoors. I gets out Mrs. Dewlap an' the 'ousemaid an' begins fetchin' the small things out o' the bus. Then another man appears. 'Appily 'e could talk English. 'You've made an error,' 'e says. 'You've come to the wrong 'ouse.' 'What?' says I. 'Ain't this the Eel's Door?' 'Perfectly,' says 'e. 'Well, then wot's wrong?' says I. 'This is Captain Pomeroy's stuff. Are you the caretaker?' 'I'm the butler,' 'e says, lofty. 'Ooze Captain Pomeroy?' 'You'll soon find out 'oo 'e is,' I says, 'if 'e sees you in them canvas shoes. An' 'oo are you any'ow? Ooze butler?' 'E gets very excited then, sir, an' starts on me in French an' wavin' 'is arms. So I leaves 'im to it an' starts gettin' the stuff orf of the bus. When 'e sees the trunks comin' down 'e gets more excited than ever. 'No, no,' 'e shouts. 'Wrong 'ouse. You must go away,' 'e shouts, 'an' take your baggage.' Of course I takes no notice, but lets 'im rave. Then a trunk comes down with a bang. 'Quiet, quiet!' 'e yells. 'You'll wake my lady.' 'You've woke 'er long ago,' says I, 'for the matter o' that. An' ooze your lady?'

"Well, I couldn't get the name, sir. Mademoiselle Seashell, it sounded like. Anyway, I told 'im that there was trouble to come and that if 'e wanted to weather it, the sooner 'e let me inside an' on to the telephone the better for 'im. The idea was to speak to the agent, sir. You gave me 'is name. But 'e wouldn't let me in. I tried the back door, but they'd got that fast, an' the other fellow inside with a broom in 'is 'and.

"By the time I got back the front door was shut an' barred. By the time I'd paid the driver Mrs. Dewlap was feelin' queer, sir. So I took 'er to the kitchen window an' asked for a cup of tea. After a lot of talk they passed some tea through the bars, but it was that filthy she couldn't touch it. So I sent 'er an' Polly orf to walk to the town an' find a restaurant. I 'aven't seen them since, an' I s'pose they've lost themselves. I've stayed 'ere with the baggage an' watched that door. But it's never opened again."

"I see," said Pomeroy grimly. "Well, I'm much obliged. I'm glad you warned the butler and I hope he passed it on."

With that, he got out of the car, mounted the broad steps and rang the bell. After considerable delay the door was opened by a fat servitor.

"Miss Seneschal?" said Pomeroy curtly.

"Mademoiselle is engaged, sair."

Pomeroy took out a card.

"Take her that card," he said. The man accepted the pasteboard and was for closing the door. "And tell her I'm waiting," added Pomeroy, as though by accident leaning against the oak.

The butler boggled.

"But mademoiselle is not receiving, monsieur."

"Do as I say," said Ivan.

"When mademoiselle is descend, sair, I will give 'er the carte. Eef monsieur will return these afternoon ——"

"Send the card up," said Ivan, "and say that I am below."

The butler began to perspire.

"Very good, sair. Monsieur will excuse me, but monsieur is agains' ze door."

"You can leave it open," said Ivan comfortably. "I'm not here to steal."

The butler took a deep breath.

"Mademoiselle 'as gommanded ——"

"No doubt," said Ivan dryly. "Tell her that I prevented you. Tell her I said that if you tried to shut it I should tell my servants to put you in the road."

The butler looked round wildly. Then he caught Ivan's eye and blenched. Finally, after one frightful spasm of irresolution, he flung up despairing palms and staggered into the hall. A flurry of furious whispering came to Pomeroy's ears. Then the butler returned, with starting eyes.

"Mademoiselle regrets that she cannot see you, sair."

"Right," said Pomeroy, lighting a cigarette. Then—"Dewlap!" he cried. "Berryman!"

"Sir!" came a ready chorus from valet and chauffeur.

"Bring in those things."

"Very good, sir."

A moment later, bearing a trunk between them, the two ex-soldiers reached the top of the steps.

"Into the hall for the moment," said Pomeroy. "They can go upstairs later on."

"Very good, sir."

The trunk and its bearers passed in, with Ivan behind, the butler retreating backward before the cortège after the manner of a chamberlain preceding royalty. As they deposited their burden upon a marble pavement, Belinda rose from a chair in all her glory.

"What does this mean?" she demanded, addressing Ivan.

"It means," said Ivan calmly, "that I'm a man of my word. I said I should come on the fifteenth, and here I am." He turned to his men. "Put the rest just inside and wait within call."

"Very good, sir."

"But I'm in residence," flashed Belinda.

"Yes, I'd gathered that," said Pomeroy, hanging his hat on a peg. "So 'm I."

"D'you mind getting out?" said Belinda in a shaking voice. "Or am I to ring up the police?"

"You can ring up the Bastille if you like. But don't do the instrument in. I hate being without a telephone."

Miss Seneschal stamped an extremely pretty foot.

"Will you get out of this house?"

"No," said Ivan. "I won't. For ten solid, soul-searing weeks I've let you have it, and this is where I get on. I admit my leg's elastic, but you've rung the bell. It won't stretch any more."

"Ten weeks?" cried Belinda. "Why, I've been here only four days!"

"I put it at your disposal on the eighth of July. Eight from thirty-one leaves ——"

"You also begged me to stay as long as I liked."

"I hope you will," said Ivan. "There's plenty of room." And with that he sank into a chair.

"Your bluff," she said, "is vigorous, if not in the best of taste. I think it's time I called it. I'm not going out, Ivan."

"Aren't you?" said Pomeroy. "I am. Not yet, but after lunch. The air's lovely."

"I mean," said Belinda coldly, "that I'm not going to vacate this villa."

"Good!" said Ivan cheerfully. "Neither am I."

Miss Seneschal stared.

(Continued on Page 132)

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(Continued from Page 130)

Then she slid down from the table and stepped to his side.

"But if I stay here, you can't."

"Can't I?" said Ivan. "Well, I'm going to have a blinkin' good try."

"Are you serious?" demanded Miss Seneschal.

"My dear girl," said Pomeroy, "at considerable inconvenience and expense I've brought about two tons of luggage, four servants and a car some seven hundred miles. Would you do that by way of being comic?"

"I can't help that," said Belinda. "You should have inquired before you started."

Pomeroy leaned back and covered his face.

"Oh, give me strength!" he murmured. Then—"D'you mind indicating the nature of the inquiry I should have made?"

"Whether I was here, of course."

"I see," said Pomeroy uncertainly. "In view of our correspondence, I disagree. The fifteenth was your suggestion, which I was mug enough to accept. But let that go. What difference d'you think such an inquiry would have made? It would certainly have satisfied curiosity, but I don't happen to be curious."

"I like to think," said Belinda, "that you would have postponed your visit."

Pomeroy sighed.

"Of course," he said, "the trouble is that I'm just an ordinary ass. If I was a half-baked worm with a game spine we should have our arms round each other's necks."

"And if," said Belinda sweetly, "you were a gentleman, you'd get up and beg my pardon and walk right out of this house."

"What? An' leave my luggage?" said Pomeroy.

Belinda shrugged her shoulders.

"That," she said, "could be thrown after you."

Pomeroy closed his eyes.

"I should simply hate," he murmured, "to be a gentleman."

With a look of unutterable contempt, Miss Seneschal reascended the table and folded her arms.

"The villa belongs," she announced, "to the one who's in possession."

"That's not the law," said Ivan, "but never mind. I'm in possession too."

"You forced your way in."

"I did nothing of the sort. The door was opened by your butler, thereby occasioning a void through which I passed."

"Against my will," said Belinda. "I shall cable to Forsyth."

"Do," said Ivan. "Mind you give him my love."

Belinda set her teeth.

"If he says I'm to go, I'll go. Till then ——"

"But he won't," said Pomeroy. "You've every right to be here—and so have I."

"But we can't both of us stay in this house."

"That," said Ivan, "is a matter of opinion. To the best of my recollection, there are seven principal bedrooms and six bathrooms. I don't know how many you take, but I can struggle through on a couple of each."

Belinda consulted her wrist watch.

"Unless," she said, "you withdraw in two minutes, I shall ring for Henri to take your luggage outside."

"Have a heart," said Pomeroy. "Henri's already lost half a stone over this business. If you give him an order like that he'll become a wreck."

"He's devoted to me," said Belinda.

"I'm sure of that," said Ivan. "But he loathes the look in my eye. It's the combination of devotion and abhorrence that makes him get so hot. They sort of seethe together."

"D'you propose to interfere with his execution of my orders?"

"Not exactly interfere," said Ivan. "It'll be more mental. I shall sort of discourage him."

Belinda drew in her breath.

"How long," she demanded, "are you going on like this?"

Pomeroy rose.

"I'm not going on any longer," he said quietly. "I'm through. More, I've just come across from Bordeaux and I want a bath and a change. Reason suggests that you're using a first-floor suite. Very well, I shall go up to the second floor."

Belinda sprang to her feet.

"I absolutely refuse," she flamed, "to consider such an idea. Good heavens, man, think of what people would say! What about my name?"

"Belinda," said Pomeroy sternly, "you should have thought of that before. I gave you not an inch, but an ell. What's my reward? You take a furlong. Good full measure I gave you, without a word. You chuck it in my face and ask for more. Once would have been enough for most men; because I loved you"—Belinda started—"yes, loved you, I let you do it twice. I believed you merely thoughtless—wanted you to have a good time even if I had to pay. It never occurred to me that you were twisting my tail."

The girl's eyes fell and a finger flew to her lip. Pomeroy proceeded quietly.

"If you neither love nor respect him, you can twist a man's tail nearly off—provided he loves you. But the man mustn't know it, Belinda. The moment he does, his self-respect won't allow you to twist his tail any more."

For a moment the two stood silent. Then the girl turned, and walking across the hall, entered one of the salons and closed its door. Pomeroy called his servants and his luggage was taken upstairs.

For the burden of the next six days Lady Cherubic shall speak. She wrote thus to her sister:

"*My dear:* I can't come yet. If I do I shall spoil such sport as never you saw. I told you Belinda Seneschal had compelled me to become her guest at half an hour's notice, quite late last Monday night. And I told you why. Well, it's better than any play you ever thought of. Captain Pomeroy is a perfectly charming man. He's tall and fair, and he's got a merry eye and a very good nose. He's thirty-four, clean-shaven and laughs delightedly. Very easy-going and a strong sense of humor. We get on admirably. He loves Belinda very much. Belinda's dark and a beauty. Great brown eyes and an exquisite mouth, straight as an arrow, and the figure that everyone wants. You know, the more you take off, the better it looks. In her bathing dress— And she's really a sweet girl. Since I turned fifty I've learned to expect nothing from twenty-five. But this child is not like that. Belinda treats me as if I were her very rich aunt. But she treats Ivan Pomeroy as if he were a hideous wedding present which she can't throw out for fear of offending the donor—a certain sign of love, as you will agree.

"Well, there you are, Mary.

"Tuesday—my first day here—was rather hectic. The servants, of course. Rival staffs in the same basement, determined to serve two masters with the same range and pantry at the same time, were almost bound to realize the worst misgivings of the Litany, even if they were all compatriots, which they aren't. Ivan has brought out his English servants. Only a man could do such a hopeless thing. An English cook-housekeeper who can't talk a word of French and is accustomed to dealing in St. James's! Can you see her in a French market? More, can you see her in a French kitchen, explaining in the tone one reserves for the stone-deaf to a French cook who believes in France for the French that the captain deserved the best and it wouldn't be her fault if he didn't get it?

"I intervened at last, to prevent murder being done. The French butler had been ducked in the sink and then shut in the coal cellar. This, because he had intimated that the kitchen crockery was good enough for Ivan. The *brosseur* had been obstructive when Ivan's housemaid had sought for a dustpan and brush, and when she found them had tried to drag them away. Polly criticized his conduct and the *brosseur* pinched her arm. Ivan's chauffeur immediately knocked him down and was kneeling on his stomach when I arrived. The two cooks were under arms, eying each other wildly and giving violent tongue. Belinda's maids and Polly and Dewlap—Ivan's man—were in support, reviling one another's countries in terms which, had they been intelligible to those for whom they were meant, could not have been endured.

"I straightened things out somehow. Then I called a council upstairs. I told Belinda that if I wasn't fed I should go, and I said that I shouldn't be fed if she didn't tell her staff that Ivan's servants had as much right here as they. Finally things were arranged—in the only possible way. Henri was compensated and fired and Dewlap was given his place. Belinda's cook was appointed cook to the household and Ivan's housekeeper put in charge of

(Continued on Page 135)

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(Continued from Page 132

the house. Since then peace has reigned—below stairs. It was also a step forward upon the ground floor, because it meant that we three must feed together.

"Our meals are a perfect scream. Belinda sits at one end of the table, Ivan at the other and I sit in between. They both talk to me vivaciously, but such conversation as they use to each other is of the armored type. The impression that I am the guest of a married couple who are upon their dignity is sometimes overwhelming. Ivan delights to enhance this. The other night he looked across at Belinda. 'I don't like these finger bowls,' he said. 'Haven't we got any other ones, dear?' Belinda choked and I began to laugh. Then—'Aren't these big enough?' says my lady. 'Too big,' says Ivan. 'I'm afraid of wetting my ears.' Belinda fought not to smile. 'Consult the inventory,' she said. 'Right,' said Ivan. 'What's the French for "finger bowls"?' 'Consult a dictionary,' says Belinda. 'I can't,' says Ivan. 'I gave mine to Henri. His need was greater than mine.' Belinda broke down at that, as was right and proper; but order was soon restored. They never meet except at meals, but never once so far has either had a meal out. Thus, under the guise of insisting upon their rights, they improve the opportunity of being together.

"Ivan keeps his end up and is thoroughly at home, but he never intrudes or oversteps the mark. After dinner we go to the drawing-room and he retires to the library. Both rooms command the terrace, but if we sit outside Ivan never comes out. Of course he's as much my host as Belinda's my hostess, but he never lets me feel that. His attitude to me is that of a fellow guest.

"Today Belinda's car was out of action. The first she or I knew of it was when we came down to go out and found Ivan's car at the door. Belinda stopped dead. Then she turned upon Dewlap. 'I thought you said the car was here.' The chauffeur intervened. 'You've broken a spring, miss, so Captain Pomeroy 'opes that you'll use 'is car.' Belinda began to flush, so I got in—quick. After a moment she followed me. 'I couldn't let you refuse,' I said. 'Ivan's not the man to do this for gain.' She just squeezed my fingers. 'I hoped,' she said—'I hoped you would force my hand.' 'I'll remember that,' said I. She blushed exquisitely.

"So, you see, the end is approaching.

"And now I must fly down to dinner. I wouldn't be late for worlds.

"Your loving sister,

"JANE."

"P.S. I said the end was approaching.

"After dinner we sat on the terrace—a perfect night. Presently I called Ivan. He appeared at the window, pipe in hand. 'Why don't you come and sit here?' I said. 'It's wicked to stay indoors.' 'D'you think so?' he said, hesitating. 'I'm sure of it,' said I. 'Of course, if you'd rather read ——' He came out and sat down. He and I talked for a while, and then Belinda joined in. By ten o'clock the tambourine was rolling. When we got up to go to bed Belinda gave Ivan her hand. 'It was very nice of you to lend me your car,' she said. Ivan bowed. 'It was very nice of you to use it,' he said gently. I tried to escape, but Belinda caught me up. Still, the last act has begun. J."

Lady Cherubic was right. As a matter of fact, she accelerated the dénouement by setting her foot firmly on the pedal of opportunity and pressing it right down. In a word, on the very next evening the three had not been together for a quarter of an hour when she rose and announced her intention of retiring to take a short nap. With that, she walked into the library.

After a moment, Ivan, who had risen also, resumed his seat and put his pipe back in his mouth.

"I—I hope she's all right," said Belinda presently. "D'you think I should go and see?"

Ivan shook his head.

"I don't think so," he said.

There was a silence.

"I think I'd better," said Belinda.

"I—I shouldn't," said Ivan uneasily. "Er—supposing you woke her."

Belinda flitted across the pavement and stole into the room. Her back toward the window, her shoes in her hand, Lady Cherubic was in the act of stealthily opening the door. Belinda sank to her knees behind a bureau. When the door had closed, she rose and turned to the terrace.

As she sank into her chair—"All right?" queried Ivan.

Belinda nodded.

The night was marvelous. The moon sailed in the heaven, a clean-cut stoup of glory upon a violet field. Far on the left Spain sloped to the ocean with the crouch of a drinking beast. To the right a lazy school of surf marched out of vision. A fitful breeze played with the sweet-smelling air as a kitten will play with a fringe. Belinda sighed.

"The worst of a place like this," she said slowly, "is that it always seems such a shame to go away."

Ivan's heart stood still.

"I—I hope you aren't going," he stammered.

"I must on Thursday," said Belinda, twisting her pretty hands. "Lady Cherubic's sister is beginning to stamp and I can't presume upon her kindness."

"I won't hear of your leaving," blurted Ivan. "Of course I shall go to a hotel."

Belinda shook her head.

"It's very kind of you," she said, "but it can't be done. For one thing, I don't think Henri's available."

"Thank God for that," said Ivan fervently. "And of course Dewlap'll stay. He's crazy about you."

"You're very good," said Belinda, "but I'm afraid I must go. I think if I were you I should keep the cook on, but Jacques is a washout."

"I—I shan't stay on if you go."

Belinda started.

"You—won't—stay on?" she faltered. "Why on earth not?"

Ivan shifted uneasily.

"Oh, I don't know," he said. "Why—why should I?"

"Well, that's what you came for—Ivan."

"I know. But—well, it's a bigger house than I thought. You know—a shade roomy for one. The thought of five empty bathrooms 'd make my blood run cold."

"Isn't there someone you can ask?"

Pomeroy shook his head.

"Not a soul."

"But this is absurd," said Belinda, crossing her legs. "One day you won't come because I'm here and the next you won't stay because I'm not."

"Won't come?" cried Ivan. "How could I?"

"Well, you did eventually, didn't you?"

"I know, but ——"

"If you'd liked," said Belinda, "you could have come on the fifth."

"I precious near did," said Ivan. "When I got your card I nearly went off the deep end."

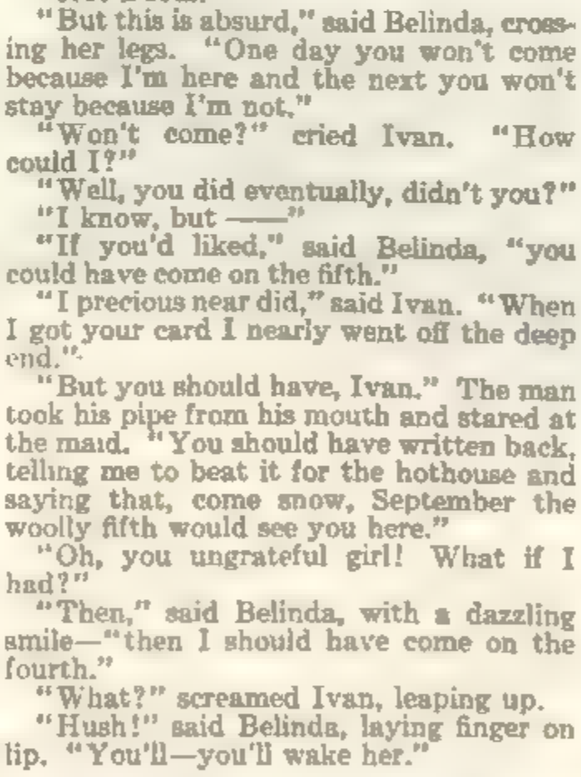
"But you should have, Ivan." The man took his pipe from his mouth and stared at the maid. "You should have written back, telling me to beat it for the hothouse and saying that, come snow, September the woolly fifth would see you here."

"Oh, you ungrateful girl! What if I had?"

"Then," said Belinda, with a dazzling smile—"then I should have come on the fourth."

"What?" screamed Ivan, leaping up.

"Hush!" said Belinda, laying finger on lip. "You'll—you'll wake her."



"D'you mean," whispered Ivan hoarsely—"d'you mean you were waiting for me?"

"Listen," said Belinda. "Do you remember what Forsyth said that day about the will? He made us read between the lines, didn't he? He showed us the implied condition upon which we were left this villa—that we should enjoy it together. Well, that implied condition stuck in my mind. Presently I turned it round. If you remember, he said we ought to reason upon the will's behalf. And I asked myself whether, if Colonel Drawbridge had known that we were going to enjoy his home apart, he would have left it us. And I came to the conclusion that he wouldn't. Well, that being so, there was only one thing to be done. *Noblesse oblige*, you know. You can't take advantage of the dead."

"Belinda!"

"Wait! That's only my point of view. There's no reason on earth why you should adopt it. My conclusion may be all wrong. But if ever I come again, I'll get hold of Lady Cherubic and I hope you'll come too. And when—when I marry, Ivan, I shall renounce."

There was a long silence.

At length, "I -I thought you were twisting my tail," said Ivan Pomeroy.

"I know. I I wasn't. A girl never twists the tail of a man she respects."

Pomeroy stepped forward and picked up my lady's hand.

"I don't take your view," he said steadily, "about the will. The implied condition was blunter and much more precise. You can't make enjoyment a condition; that's merely a matter of hope. But you can make—wedlock." The hand began to tremble, and Belinda lifted its fellow and covered her eyes. "Let's do as you did, dear, and turn it round. If old Drawbridge had known of our bust-up, d'you think he'd 've left us this place?"

The girl hesitated. Then—"He—he might have, Ivan, just as a matter of hope."

Ivan fell on his knees and drew her hand from her face. This was all rosy.

"Don't let's get out of our depth, dear. There's something above inducements and villas and old fellows' whims. Something stronger. It kept me out of this villa for ten long weeks."

"And me," whispered Belinda. Ivan put her hands to his lips and let his head fall to her lap. "When you asked me to lunch and said what you did that day, it made me think. And then suddenly I was all sorry I hadn't gone. And then I thought of the will. I thought perhaps if we saw something of each other—not exactly off parade, but at—at home, Ivan ——"

The man put his arms about her and kissed her mouth.

"I love you," he said simply. "I love you far better than ever I did before. When I came in that morning and found you here in the hall, I—I felt I always wanted to find you there when I came in. You looked so wonderful, Belinda."

With her hands on his shoulders—"You didn't behave as though you did."

"Respect had to be served."

Belinda nodded gravely.

"That's right. When you told me off at the last ——"

"I beg your pardon, my darling. I didn't know."

"How could you, dear? Well, I felt an enormous respect."

"I wonder you didn't hate me."

"I did—till luncheon next day, like thunder. And then ——" She hesitated there and slid her arms round his neck. "You looked so nice, my darling, across our own table."

"My sweet, my sweet ——"

Ivan rose to his feet and put a hand to his throat. A moment's fumbling and in his hand lay a ring. This was fast to a cord about his neck. The girl gasped.

"Ivan! Since when?"

"Since the night we tore it," he said.

He snapped the cord and took her left hand in his. Then he slid the ring on to her finger and put her palm to his lips. Her arms were close about him and her cheek against his.

"Ivan, Ivan, my blessed! Now I know! Till a moment ago I wasn't sure that it wasn't the will."

The man picked her up in his arms.

"You faithless child," he said. "It was always only a question of finding a way, and then you found it."

Belinda regarded him with shining eyes.

"That's easy enough," she said, "where there's a will."

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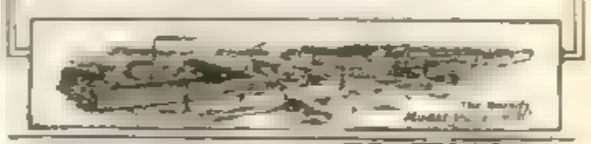

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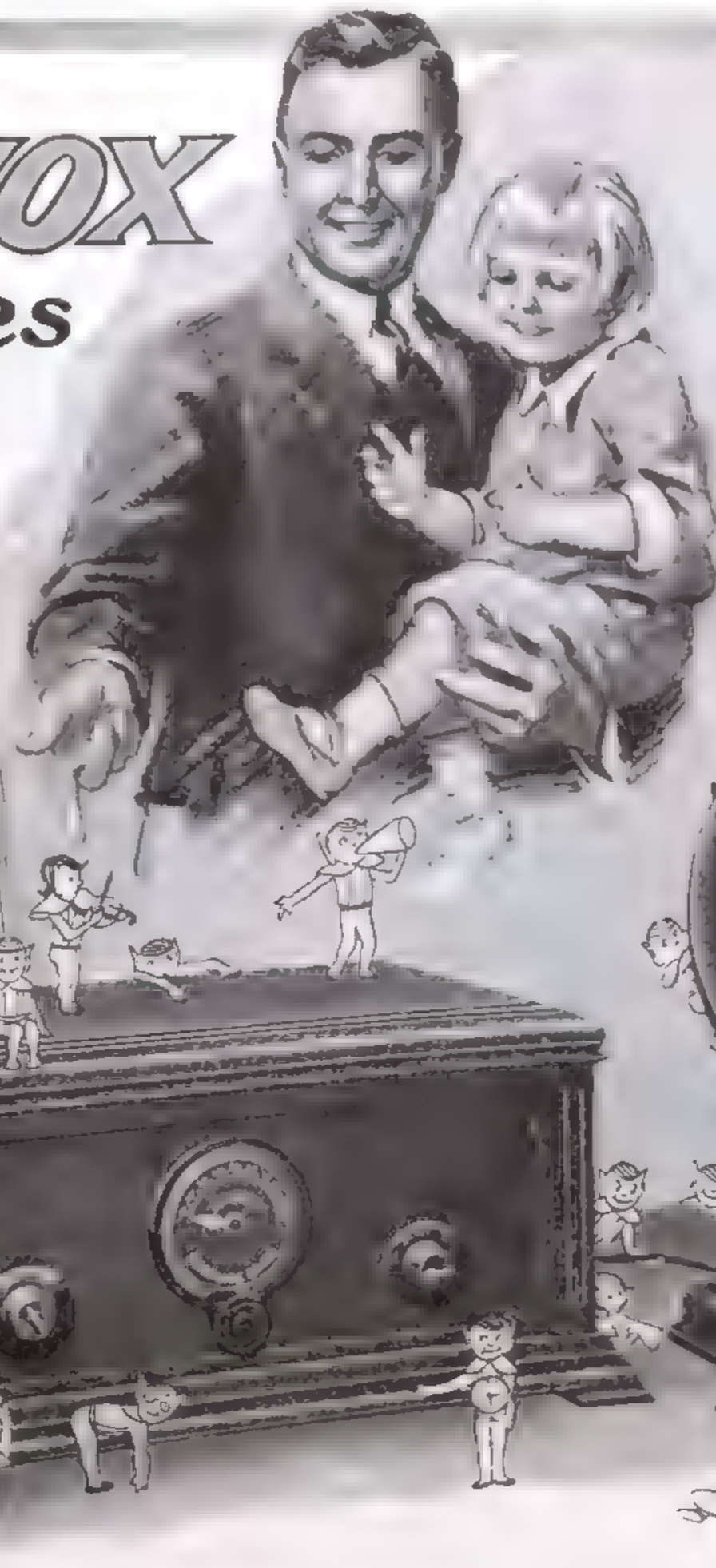

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HANDMADE ADVENTURES

(Continued from Page 21)

indicated—faintly laid down. She has small children—babies—and is married to a man of great dominance of personality and an extraordinary versatility. She is submerged at present, but she will inevitably come to the surface. Those lines will deepen with her own self-assertion. I am wondering when and in which direction she will break out.

I find men quite as interested as women in palmistry. Few are frank about it. They always have, or try to have, an air of amused tolerance—of course it's silly, but what's-a-dollar-or-so-for-a-good-cause manner; but —— Well, here's an instance:

I was inhabiting a gorgeous tent at a Red Cross festival held at a famous country club. The affair had been widely advertised; also my presence as one of the specialties. I was surprised to see a man, a friend I had not seen for several years, enter my —on this occasion—Chinese bower.

"I saw in the newspaper that you were here," he told me, "and I'm thinking of asking a certain young woman to marry me, so I brought her down. I want you to look at her hand."

"Does she know?" I inquired.

"Not in the least. I haven't said anything to her about you, not even that I knew you. But I want you to see her hand."

I saw it, and told him flatly that a more incompatible nature I couldn't imagine.

"It's not only," I told him, "that she won't do for you, but you won't do for her. Neither of you can or will give an inch. I'll be very sorry for you both if you try it." Nearly a year later I saw him on the street.

"Married?" I inquired.

"No," he said. "You were absolutely right. It was quite out of the question. We fought all the way home after we left you that day."

I laughed.

"And you were pretty sure it wouldn't do when you came to me," I added. "If you'd been blindly in love with her you wouldn't have asked anyone's opinion. However, you can't say my advice wasn't good."

He grinned sheepishly.

"You're a good little guesser," was as far as he'd commit himself.

At this same Red Cross bazaar I had occasion to read the hand of a man famous as a financier throughout the land. To my astonishment, I saw every indication of the artist and collector, the lover of beautiful things. There was a late and absolute break in the hand that brought big business to the fore. I told him this and he laughed; then said, "It's perfectly true. I was pitchforked into banking at thirty." That man was Frank Vanderlip.

For my friends, the flappers, I'll say a good word. They aren't half so bad as they're printed. The average young girl of today has a hand that is both capable and adaptable to an admirable degree. They have fine makings. Of course, their first question always is "Am I going to get married?" varied by "When am I going to get married?" To which I always reply in a tone of regret "I am afraid you will, and it's always too soon," to which cynicism they loudly object.

The Line of the Heart

I spent last winter in one of our large Southern cities, and I certainly had an opportunity of studying the flapperhood of the South. They never let me have a moment's peace; and I must say that, mentally, morally and imaginatively, the female of the species had it all over the male. The he flapper was way behind; and let there be no mistake, the male flapper is right with us.

And here I have been leading up to the all-important line—the line of the heart. It really shows how much we all, men and women alike, and at all ages from seven to seventy, look at life across that line. It's absurd, but it's true. It would seem that the cry of the world could be paraphrased from the Bible—What does it matter if you gain the whole world if you lose love? Even in the hands where maternal love dominates—and there is nothing like overdevelopment of maternal love to squash romance—even then the mysterious heart line is present, nudging and crowding other lines, or running its appointed course, definite and serene, from the middle finger of accomplishment to its source below the little finger. At its deepest curve it is farthest away from the ring finger, if you get what I mean. But the truth of the matter is that for the palmist to judge the hand of one of a matrimonial pair without seeing the other is to fail to read properly.

Many fluttering women have stretched out imploring hands to me with the question, "Is he true to me?" I have had to answer something like this: "The make-up of your hands indicates thus and thus. Let me see his hands and I can at least tell you whether his character tends to sex loyalty or not; but how am I to read him in you? Here, perhaps, is indication of suspicion, oversensibility, touchy vanity. These characteristics will make you unduly anxious. But that is not placing your mate in one category or another." And what these distraught jealous women will demand of one! Not once but many times I have had a total stranger implore me to mediate, to see the "other woman," to "go to her husband and tell him," and so forth and so on.

Truly the power of love is terrible; nothing stands before it. Pride melts, self-respect, honor—everything. And again, what fortitude it brings, what unselfishness, what inspiration!

The Telltale Hand

There has never been, to my mind, a true personification of love. Love is neither the Venus of beauty nor a blindfolded child, nor the compelling youth of Eros, nor Astarte, Hathor, Draupadi—none of them. A strange two-faced deity, Love, with many arms like the Hindu gods; on one hand dispensing all good, on the other, destruction; blind in one eye and all-seeing in the other; cruel and kind, uplifting and degrading—and yet one and the same.

Of all the confidences that have been poured upon me, the most painful have been those inspired by the heart line and its accompanying girdle of Venus—a narrow belt, situated above the true heart line and extending from between the first and second fingers to between the little and third fingers. It holds the record of the purely physical dominion of passion.

There has been but one real comfort in the too harassing responsibility of giving advice that has been demanded, nay, implored. It will not be taken. I know just how Cassandra felt.

True, I have sometimes been able to help. Though I have never been willing to put a finger between the upper and nether millstones of husband and wife, I have not had the heart to refuse, upon occasion, to bridge the gap between parent and child. I have taken upon myself the thankless task of bringing mother and daughter together over matters vital to the future of both. Fears, habit and inhibitions of every kind have built so many barriers that often threaten utter disaster. I've done this service for son and father; and once—a queer case—between father and son. The father had let the blame for his own actions fall upon his son. I had found indications in his hand of conscience-stricken introspection that for a long period almost overwhelmed all creative power in work. Then he confessed—one of those tortured, bitter confessions that wring the heart and leave the recipient with a loathing of all mankind. But the secret was destroying not only his son but himself, and, by reflex action, his wife. He couldn't face her, nor the community in which he lived, nor his son, who had been driven from it.

I saw his wife and advised uprooting—another city, another name—and before disappearing from his place and position, a public statement, assuming the blame and exonerating the boy.

This is one of the few cases where I know the sequel. A year later the wife and mother sought me out. She'd had a hard time doing it, for how find a Madame Zara or a Pandoretta when that person is not a professional with a shingle? On this occasion I was far from home; my services had been obtained through a friend who was no longer available. Anyhow, she did find me, and told me she and her husband were happy in their new life. The son had gone back to his own home town and married the girl of his choice. So that was that.

Considering the hands of both husband and wife together is most interesting and most enlightening. I'd say to engaged couples, "Go and have your characters analyzed together." It's good advice and

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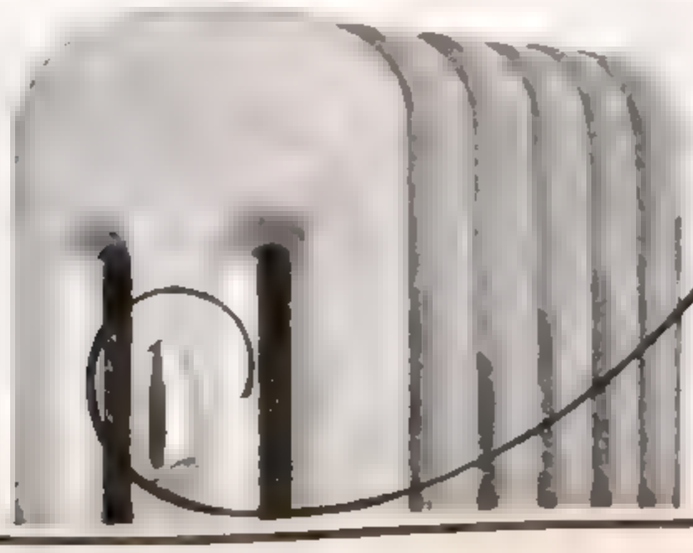

they'd probably adore doing it. But would they profit thereby? Not if they were really in love, as I told the gentleman who brought me his fiancée to look over. However, let me state right here that that ancient saw about the attraction of opposites may be right as to attraction, but it's all wrong as to suitability. The happiest, most enduring marriages are founded upon likeness. The more alike the better, unless, perhaps, it's a matter of violent temper, when, of course, the companion should have balance and self-control. Also supersensitiveness and jealousy should never be doubled. Two of these together will make themselves and the angels weep. By all means, let artist marry artist or art lover; and musicians are better mated to the musical, the business woman to the business man.

And above all, look for a similarity in a sense of humor. Dissimilarity of that all-important sense has ruined more homes than vamps, drink and religious differences put together. How to tell it? Um that's hard, for it isn't to be found in the lines. Truly adaptable people, who are those with a sense of humor, have the flexible hand, warm in color and warm in its heat quality. The palm is invariably spotted, the flanges of the fingers well proportioned, apt to be a trifle wide at the tips, which are sensitive. People with large bumps of ambition, which bump is right under the first finger, very seldom own that cherished gift. Why, heaven only knows.

That other old saw about "Man's love is of man's life a thing apart; 'tis woman's whole existence" is all bosh. With many women it is a thing apart, and with innumerable men it is their whole existence.

The love-dependent man is really more common than the love-dependent woman, and his number is increasing; or rather, the love-dependent woman is decreasing, as she finds that work is an anodyne.

Telepathy or Plain Hunch?

Of course, the chief cause of suicide continues to be unrequited love. But statistics show that the very young are its victims, before they learn that the harness of life may be a restraint; but it also is a steadier, and holds one up. Still, I have no doubt that if Eve had ever parted my tent flaps of pandanus leaves and asked me to read her left hand, while she hid a half-eaten apple behind her in her right, her first question would have been, "Does he love me?" and her second, "Will he keep on loving me?" and the third, "Tell me about that horrid Lilith woman—has she been in to see you?"

I often wonder about that heart line. Should we be grateful for its harassments or wish for the monkey palm again? But what of the strong head line when the heart line is pale and deflected? Preserve me from that person! I think that's the answer.

I have spoken of a sort of telepathy. Once in a great while comes a hunch—a desire to tell someone something that I am quite aware is not indicated by the hand. I usually curb these impulses sharply. I can't back them up. I may be saying something utterly foolish or get myself into the well-known peck of trouble—a disturbed state of mind, as everyone knows, is distinctly communicable, particularly when one has been concentrating with all one's might, trying, as when at public entertainments, to cover as much ground as possible in a very short space of time; the constant adjustments to different temperaments, gauging comprehensions and mental equipments in order to make oneself intelligible. This, I think, may make for receptivity. Occasionally the impulse is overmastering and I have voiced my thought, with some queer results

One of the strangest and most dramatic episodes of this nature that ever happened to me occurred during the war. I had just come back from Canada in time to do my bit in a war-relief benefit. In fact, except for my change of costume, I might almost say I went from train to ballroom.

The Silver Hound

Toward the end of the evening, when I was thoroughly tired out, and even a bit jumpy and nervous, which is unusual for me, a very distinguished-looking Englishman sought my tent. I judged him to be a member of one of the many commissions then in our midst. His hands were most interesting—cultured, traveled, tactful, thoughtful, rare palms that are a delight to read. I felt that he was paying little or no attention to what I was saying, except for now and then a quizzical little smile. He seemed to be thinking deeply, debating something. I had not been aware that I was getting hunchy, but I suddenly heard myself saying in a perfectly level voice:

"He's here—just came in. If you don't want to be recognized, you can go out by the back flap of my tent. It will take you into the corridor."

He snapped to his feet, looked at me sharply, said "Humph!" and bolted for my rear exit. Then he stopped, turned, stared hard at me, came forward quickly, fumbled in his watch pocket, took out what appeared to be a charm, held it a moment for me to see, said "Thank you," and was gone.

What he had shown me was a little silver hound. I knew the token. A king's messenger! Wherever the English flag flies, the bearer of the silver hound can, on sight, command and commandeer anything from an ocean liner to a night in jail. To be a king's messenger is to stand very high in the confidence of the nation. If he should read these lines he will remember the incident and wonder, perhaps, for I do not doubt that he took me for a fellow member of the service or a planted envoy from our own Department of Justice. Certainly, there was a radio working in my brain. It had caught the advent of something antagonistic, not unexpected on his part. I wish I knew what it was all about, and who it was who had just come in. I don't suppose I shall ever know. He had wonderful hands, that king's messenger, and I know, whatever it was he was sent to do, he did it in all honor and faith. They were splendid hands. I wish I could see them again.

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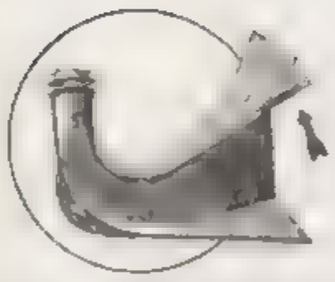

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THE BEAUTY BUSINESS

(Continued from Page 14)

First they were made smaller, and then both in finer materials for the colonel's lady and cheaper materials for Judy O'Grady. Then somebody hit upon the idea of putting powder and rouge in the same box, and they say the manufacturer who first did that let slip a fine chance. His compact didn't show on the outside which was rouge and which powder, and through some shortcoming in design they might get mixed. Other manufacturers overcame these difficulties. Today the latest thing in this line is the thin watch-case compact—the name explains its daintiness. One of the first was designed by a jewelry manufacturer, who found such demand for it that his jewelry output is now secondary.

This has been the big factor of growth in the cosmetics, which are the leading items of beauty merchandise. Women wanted them all the while and were waiting for manufacturers to put them up in convenient forms.

A story showing the part convenience and novelty play in these products is told about a perfume manufacturer. During the war a shipment of his scent was made to Buenos Aires and sold so quickly to the perfume-loving Argentineans that a second order was cabled. When it arrived, however, the consignee refused to pay for it, though the perfume was exactly like that sent in the first shipment. But the bottle was different. The first lot had been put up in a novelty phial with a glass rod attached to the stopper, making it easy to use a single drop of scent. The Argentineans bought the perfume for the sake of the bottle, dumping it out and using the container for costly French perfume. In the second shipment there was no glass rod and nobody wanted the stuff.

Shortly after the war ended, there was a French invasion of our beauty market that scared American manufacturers and sped up this development of new containers. The invaders were chiefly French perfume manufacturers, who sent over costly odors in striking bottles. When it comes to artistic designs, the French, of course, are very much at home. Their bottles were works of art. One manufacturer, for example, had an assortment of scents with Egyptian names. His bottles were glass replicas of Egyptian gods and goddesses, and each was inclosed in a fiber box made to resemble a mummy case. Others reproduced ancient perfume phials and tear bottles, and still others sent reproductions of little human figures, with the stoppers fashioned into heads. The Frenchmen not only expressed the idea of daintiness in their bottles and packages but made the latter as attractive as the perfume itself.

Art in Scent Bottles

American glass manufacturers were not slow in grasping the idea, and in the past two or three years have designed hundreds of new bottles and jars for perfume and other beauty merchandise; and moreover, struck out on lines of their own after a short period of imitating French design and discovering that they were not the best thing for American women.

"You see, we had to start from scratch, where the French glass makers and perfumers have been working hand in glove for several hundred years," said a glass manufacturer who specializes in this kind of ware. "There is a whole guild of artists in Paris working to design novel and artistic containers for French perfumers. Moreover, a genius in this line appeared some years ago, designing containers that were revolutionary in their originality and beauty. On this side, we had been putting perfume either in plain bottles, made cheaply to be thrown away, or in cut-glass bottles ornamented only with the cutter's tool. When these creations began coming over, they were copied by some American manufacturers; but others, going into the psychology of the thing, decided that they were wrong for us and struck out on lines of their own.

"The French containers are designed for novelty, and often stretch it to the point of eccentricity. We reasoned that a perfume bottle is always in sight on a woman's dresser and kept a long while, and should therefore be pleasing to the eye at first sight and have a permanent beauty. Then the French models were costly and could be used only for the most expensive scents. So we have designed containers that have not only the beauty of form but have made them in various colors and with dainty stoppers, and ornamented them in striking ways. The costly French perfumes are still purchased by Americans who can afford them, but we've captured the greater demand for medium-priced scents, and are holding and extending it."

Perfume has still to get its growth in the general development of the beauty industry. It lags behind partly because, as a manufacturer puts it, "It is the last thing a woman uses after she has applied all the other things, and then she uses only a drop!" But it lags behind also because Americans do not use perfumes so freely as some other nationalities, especially the Latins. In this respect we still fall short of being truly civilized—from the perfume compounder's viewpoint. But he has his anticipation of a bigger demand.

Item: Sightly packages are beginning to increase his trade.

Item: The element of convenience is being introduced in novelties like the little glass tubes holding a drop or two of expensive scent which can be carried about in the purse and used by breaking the tube.

Item: The French invasion was chiefly one of perfume. Every time American perfume manufacturers get together they grumble about the imported stuff; but as my friend the publisher tells them, "Why, you and your wives are wearing imported clothes and using other imported merchandise! Forget the relatively small volume of French scents and sell your own, and thank the Frenchmen for making new customers!"

Masculine Vanity

Finally, people who will not buy perfume as such, and perhaps have a prejudice against it, are getting it anyway, for the indirect use of perfumes is much greater than the direct use. It is said that by far the greatest demand for perfume is for scenting toilet soaps.

One morning, quite a few years back, a Middle Western druggist arrived in New York on an early train and went to the office of an advertising agent whose name had been given him. The advertising man hadn't come down yet, and after waiting half an hour or so, he went to another advertising agency which was open.

This druggist had originated a cleansing preparation to be used in facial massage. It was new and excellent, and at first he sold it to barbers, calling at their shops and showing how the stuff was to be used. When he got going and made a little money he began advertising the preparation in a small way in his own city, but always to the men. The merits of his specialty were explained so men would ask barbers to use it with massage. That was his idea when he came to New York seeking an advertising man who could help him win a wider market. It never occurred to him that the barber might be eliminated and people taught to massage themselves until women began buying the preparation. There lay the true market and the manufacturer made a fortune out of his specialty.

One beauty appeal to mere men is irresistible. As a woman will do anything to improve her complexion, so a man will do anything to save his hair. On that account, the logical market for a hair tonic is through the barber shop. That was the way another manufacturer sold his hair tonic until about four years ago. Apart from a few drug stores, his customers were all barbers. But women discovered this preparation, liked it and brought about a complete change in sales policy. It was advertised to women, put in the department stores and beauty parlors, and eventually in the cheapest stores, and sales began to increase like wildfire.

Women set themselves to learn a new beauty wrinkle. On that account, the use of manicure products has grown so greatly the past few years that one manufacturer is now said to be selling more than $1,000,000 worth of a manicure preparation yearly. Originally he made it as a side line in his general chemical brokerage business. It had merits, and with a small sum of money he began advertising, showing women how to care for their hands. In five years his sales rose from $7000 to more than $500,000.

Send for this free booklet

A minute right now may save you years of regret

If you build, of course you will want bathroom accessories installed in the walls where they are convenient, permanent and out of the way. But make sure that you get the right kind. Some fixtures that may look well enough at first, suddenly develop cracks and stains in the glazed surface, because they can't stand changes of temperature. These cracks permit dust, soap and germs to penetrate.

Then you are in for it. No amount of scrubbing or scouring can remove these defects. The appearance of the bathroom you were so proud of is ruined. The only thing to do is to rip out these fixtures and get Fairfacts Fixtures, made by a special process that prevents these cracks—guaranteed to last as long as your home.

Why take chances?

It is so easy to remember that Fairfacts Fixtures are guaranteed to preserve their snow white lustre as long as a building stands. Guarantee certificates are pasted on the fixtures. They shouldn't be removed until you see them yourself and make sure that they are genuine Fairfacts Fixtures.

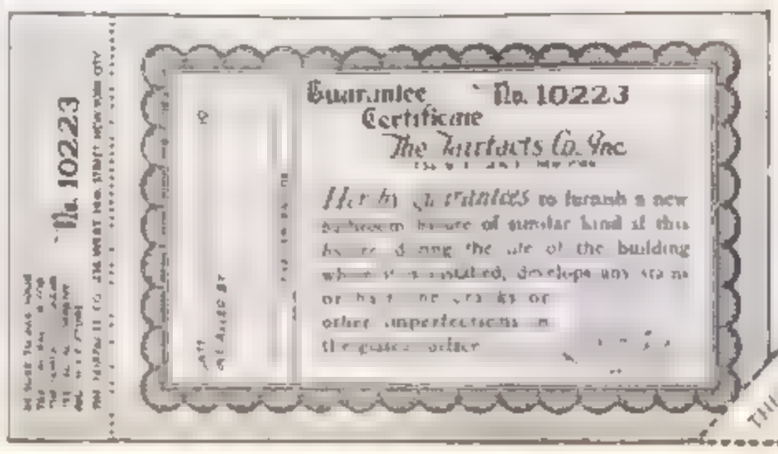
Send for "The Perfect Bathroom" right now

Decide on the style of fixtures you want—soap holders, paper holders, toothbrush holders, tumbler holders, shelves, towel bars, hooks. Study model arrangements of bathrooms. Then when you do decide to build arrange with your architect or tile contractor to install Fairfacts Fixtures because they are manufactured by a special process and definitely guaranteed for the life of your building.

THE FAIRFACTS COMPANY, INC., *Manufacturers*
234-236 West 14th Street, New York City

SPECIAL PROCESS

Fairfacts Fixtures



If you are planning to build, tear out this coupon and send for the booklet, today.

For an Insignificant Cost
Keep
WARM
in Your Car
with an
ARVIN HEATER

FORD (Regular) -- $1.75
FORD (Special) --- $6.00
CHEVROLET --- $6.50
OVERLAND --- $3.00
DODGE ------ $5.00
MAXWELL --- $5.00
Slightly Higher in Canada and Extreme West

Drive in Warmth and Comfort

At all dealers. Quickly and easily installed.

ARVIN MOTOR ACCESSORIES

Your satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

INDIANAPOLIS PUMP & TUBE CO. · INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

FIXED as the stars! Temperature cannot affect it. Harshest water cannot impede it. Toughest bristles cannot resist it.

Mennen Shaving Cream is white magic—a triumph of modern chemistry that makes shaving under any conditions an absurdly simple incident. Have you tried the Mennen beard-softening process—*dermutation?*

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

MENNEN
SHAVING CREAM

Besides the new convenient containers, manufacturers have discovered that apparently trifling changes in their ways of selling have worked wonders. For years a certain concern had been selling good complexion powder, put up rather plainly, at twenty-five cents a box. When the cosmetic boom came competitors sold the same quantity for fifteen cents. Instead of cutting the price, the old concern put a new brand on the market at fifty cents, and it not only overcame competition but proved even more popular with women in poorer city neighborhoods than among the well-to-do. In New York, for instance, Third Avenue buys a good deal more than Fifth Avenue.

This seems to be a business in which almost anybody can make a start, and one eternally fascinating to people who start but do not get far. What more alluring than the idea of putting two cents' worth of this with three cents' worth of this and adding a penny's worth of perfume, and selling it for a dollar—two dollars—five dollars? It is true that the raw materials in many beauty preparations cost but a few cents a pound, and the products are retailed by the ounce. But it takes skill to turn these inexpensive materials into preparations for which people will pay fancy prices, and the very fact that the industry attracts novices makes the competition unusually bitter.

The other side of the industry was shown a couple of years ago in the money-in-mud boom. Clay has been used for ages as a cleanser and beautifier, particularly among people who, like the American Indians, had no soap. The Greeks used it, and the Romans, and Moses was probably found by Pharaoh's daughter while she was taking a mud bath. Time passed, the cycle repeated itself, the psychological moment arrived—and mud again became a beautifier. New beauty parlors giving mud treatments sprang up daily, and numerous beauty-clay preparations were marketed for the woman who wanted to beautify herself. But in the judgment of level-headed men in the industry the thing was overdone on price.

At the height of the boom a medical organization attacked beauty mud. Somebody is always attacking beauty merchandise and taking the joy out of the manufacturer's life. Now it is the parson, then the chemist, again the judge. In this case it was the doctor, and he not only poohpoohed mud as a beautifier but told how any woman could make her own with a few cents' worth of material obtainable in any drug store.

The Hidden Demonstrator

Once upon a time a similar attack was directed against perfume. Women were told that it was foolish to pay high prices for scents when, by growing a few flowers in the back yard and following simple directions, they could make their own scents for a few pennies. This had the effect, ultimately, of making thousands of women think about perfume—and go to the drug store to buy some!

How keen the competition for these millions of dollars that her ladyship spends in beauty merchandise is shown by the hidden-demonstrator device in selling it, found in a good many of the large department stores. The demonstrator, almost always a woman, is employed by the manufacturer to go into a store and introduce his preparations to shoppers. Sometimes she has a little table, or a place behind the counter, or maybe a booth, and according to the nature of the preparation, either explains it in a brief lecture or shows women how to use it, or perhaps hands out samples. This has long been a recognized method of creating interest and it is peculiarly effective for beauty merchandise.

But in the heat of battle some manufacturers went further. They still employed the demonstrator and paid her salary, but gave her services to the store as a general saleswoman. She went behind the counter, worked like any other clerk and was no longer recognizable as a demonstrator. She sold anything the customer asked for unless it happened to be a preparation like her employer's. Then if another brand was asked for, she used various arts to substitute the brand made by her boss. These hidden demonstrators are found in only one section of the department store—the beauty department. Not every department store admits them, but there are said to be some big establishments in which every one of the twenty or thirty clerks in the toilet-goods section is a hidden demonstrator working secretly to the advantage of her employer. So if you go into a big shop, intending to buy a certain article of beauty merchandise and come out with another, there has probably been dirty work at the crossroads

Though somebody is constantly crusading against beauty merchandise, the attacks are usually directed at a very small proportion of the industry's products chiefly the powders and rouges; and they are of two kinds—the attack of the older generation upon youth and the charge that beautifiers are harmful

About the harmfulness or harmlessness of cosmetics—you pay your money and take your choice of opinions Some authorities insist that they clog the skin, while others think they protect it.

Color is an important element in sales. Yesterday her ladyship bought either blond or brunet powder—there was a choice of three or four shades. Today she carefully matches her complexion or her gown or her mood or the occasion, and novelty shades are constantly being introduced. Not long ago there were purple, green and other opalescent shades for evening, and just at the moment a popular new shade is tan, giving a suggestion of a summer spent at the seashore. Quite a convenient thing for her ladyship—a seashore tan that is put on and comes off. And what a grand idea for Mamie and Rebecca, who get to the seashore only two or three Sundays in the year, if at all! Her ladyship buys it in Fifth Avenue—a dollar a box—and Mamie and Rebecca get it elsewhere for a dime.

Kiss-Proof Lipsticks

"Suppose we go over to the five-and-ten-cent store," said the publisher. "You seem to think this industry amusing. I want you to see its serious side."

He went to the beauty counter, which was one of the most prominently located and rapidly selected about a dollar's worth of beauty goods—nothing selling for more than ten cents and several nickel articles.

"Now make a note of this," he said before we went out: "There are something like sixty or seventy toilet preparations sold here. But less than a dozen are cosmetics. No reformer can possibly quarrel with the rest of this merchandise, because it is toilet soaps, dentifrices, shampoo preparations, toothbrushes, manicure preparations and tools, cold creams and cleansers generally—call it 10 per cent beauty and 90 per cent hygiene."

Back in his office, we looked over the purchases. Her ladyship may have a gold vanity case the size of a thin watch and costing anything you please. The trade will make it of platinum and stud it with diamonds if she wants it that way. But when it comes to convenience, the trade gives Mamie and Rebecca just as much of it for twenty cents. For the publisher had bought a thin compact of gold-plated brass, with mirror, for a dime and spent another dime for a fill which included powder and a tiny puff. It would easily go into a pocketbook. Another compact, smaller, held rouge and a little puff—ten cents. Lipsticks in several styles—one for the pocketbook in two shades, another made to attach to a chain, and another waterproof and kiss-proof! An eyebrow pencil in a neat brass case—ten cents. Four drops of imported French perfume, each in a small glass tube to be broken—a dime—and quite an assortment of inexpensive domestic perfumes in small fancy bottles, with metal caps over the corks.

Just before her ladyship turns from the mirror, her toilet is completed with a drop of scent. That single drop contains a scientific romance—the story of the perfumer's synthetics. Put it this way:

Crude petroleum, as it comes out of the ground, is a complex mixture containing everything from gasoline to asphalt, and is split up by refining into the various components man requires. One of the old-fashioned perfume ingredients, like attar of roses, is a similar complex, and when chemists began examining it they found certain components that were desirable in perfume, just as gasoline is desirable for running a motor car, and certain other components of no more value in perfume than asphalt would be in the gas tank. This is true not simply of attar of roses but of all natural perfume ingredients; in fact the chemist says almost without exception every odorous material in Nature is a compound.

(Continued on Page 145)

SCRATCH BRUSH
NO. 1780

Performance and wear are the two qualities which a painter seeks above all others in a wire scratch brush. They are enduring only when scientifically treated INTO the wire, as is done by Osborn. The wire in Osborn scratch brushes has a PERMANENT cutting quality and cannot fill up. Osborn wire scratch brushes are used to remove paint and varnish, to clean wood, stone, metal, architectural iron work, foundry castings, butchers' cutting blocks, files; for surfacing rubber before vulcanizing. Around the home, for cleaning floors preparatory to finishing, cleaning grease and rust from stoves, metal work, brick and stone work.

ASSORTMENT K.

A Better Wearing Brush for Every Use

Osborn is expert in producing wire scratch brushes of superior life and efficiency.

In this line, as in every other which pertains to brushes, Osborn is the outstanding name for quality and better wear.

Not only does Osborn provide a finer brush for every use to which a brush can be applied; but its inventiveness saves time and labor in industry and the home by devising brushes for work which up to a few years ago was performed by other and more laborious methods.

Whatever the work you want to do with a brush—painting, cleaning, buffing, polishing, preparing material, and so on—you can be assured that Osborn builds a better wearing brush for that particular purpose.

It is well to call for Osborn brushes by name—in hardware stores, and in mill and supply depots, in order to get all the superiorities which feature Osborn products.

Osborn maintains branches in the principal cities, and has trained representatives everywhere. Osborn Industrial Brushes are also available from leading hardware, mill and factory supply distributors.

SCRATCH BRUSH
NO. 1781

SCRATCH BRUSH
NO. 1777

The Osborn Manufacturing Company, Cleveland, Ohio

New York Chicago Detroit San Francisco

Osborn Brushes

SCRATCH BRUSH
NO. 1779

Natural tone quality - - *wonderful volume with a* FADA Neutrola

IN THE "Neutrola," FADA has produced a radio receiver that possesses every essential to your complete enjoyment of radio. It is a new and better designed five-tube Neutrodyne set, refined to give the most faultless reproduction of music and voice. You can, without exaggeration, imagine yourself in the very presence of the musicians and artists.

Selectivity is but one remarkable feature of the "Neutrola." With powerful local broadcasting stations operating, the "Neutrola" cuts through them and brings in outside stations, hundreds of miles away, on the loud speaker with minimum interference.

The "Neutrola" cabinet is of genuine mahogany, inlaid with a lighter wood. A decorative grill covers the built-in loud speaker, and a drop desk lid hides the panel when the set is not in use. The "Neutrola" is fitting company to the finest furniture in the home.

In addition to the "Neutrola" there are other FADA Neutrodyne receivers in sizes and styles to meet every desire; three, four and five tube receivers in plain and art cabinets at prices ranging from $75 to $295, each extraordinary in results; each a remarkable value.

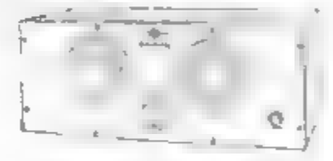
NEUTRODYNE

F. A. D. ANDREA, INC., 1581 JEROME AVENUE, NEW YORK

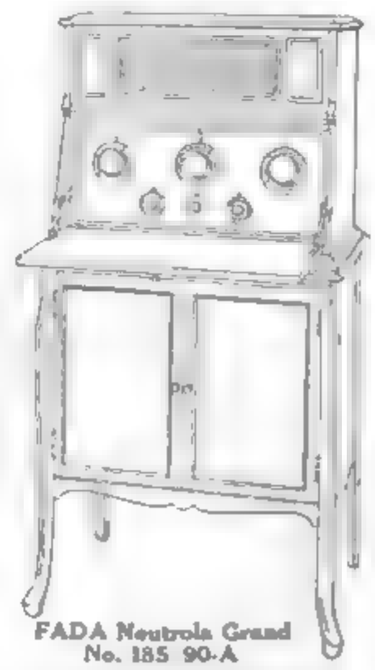
FADA Radio

FADA Neutrola
Five-tube FADA Neutrodyne, with self-contained loud speaker. Genuine mahogany, artistically decorated with wooden inlay. Ample space for all batteries and charger. Drop desk lid that hides receiver when not in use. Price (exclusive of tubes and batteries) $220

FADA "One Sixty" No. 160-A
"The receiver that has taken the country by storm." The best known of all Neutrodynes. Four tubes. Price (less tubes batteries, etc.) $120



FADA Neutro Junior No. 195
Three-tube Neutrodyne. A wonderful performer. Price (less tubes, batteries, etc.) $75.



FADA Neutrola Grand No. 185 90-A
The five-tube Neutrola 185 A, mounted on FADA Cabinet Table No. 190 A. Price (less tubes, batteries, etc.) $295.

(Continued from Page 142)

The chemists -thousands of them, in different countries—went to work splitting up the natural ingredients. Some of them were made from flowers, others from fruits lemon oil was a great natural base for odors like geranium—others from gums, nuts, spices, woods, and so forth. Even animals contributed natural ingredients, like civet, musk, ambergris and castor from the beaver. It was discovered that most of the ingredients, when separated, had disagreeable odors. That is, the delicate perfume of a flower is not only a complex but a bouquet of separate odors combined by Nature to give a pleasing perfume.

With these various ingredients, it was possible to imitate the scents of flowers that would not give up their natural odors to the perfumer using the old-time methods. He could capture the aroma of the rose or the violet, but the sweet pea and lily of the valley eluded him and had to be imitated with other materials.

Having separated and tagged these components of natural perfume ingredients, the chemist began looking for them elsewhere, and discovered that they were not only obtainable in unsuspected places, and more cheaply than from the natural perfume materials, but that there were hundreds of new ingredients that the perfumer could use. Thus they gave him the synthetics which today are the chief raw material for perfumery.

Two or three years ago a new scent with an alluring name swept over France. Its chief ingredient was a synthetic extracted from bananas!

Synthetic Perfumes

The first synthetic vanillin, patented in 1876, was separated from the vanilla bean, its odor ingredient. It sold for $800 a pound. Today it can be bought for less than eight dollars, being obtained from the essential oil of cloves, absolutely indistinguishable from the vanillin of the vanilla bean and technically known as methyl ether of protocatechuic aldehyde. Violet has always been a popular perfume, and probably will be to the end of the world. Its synthetic is ionone, an almost colorless oil with an intense violet odor—extracted from oil of lemon grass. Artificial musk is obtained from toluene, a coal-tar product. Artificial heliotrope is found in camphor. Perfumes of the new-mown-hay type are made of artificial coumarin, the aroma ingredient of the tonka bean, vanilla's poor relative, now extracted synthetically from a combination of chemicals. And so on, until today the perfumer can choose from several hundred synthetics, many of them having odors not found alone in Nature, and not only make better perfumes of the kind formerly extracted from flowers but entirely new scents—novelties with which to lure her ladyship and match her moods. As a perfumer puts it:

"What the aniline dyes did for the textile industry in giving new colors, the synthetics have done for us. Before the coal-tar dyes, there were a few standard color bases, very limited compared with the hundreds of aniline shades. In odors, there were the same limitations, and the synthetics have given the perfumer a color palette like that of the artist."

That is, if he is artist enough to use them. A pound of ionone costing about eight dollars contains as much violet scent as could be obtained from all the violets you could pack tightly in a fair-size room. Its exquisite quality first won perfumers over to the synthetics which had up to that time been regarded suspiciously. Violet was formerly one of the most expensive scents, but ionone has put it in the five-and-ten-cent store.

Why not get a pound of ionone, a couple of barrels of denatured perfumer's spirits, some bottles, corks and labels? grand!

Alas! hundreds of folks have tried it already, are trying and will try. Without special knowledge of chemistry and perfumery, they are pretty certain to fail. Ionone is a peculiar material. Unless skillfully diluted to the right proportions, the scent may be disagreeable, and unless fixed with other materials, it will be evanescent. And this is true of other synthetics. Compounding familiar perfumes and creating new ones is an art as well as a science.

"Is that why many perfumes sell for several dollars an ounce?" I asked.

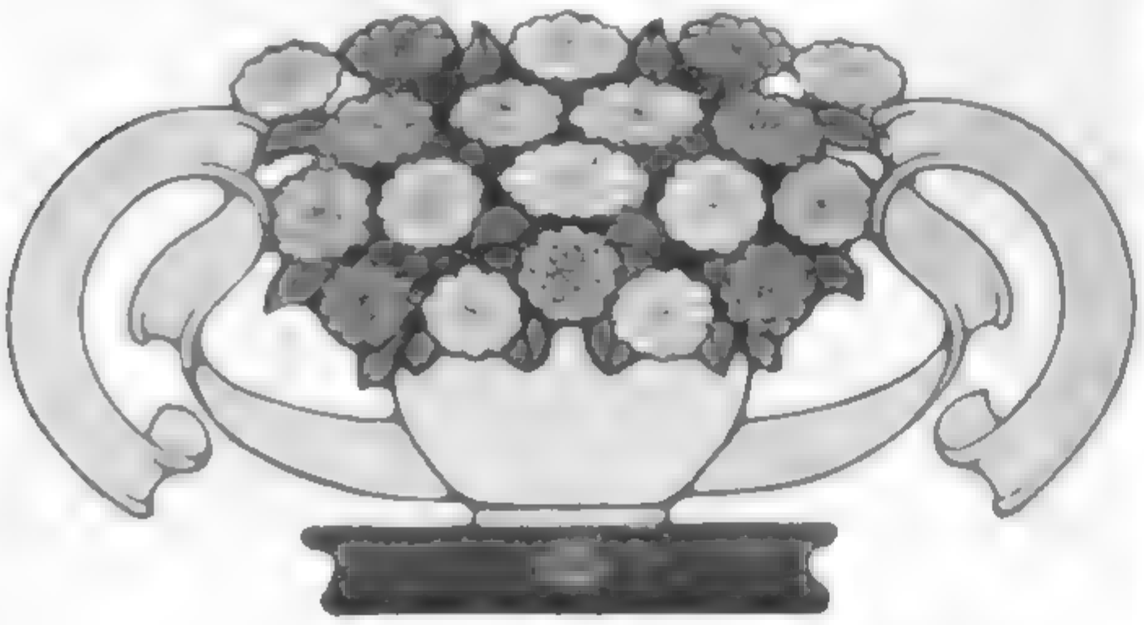
"Not altogether," was the answer. "The highest skill naturally goes into the most expensive perfumes, and in some cases the more expensive ingredients—some of the finest violet scents, for instance—are compounded partly of synthetics and partly of natural materials made from the flowers. Cheaper perfumes are generally made, too, of the same synthetic material used for the expensive ones, the difference being greater dilution and less painstaking compounding. But perfumes are very difficult to merchandise. It costs the manufacturer about as much as the product itself to put it on the retailer's shelves, and the latter has to have a profit on top of that. Even medium-priced merchandise is still regarded as a luxury, and the industry has not yet been able to effect the economies that might be brought about by volume production."

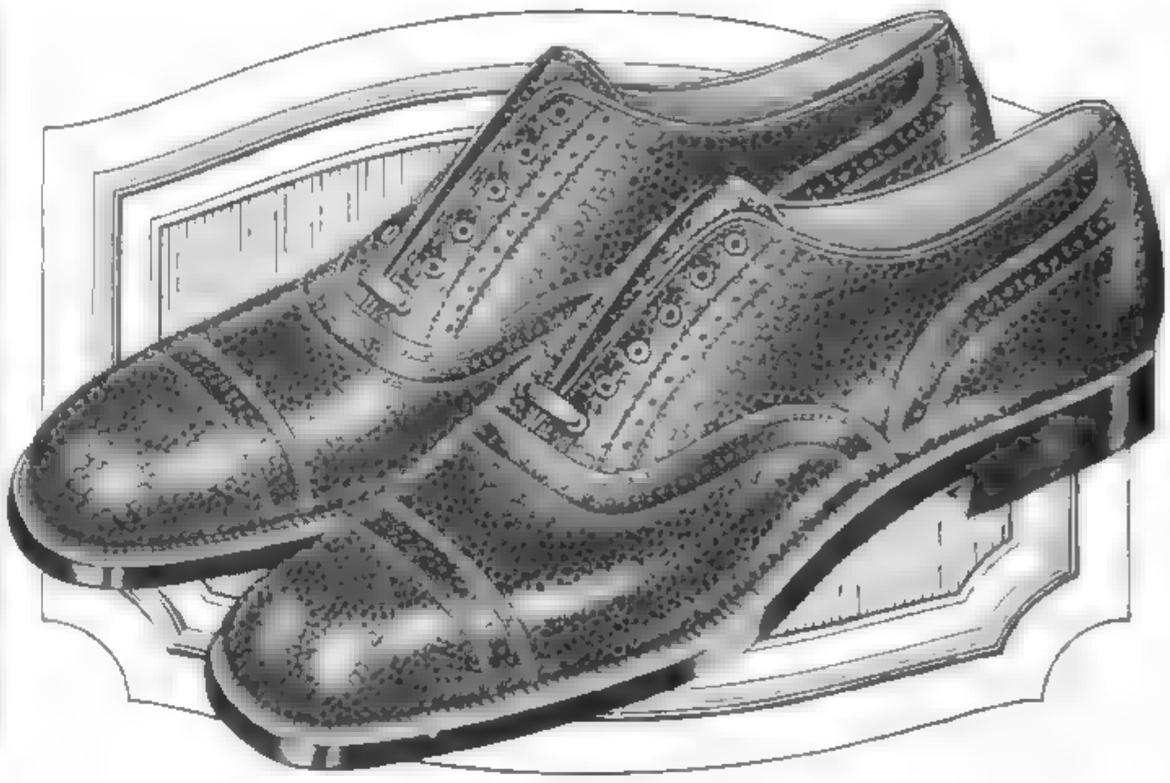
When beauty merchandise runs into volume, it runs into money for the manufacturer—and either a more reasonable price for the consumer or a larger package. This is shown partly in a group of products with which no one has any quarrel—the dentifrices and shaving preparations.

Dental Hygiene

The dentifrice of twenty-five years ago was either a glass bottle of liquid or a flask of powder, mainly precipitated chalk and peppermint; or a little flat tin box holding a cake of tooth soap. Today such preparations are as dead as the high bicycle. There is a story about one famous dental preparation that was a best seller in the '80's, and a household word. Its originator died, leaving the business to his heirs, who let it run along undisturbed. Every year it made profits amounting to a comfortable fortune—then. But along in the '90's the profits began to shrink, and by the time the new century had turned the heirs had begun to worry. Business counselors were called in, made an investigation and declared that the time for rehabilitating the business had passed—the product was out of date, and so much ground had been lost to aggressive young competitors that it was hopeless to try a more modern product.

Today many dentifrices are in paste form, in convenient collapsible tubes, and are compounded and medicated to meet scientific requirements learned by original research the past dozen years. Again, where the manufacturer of other days assumed that everybody brushed his or her teeth, and simply offered a preparation for the purpose, today dentifrice merchandising is part of a great national hygienic campaign, linked with the dentist and comparable with preventive medicine in the doctor's sphere. The public is fast being converted to dental hygiene, and the products are distributed everywhere.





A Scotch Grain of Comfort

The Duncan, illustrated, is a Scotch Grain Oxford built on a new spring-sole last which insures comfort from the first step without that disagreeable "breaking-in" period that most heavy leather shoes require.

Crawford Shoes
FOR MEN
Most Styles $8.00 A Few Nine and Ten
CHARLES A. EATON COMPANY
BROCKTON, MASS.

MAKERS OF MENS FINE SHOES SINCE 1881

"travelo"
knit jackets & coats for men & boys
Endorsed by Santa Claus
THEY HOLD THEIR SHAPE
PECKHAM-FOREMAN, INC. 1909-1915 PARK AVE. N.Y.C.

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ACME

Visible Records Equipment

is opening new sales possibilities, reducing production, selling and general costs; visualizing real facts and otherwise profitably serving the country's leading industries.

Banks
Manufacturers
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Public Utilities
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Municipalities
Distributors
Insurance

With its remarkable record of profit-building accomplishment and its twelve exclusive points of superiority, Acme is helping countless industries pay better dividends on invested capital.

Ask for the Acme Booklet

IN THESE days of high priced and inefficient labor, Acme Visible Records are paying enormous dividends in the form of economies for leading concerns in every line—everywhere.

But, a still greater source of profit is the actual production economy which Acme control is effecting by visualizing each fact and each condition instantly.

Its unique signal system with both sides of each card equally available, and eleven additional exclusive Acme features, have made it the record standard of today—the real leader among visible record systems. Let an Acme Record expert show its application to your business.

ACME
Visible Records Equipment

ACME CARD SYSTEM CO. 116 S. Michigan Ave. CHICAGO
Branch Offices and Representatives in Most Principal Cities

So with the shaving preparations. Not much more than twenty-five years ago there was a single safety razor on the market. Shaving soap was a round or square tablet. Then came the era of new shaving preparations, and the clean-shaven American—known around the world by that characteristic—literally a creature of volume manufacturing and merchandising.

The last viewpoint I got on this beauty business was somewhat unusual—that of a cotton-goods converter. He took it right out of the realm of the flapper and showed how it was marching with great national tendencies. First you saw it in clothes. A cotton converter's business is taking plain cloth in the gray and ornamenting it with pretty designs. Besides cloth, therefore, he sells appearance. And there has been a wonderful boom in personal appearance among American women the past dozen or fifteen years. His secretary, switchboard operator, typists and office girls formerly came down to work in washable white cotton waists and dark woolen skirts. Business clothes were bought for durability. Today these young ladies must have voile and chiffon, if you please. The white cotton waist went into the wash and the dark skirt did duty until it was worn out. But voile or chiffon and they are as likely to be frocks as waists besides being expensive and fragile, require dry-cleaning when soiled.

Women have always wanted pretty things. Probably the cave woman would have wanted voile if she had ever seen it. The craving is nothing new in feminine nature, but the ability to buy pretty things is new. Hundreds of thousands of girls and women have gone to work the past fifteen or twenty years and are earning their own money to buy pretty things. Besides the increase shown by census figures, there is the three or four year turnover among feminine workers. They come into business, earn money to buy pretty things, marry in three or four years and pass on with higher views of personal appearance than their mothers had. The census figures of women workers may show that there has been an increase of a million or two since the last ten-year period. Actually, most of the jobs held by women in office, factory, telephone and other work and there are now six or seven million of them—will have been held at least twice by different women in the ten year census period; and a few million dollars' worth of cosmetics and toilet accessories are simply incidental to them.

The cotton-goods converter enumerated other tendencies along the same line. Prohibition was one. Mere man is spending money for appearance too. The first few pay days after the saloons closed he bought more groceries. A few weeks after that he got around to buying new clothes for the wife and children, and ultimately he got around to buying some new clothes for himself; and interest in appearance will ultimately take him to dentifrices, shaving preparations, something to keep the finger nails clean, and so on. The American man is better dressed nowadays, as well as the American woman. He said that it was evident in the automobile, the movies, the clean-up-and-paint-up idea, the increased attendance at colleges. In fact, wherever you touch American life you find the craving for nicer things and the willingness to work for them.

When Rome comprised about 400 square miles of territory, in the fourth century B.C., her men were hardy farmers and soldiers, growing and making practically everything needed in a primitive peasant's scheme of life. As they conquered surrounding people and gained wealth through plunder, it was all turned in for the expansion of the state and the Romans clung to the simple life most rigorously. But presently they imported a little perfume and incense for religious and burial uses, which were common purposes in the ancient world. Then they began to spend a little on themselves, particularly the younger generation, and within two centuries were carrying the beauty goods to extremes that made one of the most extravagant epochs in history.

Are we bound in the same direction? I do not know. We seem to be going somewhere, but this is as far as we have got

Trees at Night

The Midnight Tourists Disturb the Old Forest

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Busses 15 to 35 passengers

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DIDOS: OFFICIAL REPORT

(Continued from Page 9

"What is the matter?" she queried. "You don't look well. Won't you come down and have a bite of dinner?"

The last word was too much. Of that evening I remember no more. Nor was I to be fully myself again until days later, when, once more on *terra firma*, we descended at our Paris hotel.

■

THE levity too often displayed at the mere mention of seasickness is ill-timed and unmannerly. For myself, when we reached Paris I had the feeling of having escaped death by a miracle.

It was only after a good wash at the hotel that I felt myself able to meditate calmly and clearly my future course of action in the case of poor Uncle Perry. Regrettably enough, however, the situation had already become further complicated.

To the layman it would seem, perhaps, a simple matter to have placed a crazed traveling companion in custody. Yet only once during my long and exhausting illness had I felt strong enough to confide Uncle Perry's deplorable condition to the ship's medical officer. His response had been first to feel my pulse and then to administer to myself, not Uncle Perry—a strong sleeping potion. Thus prostrate, I had become aware of the complications only during our trip by train from the port to Paris.

I had already observed a melancholy brooding on Velma's part and a notable depression on that of Uncle Perry. Alone Mr. Grober had seemed alert and cheerful. Presently, while the others were on their way to the dining car, Miss Meldor had caught my hand and with a warm pressure had whispered: "Prepare yourself for the worst, Eustace. While you were ill your Uncle Perry became infatuated with Velma and the silly girl returned his affection. Under her influence he stopped his carousing altogether. But yesterday they had a terrible quarrel and they have not spoken since. Courage, Eustace, all will yet be well."

Though cheered by this act of true friendship, I perceived only too clearly that I had no time to lose. Indeed, this warning was responsible for my resolve to leave the hotel the evening of our arrival in search of the nearest physician competent to pass on Uncle Perry.

It was while about to set forth on this quest that chance led me to overhear our unfortunate relative in a conversation pregnant with the highest interest. The two speakers were in the small writing room off the lobby, and in spite of the fact that their voices were hushed I could make out their every word.

"Velma," said Uncle Perry, "won't you please be sensible? Two days now you've refused to speak to me. I can't stand it any longer."

There was no response. Uncle Perry continued:

"You know exactly how much I think of you. There's no reason why you should act this way just because I don't feel it's honorable to do any heavy flirting while Eustace is laid up. You know how I feel about you. But wait—wait till the youngster's on his feet again. Then a fair field and no favor and may the best man win."

Still there was no answer.

"Velma," said Uncle Perry, his voice shaken with an emotion probably factitious.

And now for the first time Velma spoke in a voice as cold as it was hard.

"Don't touch me! Keep your hands off me! You don't care for me and you've shown it so clearly I don't need any diagrams. I'll never have anything more to do with you as long as I live. Never! Do you understand? Never!"

Hardly had I time to seek the shelter of a friendly alcove when Velma hurried out into the lobby and sprang into the little elevator, while Uncle Perry, stalking up to Mr. Grober, rushed with the latter out of the hotel.

"Uncle Perry," I shouted from the sidewalk, "when are you coming back?"

Without replying, he vanished in the doorway of a gayly lit café.

At this point, my dear parents, I should have continued my mission. It was my error to have momentarily postponed this all-important task. Instead, contenting myself with the thought that since Velma had come to her senses and since Uncle Perry was no longer available, the morrow would be more propitious to my plans, I returned to my room, removed my garments and fell into a doze.

How long I dozed I do not know. It was perhaps midnight when I was wakened by confused noises without. I sprang from my bed and opened the door to behold a spectacle supremely humiliating for one with our family traditions.

Mounted upon a small bicycle and pursued by a protesting employe of the hotel, Uncle Perry was coursing the length of the corridor. His face was flushed and he was evidently in a state of extreme mental excitement. From the pocket of his coat a bottle protruded.

"Uncle Perry!" I exclaimed in mingled reproof and indignation.

His response was to stop, place his legs on the ground, and remark in an extreme rustic dialect, "Whoa, dern ye, whoa!"

"Uncle Perry," I said, "remember who you are."

"I do remember," he said. "I am an offensive souse and proud of it."

"Uncle Perry," I appealed, "think of the family!"

"That is just what I am thinking of," he replied. "The first ten years were the longest. I wish I could remember where I got this wheel. To look at us, I don't suppose you would believe that us boys have been doing this for six days and nights. We are the Porto Rico team. I am Porto; Rico is still in the hay. We are both from the South."

He now lifted his voice and in a rich Southern dialect sang the following lines:

"Ah was born in Michigan,
And Ah wish and wish again
Ah was back
Wheah Ah was bawn.

"Change cahs foh Buhmingham, South C'lina, Gawgia, Yawlins and all points Souf, Mr. Roberts."

The dialogue that ensued was entirely carried on by Uncle Perry, though he changed his voice so as to make it appear that two persons were speaking.

"A nasty squall kicking up ahead, Mr. Roberts."

"Aye, aye, sir."

"Are the butter plates nailed down, Mr. Roberts?"

"Aye, aye, sir; we've battened 'em abaft the binnacle."

"Tell Darby McGraw to fetch aft the rum, Mr. Roberts, and in this dark hour will you be kind enough to oblige us with some good song worthy the best traditions of the Polish Navy?"

Uncle Perry had now barely finished the line, "I was born in Michiganski," when Mr. Grober appeared at the head of the stairway.

"It's all right, Perry," said Mr. Grober. "I've paid for the bicycle and squared everybody, including those two cops and that guide you busted. Now I'll slip this gentleman in uniform a little something and we'll start over again and this time we'll do it right."

Dismounting from the machine, Uncle Perry ran it violently into my legs.

"Take this, Eustace," he said, "and keep it as a souvenir of old Uncle Perry. Bill and I are going out to cut up a dido—maybe two didos. Call us for breakfast, but not too soon. Regards to the factory and tell our royal brother and your father that if he doesn't stop coming around at 7:45 every morning I will take my clay pipe and blow up the establishment."

With this, Uncle Perry turned and, accompanied by Mr. Grober and the hotel employe, noisily descended the stairs.

My mind was made up. Heartily ashamed of myself for having allowed Uncle Perry's previous sortie, I now determined, cost what it might, to bring him back at once and turn him over to the proper medical authorities. I dressed, and descending to the third floor roused Miss Meldor. She was already fully clad, having been consulting the guidebook for our next day's excursion. In a few words I had explained my determination to keep Uncle Perry out of further harm and requested her to accompany me as an interpreter.

"I will come," she said in a low, resolute voice. "I am not sure that you are right in your hypothesis, but it is clear your relative is in no condition to be left to

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himself. As soon as I arrange my hat I will meet you below in the lobby." She pressed my hand warmly.

As I had more than half expected, the porter had heard Uncle Perry and Mr. Grober give their directions to the chauffeur of the taxi. I hailed the nearest vacant vehicle, helped Miss Meldor in and seated myself.

"Montmartre," I said; "to the Purple Goat."

IV

NEEDLESS for me to say, my dear parents, that never should I have visited the Purple Goat or any similar establishment of so-called entertainment had it not been at the call of duty. From the beginning I expected the worst, nor was I deceived.

Hardly had we been installed in the narrow tabled room when I discovered the nature of the place. There congregated were those who evidently had no higher ambition than to drink the beverages served at their command and to listen to the soloist on the platform at the farther end. I will say nothing about the song except that Miss Meldor, understanding the French language, immediately placed her hands over her ears and kept them there.

But my mission was to discover Uncle Perry, an object which I attained immediately after we had been assigned our chairs.

With Mr. Grober, Uncle Perry was seated at the long table directly below the platform, and it was only too evident that already he had made himself conspicuous. But of the fact that the waiters and the whiskered master of ceremonies were regarding him with an unfriendly eye, he seemed utterly unaware.

I had ordered two glasses of Vichy—a mineral water—and was preparing to approach Uncle Perry and inform him that a stranger desired his immediate presence at the hotel—a falsehood, but in my opinion justifiable—when, to my horror, I perceived we had arrived too late.

The singer was in the middle of a verse when Uncle Perry suddenly rose and declared in a resonant solemn voice: "Bill, this audience is being gypped; every song tonight has been in some foreign language. If we don't want them to walk out on us, Bill, we will have to pull our own act."

There was a dead silence, the singer ceasing his melody and the waiters closing in on Uncle Perry in a threatening manner. Mr. Grober rose unsteadily from his place, while a pair of United States sailors whom hitherto I had not observed pressed to the aid of the two Americans.

Protected by Mr. Grober and the mariners, Uncle Perry now jumped upon his chair and addressed the assemblage with the following insensate harangue, delivered in such a penetrating voice as to be audible above the singer, who had resumed his song, the piano accompaniment and the shouts and frantic exhortations of the whiskered master of ceremonies:

"My friends, do not disturb me, because at midnight I am going to pass the French Army in review and I do not wish to get all mussed up first. If I come here, it is simply to tell you to keep your seats, because the big show is not yet half over. Our next attraction, which we have the honor to present, is a high-diving act by Mr. William Grober, of the Belle City, the College Boy with the Infectious Smile, or Twenty Minutes of Mirth, Melody and Monkeyshines. Gentlemanly ushers will now pass among you selling tickets for the world's challenge concert, where all who remain may occupy reserved seats free of charge. They will also distribute for your approval our big-value song collection—Just as the Sun Went Down, Two Little Girls in Blue, and twenty-six other popular and up-to-date selections, words and music, all for the low price of one dime, ten cents, the tenth part of a dollar. That is why, my friends, I am going to wrap up each and every cake of soap in one of these new five-dollar bills and sell soap and wrapper to any gentleman present in return for twenty-five cents in money, marbles or agricultural products. We are able to do this because we are here to advertise the United States of America and we are giving away these bills to a limited number of refined people in your neighborhood to introduce the United States Mint, which is a julep in itself—add ice water and serve ——"

Up to this time, my dear parents, by friendly pressure rather than otherwise, the two sailors and Mr. Grober had managed to prevent the waiters from interfering. Now, by a sudden maneuver, the manager leaped upon the table and with a thrust of his foot precipitated Uncle Perry to the floor. In an instant nothing was to be seen except a waving mass of arms and legs, nor was anything to be heard except remarks which confirmed Miss Meldor in the wisdom of keeping her hands over her ears.

You may well believe that my sole aspiration at the moment was a profound hope that the management would get Uncle Perry under control and then turn him over to my custody. Once, indeed, in a loud voice I endeavored to hasten this consummation by shouting "Uncle Perry, desist! Uncle Perry, desist!" But my appeal passed unnoticed.

Had it been Uncle Perry and Mr. Grober alone against the waiters, the result would not have been doubtful. But, aided by the fists and hoarse encouragements of the naval contingent, the battle raged uncertainly. Worst of all, the spectators, in place of aiding the forces of order, contented themselves with regarding the spectacle as though it were part of the evening's entertainment.

One of the waiters was *hors de combat* and the remaining employes were having the worst of it, when I decided that the time had come to act, and with vigor. Rapidly skirting the side of the room, I came to the rear of the mêlée, where our relative was fighting, appropriately enough, in the style of an infuriated maniac.

I watched my opportunity, and when Uncle Perry's head jerked back within reach I picked up the nearest chair, and with all the force of which I was capable brought it down squarely upon his sconce.

My dear parents, I shall not weary you with describing how the battle ceased, nor how, with appropriate gifts, I pacified the management and rid our party of the sailors.

Once more at the hotel, I conducted the unsteady Mr. Grober into his own apartment and then rejoined Uncle Perry, whose head had now been bandaged by the kindly hands of Miss Meldor. Evidently dazed, but not seriously injured, he had fallen into a heavy sleep. The moment had come for decisive action. Seating myself, I wrote a short frank note to Velma in which I explained to her succinctly the unfortunate mental condition of her admirer. The note I gave to Miss Meldor for delivery in the morning, meantime thanking her for her kindness and wishing her a pleasant repose.

Alone with Uncle Perry, I took the bottle from his pocket and placed it on the floor. Then seating myself on the lounge, a cane at hand to protect myself from possible violence, I made my dispositions to watch until the morning.

Uncle Perry's breathing had become regular. I closed my eyes and fell into a fantastic reverie which insensibly became a dream. I slept. How long I slept I do not know.

■

WHEN I opened my eyes it was broad daylight, and to my surprise I found myself no longer on the lounge, but extended on Uncle Perry's bed. The latter, bandage removed and whistling merrily, was adjusting his cravat before the mirror. Between whistles he was smoking a cigarette.

"Hello, Eustace, old-timer," he said, extending to me a hearty handshake. "You looked uncomfortable and I shifted you. Eustace, you're an ace. I take back all I ever said. I remember seeing you there in the background, but I never supposed you'd take a hand in the show. Good stuff! Where is Bill Grober? Listen, who hit me? That Russian prince with the whiskerinos?"

I rose to my feet.

"Uncle Perry," I stated coldly, "there is no use beating about the bush. I alone am responsible. It was I who struck you."

In the twinkling of an eye Uncle Perry's expression had utterly changed. He dropped his cravat, and seating himself in the nearest chair, fixed me with an earnest regard.

"Eustace," he said, "speak slowly; I want to understand every word. You saw me fighting in a foreign land and when my back was turned you deliberately walloped me over the bean?"

"Slightly above the occiput," I specified.

"Well, just what was the big idea?"

Placing myself, cane in hand, before the door, I explained to him his mental condition and the measures I had taken, such

(Continued on Page 153)

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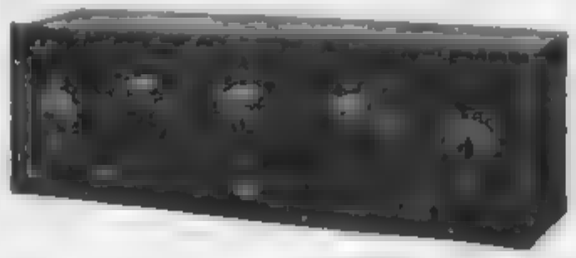

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(Continued from Page 150)

as warning Velma thereof. His first reaction was a wild burst of maniacal laughter. Then, with a hasty move, he snatched up his hat and started for the door.

"You shall not pass, Uncle Perry," I said firmly. "Consider; I am doing this for your good. A year or two of treatment in some reliable sanitarium and you will thank me."

"I'll scalp you!" was the wild response as he flung himself in my direction.

The struggle was brief and unhappily decisive. A moment later the door had been opened and closed; Uncle Perry was gone. As for me, I was seated in the farthest corner of the room, resolute as ever, but physically unstrung.

If at this point, my dear parents, I committed a fault it was from a worthy motive. I was shaken. I needed something to give me strength to continue the pitiless struggle. On the floor, almost at my hand, was the bottle which I had removed from Uncle Perry's pocket. And I can only assure you that my sole purpose in pouring out a glass of the liquid was the desire to produce that momentary strength which is the fallacious excuse of alcoholic beverages. Thus I swerved from the habits of a lifetime because I felt that for my task I needed that vicious intensity, foreign to my nature, which liquor evidently produced in Uncle Perry.

Preparing a full tumbler of the liquid, as rapidly as possible I drained down the larger half. It was not unpleasant. Then I sat down and awaited results. How long I sat I do not know.

Had I been more conversant with such matters, I should have acted far otherwise. What in my ignorance I had supposed to be the simple white wine of the country I have since discovered was not wine at all, but what is called a liqueur and intended to be drunk not in tumblers but in small thimble-like glasses. Unhappily, I made this discovery too late.

The first sensation to produce itself was not at all a desire to bust somebody, to use Mr. Grober's phrase; it was rather an indefinable sense of well-being. The room, which previously had seemed ordinary in the extreme, now became a ravishing combination of colors. I laughed out of sheer pleasure.

But a change more fundamental was in operation. Fallaciously enough, my perplexities seemed suddenly solved and in place of doubt and desperation I found myself penetrated by a friendly feeling which englobed all the world. In particular, I felt friendly to Uncle Perry. It seemed to me that my most pressing duty was to explain to Uncle Perry my new and changed attitude and in particular to tell him that I would always keep and cherish the bicycle which he had given me the evening before. Exalted by this idea, I finished the tumbler and filled it a second time.

Understand, my dear parents, I am not trying to extenuate or excuse my action. I merely explain.

My next memory is descending the stairway with the bicycle, which I had evidently procured from my own room. In my fevered brain was the notion that it would be frankly impossible to explain to Uncle Perry my new sentiments in his regard unless I had the machine with me.

Again I make no apologies; I merely state facts.

Twice I fell, but such were my abnormal mental reactions that each time I picked myself up laughing, and it was in a state of almost hilarious good spirits that I found myself on the lower landing looking down seven steps to the lobby below.

Uncle Perry, I perceived, was standing by the desk, engaged in conversation with the young lady cashier on the other side. It now occurred to me that if I were to mount the machine and ride down the remaining steps toward Uncle Perry I should be able, without arresting my course, to scoop him up on the handlebars and that while he was in that position I should find it extremely easy to explain to him my changed feelings in his regard.

Once more, my dear parents, I do not excuse; I explain.

With a final burst of gayety, I leaped upon the saddle and launched down the stairway in the direction of Uncle Perry.

As to what happened later, including the final catastrophe with the tourists from Indiana and the egg store, the newspapers have given an exaggerated but not altogether untrue version. Personally, my last memories are of discovering with amused surprise that the gentleman whom I had knocked down with my bicycle was not Uncle Perry at all but an utter stranger wearing a somewhat similar hat. In place of apologizing, I recall that I merely laughed gayly, picked up the bicycle still intact, and rode out of the hotel and down the street, pursued by a shouting and ever-growing multitude.

In all sincerity, however, I can state that the newspapers are utterly mendacious in their account of my previous actions. It was Uncle Perry, not I, who rode the machine through the upper corridor the evening before; and if, as truly enough, I was present at the Purple Goat, it was not I who created the disturbance. On the contrary. As for their statements that at home I am a well-known young man about town, you will agree with me that it is an unmitigated and unqualified falsehood.

I have not seen Uncle Perry since. Miss Meldor, through whose exertions I was released from the clutches of the Parisian police, does not seem to wish to speak of him. Nor do I. Velma has not yet come in to see me. I do not understand it. When I have asked for her, Miss Meldor, who has nursed me most conscientiously, has placed her cool hand on my fevered brow and has advised me to try to go to sleep.

And that, my dear parents, is the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth.

EUSTACE.

Addendum

I open the envelope to add the following remarks.

Uncle Perry has reappeared. He burst into the room with Velma, and his first words were, "Shake hands with auntie."

I said, "What?"

"The American consul did it," said Uncle Perry, "because Velma has decided to pass up the soap factory for a little regular job that old Bill Grober is going to give me in Racine. Eustace, I have just read the papers and I am shocked—shocked. I want you to promise me to cut out all this wild stuff. There is nothing in it. Brace up and get a grip on yourself. It is never too late to live right. And remember any time you come to Racine you are good for three meals a day and a bed just as long as you don't cut up any more didos or try to blow out the gas stove."

Then Velma kissed me and they went out together, leaving me to suffer the blow silently and alone until Miss Meldor returned.

She is of the charitable opinion that I have been mistaken in my diagnosis of Uncle Perry's case as mental disorder. She feels that his is simply a suppressed nature finding outlet. She adds, too, that, incredible as it may seem, there are certain individuals unable to appreciate the care and counsel and tender watchfulness of a family like ours for so long a period as ten years. She also feels that my attitude toward life is of a rigidity too extreme. At any rate, thanks to her suggestion, I have forgiven Uncle Perry freely. I hope that he and Velma will be very happy. I know I shall be happy, because as soon as I mail this letter I am going to marry Miss Meldor.

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POZZI OF PERUGIA

(Continued from Page 23)

She had been far away from the things she knew, so far that her voice was bewildered, almost frightened. Old Jethro looked at Romano and his eyes had taken on a darker hue.

"Suppose you tell me what this means," he suggested.

For answer Romano waved his hands in a polite but helpless gesture.

"It means something, sir," he said, "which none of us understands."

Jethro reached forward and touched Romano's arm.

"Romano," he said, "who are you? What the devil are you?"

Romano sighed.

"Only a poor pilgrim, sir," he answered, "who is always misunderstood."

XVIII

AS FOR Helen Courtney, she never understood. Her thoughts were running in a panic without her knowing why. She was running away, and it was a part of herself that she was running from. In her own mind she seemed to be running, yet in reality she was walking very slowly. It was absurd there in the morning, yet she seemed to be escaping from some strange wild place of which she was afraid.

"Tom!" she called again. "Oh, please, where are you?"

She was in the drawing-room looking toward the half-opened library door, but no one was there and she heard no answer. If she could only see his face it would break some spell. She needed the touch of his hand. She needed the sound of his voice. She was lost, alone, without it.

She was in the library, but she did not call again, for somehow the sight of the library stopped her voice. All around her the books stood row on row, silent, expressionless rows of leather that made her thoughts inadequate and small. Very softly, very slowly she walked past them, but all the while her mind was running, running.

The door of the writing room was ajar. Half consciously she walked toward it, but not until she had pushed open the door did she hear a single sound, and then there was a noise of something dragging and rattling on wood: The shattered chair, the overturned table, the broken glass—nothing had been touched, but Helen Courtney had come to the end of her quest.

She was looking toward the tall oak wall chest which Romano had pointed out the night before. Near the top of that massive piece of furniture was a drawer, open and gaping, and not a foot away Tom Bacchus was standing. He was as motionless as the chest itself, and in his hand was the Pozzi chain!

Yes, the Pozzi chain was in his hand. The light from the high diamond-paned windows was full upon it, making the goldwork glitter through the rust. But it was not the chain: it was the startled, bewildered look Tom Bacchus wore that made her head seem light. She put her hand behind her until it touched the oak door frame, and the wood was cold as ice.

"So it's you!" she gasped. "It's you!"

And then she heard a choking, short little laugh. It was her own voice ending in laughter. Tom's face changed color and his hands were trembling.

"Helen," he stammered, "you don't think ——"

But her eyes were wide with disbelief as she stared back at him.

"You have it in your hand," she murmured. "you have it in your hand."

"Helen" Tom Bacchus was a miserable sight—"you can't think that! I—it was an idea of mine. Don't you remember last night he spoke of that drawer—and I happened to think—don't you believe me?"

Perhaps she did believe. She could never remember what she thought or felt until she was close beside him with her hand upon his arm. But Tom seemed hardly aware of her presence. Some thought of his own had made him white and rigid.

"Good Lord!" he whispered in a stricken tone. "Why should you believe? Why should anyone believe?"

Yes, the Pozzi chain was in his hand, and his face had grown sickly white. She wished he would keep on speaking, but he did not. His silence was the only answer—a terrible silence. It could not have lasted long, only a few seconds, but it seemed to cover a span of life, while Tom Bacchus stood there with the Pozzi chain. Though he was silent, a dozen things he had said and done came back to her: but what could she do? What could anyone do?

"Tom," she said brokenly, "won't you say something? Don't just stand there holding it!"

But already it was too late, too late to act or think. As they stood there the power of speech and motion seemed to have left them both. Neither of them was aware of a soft footstep in the library and the gentle closing of a door.

XIX

"SO HERE we are," came a pleasant voice. "I'm sorry if I interrupt, but I haven't got much time."

It was Romano. He was looking at them both with a cool and even smile.

"Excuse me for closing the door," he said; "but under the circumstances, isn't it better when things are as interesting as this?" He paused in courteous interrogation, but he received no answer. "Perhaps I startled you," he suggested apologetically; "it's a habit of mine, moving without much noise. Excuse me; I do not mean to laugh."

But whether he meant it or not he was laughing.

"So here's the man who wouldn't sit at table with me," he continued. "Excuse me, I cannot help but laugh. Ah, Bacchus, what would Mr. Courtney do if he saw you now? And in this very room! Now who'd have thought you'd remember what I said about that drawer?"

Tom Bacchus made a choking, incoherent sound, but Romano raised his hand.

"Don't! Be very careful! It's not your place to grow angry. Don't! Do you realize I can ruin you in an instant if I raise my voice!"

Though Tom Bacchus did not answer, it was plain to see he understood. Both of them understood when Romano pointed at the Pozzi chain.

"You're holding a dangerous thing. Bacchus, you're holding your reputation in your hand—a very delicate thing. An innuendo is enough to break it. It won't be enough to say you found it hidden there, a thing like the Pozzi chain. What will you do? Say you didn't take it? Ah, Bacchus, will that go down?"

And then Tom Bacchus' voice came blundering back.

"You know damned well I didn't ——" he began hoarsely.

"But will anyone else know?" Romano was laughing. "If I tell what I have seen and heard, if even Miss Courtney ——" Romano shrugged his shoulders. "The question is, what shall I do? Have you thought of that? What happens to you for the rest of your life depends on what I do this minute. Listen; they're looking for me now. They're calling!"

"Martin!" From somewhere in the distance came Jethro Courtney's voice. "Where's Romano? I left him here at table."

"The devil!" exclaimed Romano. "Why do I stand here talking? Here, do you want to be caught with that thing in your hand? Do you want to have to say you found it in that drawer? Ah, thank your stars you have Romano to deal with, a man of sensibility, not an ordinary man. Thank your stars I have the spirit not to make use of what's before me! Thank your stars I followed you in here! Give me back that chain!"

"Romano, do you hear me?" It was Uncle Jethro calling.

"Quickly!" snapped Romano. "Give me back that chain!"

It was all happening so quickly that it was hard to understand. Romano stretched out his hand impatiently, but Tom Bacchus stared back at him blankly.

"You mean," he managed to say, "you're going to get me out of this?"

Romano looked at him steadily.

"I mean to take the blame for anything I do," he answered coldly; "I'm eccentric enough for that. Will you give it back, or must I take it away? Quickly, I want that chain!"

"Romano!" came Jethro Courtney's voice.

"The devil!" exclaimed Romano. "He's in the drawing-room! Quick! Do you want to be caught with it? Give it to me!"

The amazement on Tom Bacchus' face would have been ludicrous at another time than that.

(Continued on Page 156)

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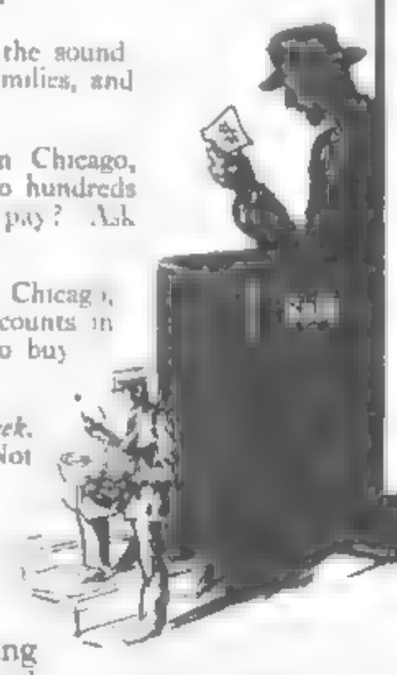

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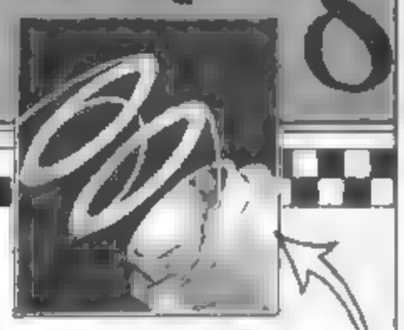

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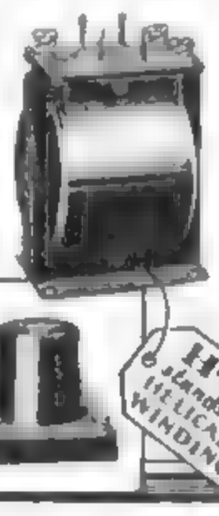

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(Continued from Page 154

"See here," he gasped, "you can't get away with it now!"

Romano stepped squarely in front of him and lowered his voice. . . .

"And what if I can't?" he said. "Why should that worry you as long as the right man has it?"

And then Helen Courtney gave a cry that was almost like a laugh.

"You mean you took it, after all? You're the one who stole it?"

Just as she was speaking, Romano leaned forward and snatched the chain from Tom Bacchus' hand.

"Dear lady," said Romano, "could anyone else have done so? Think of everything that happened! Could anyone else have been so quick? When I've been cheated I strike back, and I've struck back now!"

"Romano!" It was Jethro Courtney's voice. He had thrown open the door. "Romano!" he repeated in a different tone.

"Keep back, sir!" replied Romano, stepping toward him. "You're mistaken. It's not Romano. It's Pozzi of Perugia carrying away his chain!"

"Martin!" shouted Uncle Jethro, and stretched out his hands to block the doorway.

"Excuse me!" said Romano, darting for the door. "I don't mean to be hasty, but don't stop me! Remember what happened when Bacchus tried last night!"

And he shot beneath Uncle Jethro's outstretched arm, but he did not go far. He must have known his chances were slender. Halfway across the library he came face to face with Martin. He stopped, and he had a reason. Martin was holding a revolver pointed at Romano's head. Romano stopped short, still holding the Pozzi chain, and shrugged his shoulders eloquently.

"Put it up, Martin," he said. "I don't care to shoot it out. My friends"—he glanced toward the three who had crowded after him—"don't be alarmed. I'll be perfectly quiet. I've taken my last chance and played as far as I can. I won't go any further, but don't say I didn't play it to the end—quite straight. I might have done it differently."

xx

AND that was all that happened. It was the end of the story of the Pozzi chain, and the end was as confused as the beginning. Without a struggle, without a single further move, Romano stood there playing aimlessly with the rusty links. Apparently he cared for it no longer, now that he was caught. Apparently he did not care what the consequences were, now that it was over.

Tom Bacchus, still pale, was standing by the writing-room door, and Helen Courtney was beside him, holding his hand. Tom Bacchus, however, seemed oblivious of this. He was still confused, and vaguely aware that some sort of transformation was going on within him.

"Helen," he said suddenly, "did you see what he did? And he didn't have to do it. Now why do you suppose ——"

Helen Courtney did not answer, but held tighter to his hand. No one answered. They were all looking at Romano in a strange uncertain way, and his calmness, and his audacity—everything made him strange. In spite of what he had done, there was an undeniable flair in the way he had done it. Even old Jethro Courtney must have felt it, for he stood looking at Romano, stroking his white mustache, and there was a considerable interval before he spoke.

"Well, well," he said at length, "sit down, Romano, and put that chain down on the table—there, beside the telephone."

"You'd better let me go through him first, sir," suggested Martin. "You never can tell about quiet ones like that."

"Martin," said Romano, "there's no use troubling. I know when to stop."

Uncle Jethro nodded a grave assent.

"Yes, you can leave him alone, Martin," he said. "Well, well."

Obediently Romano seated himself in one of the deep leather armchairs, while Jethro stood staring down at him.

"Well, well," said Uncle Jethro, "I've seen a lot of queer things in my time, Romano, but I've never seen a man like you."

Romano inclined his head in modest and polite agreement.

"Perhaps," he suggested, "it's because I'm out of date. But still, sometimes I'm rather glad I'm what I am."

"Well, well," said Uncle Jethro, and his eyes were coldly, innocently blue, "maybe you won't be so glad in the end. I know lots of people who've got over being glad when they've run into me. You're a guest in my house, Romano, and I won't do what I intend doing until I am perfectly sure. Now, answer me, did you steal that chain?"

"My dear sir," expostulated Romano in pained surprise, "haven't I done my best to make it perfectly obvious?"

"Suppose you answer what I ask," suggested Uncle Jethro. "Did you steal that chain?"

"I've never liked the word 'steal,'" replied Romano; "no, I didn't steal it."

"You didn't steal it?" Uncle Jethro cleared his throat. "Then what the devil did you do?"

There was a moment's silence, during which Romano seemed lost in thought.

"I took it," he said finally. "'Take' is a better word. I took it, Mr. Courtney, because I consider it my personal property."

The ends of Uncle Jethro's mustache curled upward and he disregarded Romano's last remark.

"So you took that chain from beside my bed?"

"Having locked Martin up first," supplemented Romano. "The locks to all the rooms upstairs are quite the same."

"And you tried to hold up my niece and me when we were on the road?"

"It was my idea," said Romano.

"And you began peeking behind the books down here last night?" Uncle Jethro's voice was growing less measured. "And you tried to turn my niece's head, and you assaulted Mr. Bacchus?"

Romano leaned back wearily in his chair.

"And concealed the chain in the great chest in the writing room," he added. "Must we go over it step by step? I had to work quickly, and the chest seemed the safest place. I had no idea anyone would have the brains to find it. I intended to get it before I left this evening."

"And you sit here and tell me that?" demanded Uncle Jethro. "Well, you won't sit here much longer!"

Romano's eyelids never gave a flicker and his voice never faltered.

"Why not look at it as a work of art," he replied, "and admit I did it rather well?"

Uncle Jethro turned on his heel.

"Martin," he said, "take that telephone and call up the police."

Romano started up hastily, but Martin never got to the telephone. Before he could reach his hand out, Tom Bacchus stepped in front of it.

"Just a minute," he said. "There's no one going to do that while I'm here," and his voice grew louder in the pause that followed.

"Anything I've said about Romano I want to unsay right now. If he'd acted like an ordinary crook, he could have sidestepped everything. If he'd played his cards, you'd be ringing the police for me. You've got your chain back, Mr. Courtney. Can't you let him go?"

"Now what in thunder," demanded Uncle Jethro, "has been getting into you? Bacchus, are you going crazy?"

"You don't understand, Uncle Jethro," pleaded Helen Courtney. "But Tom is right. Can't you let him go?"

But before she could explain, her uncle's voice checked her.

"Well, well," said Uncle Jethro sharply, "that's the way with the world. Everybody's too sentimental. I don't know what he's done, and I don't care. Just because a man looks well and eats off a fork. He's a crook, isn't he? Do you think I'm going to let him upset someone else's house the way he's upset mine?"

But Tom Bacchus had not finished.

"If you call up the police," he said, "I'll tell 'em I stole the chain myself. Yes, I will! My word's as good as anybody's. Romano saw me, Helen saw me take it out of the drawer there. Suppose I say I put it in." Tom's words were falling over one another. "Why shouldn't I, when I stand to lose about everything I own tomorrow morning?"

"Rubbish!" snapped Uncle Jethro. "We'll talk about that later. Why say you stole it when I know you didn't? You can't help another man like that."

"Tom," whispered Helen Courtney, "I never loved you as much as I love you now!" She was still holding fast to his hand, as though she was afraid to let it go.

"Martin," said Uncle Jethro, "pick up that telephone. . . . Here, what the devil are you laughing about?"

It was Romano who was laughing. His laughter rose and fell incongruously, as

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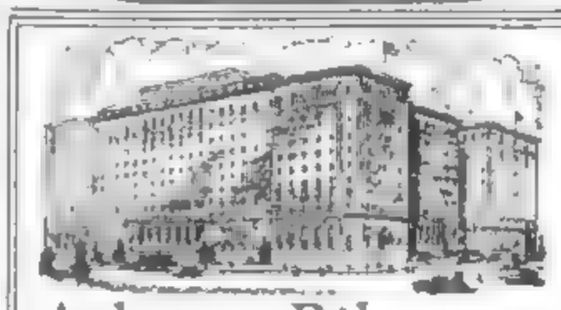

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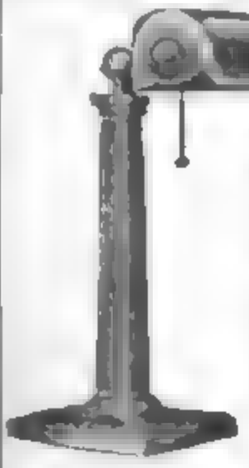

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weirdly out of place as ever a laugh could be. It made Helen draw closer to Tom, and even caused Martin to pause and look about self-consciously.

"Can I not laugh when I'm amused?" inquired Romano. "Isn't it amusing what he offers? Thank you, Bacchus. I'm not laughing at you. I'm only laughing at the contradictions of the world. I do not think I'm almost sure that Mr. Courtney will not arrest me when he understands."

XXI

WHY was it they all looked at him even then, and waited for him to go on? They could never tell. Perhaps it was his voice, or perhaps it was his self-possession, or it may have been the fascination of seeing an adroit man balancing on the edge of ruin. Some spirit, some lightness, something in him they could not understand made them wait to hear him. They listened. Romano's eyes had grown steady. His face was like a portrait's face again.

"Mr. Courtney," he said, "you are going to arrest me for the larceny of the Pozzi chain. But before you do so, let me tell you something. Arrest me, Mr. Courtney, and everyone will laugh. You're a connoisseur, Mr. Courtney. You pride yourself on your knowledge of antiques. You have the reputation for a keen man at a bargain. The rakers in the dust heaps all look up to you—and yet you're going to arrest me for a rusty chain. Look at it!" Romano reached toward the Pozzi chain. "Look at it! Look at the thing you've paid a prince's ransom for! A piece of rusty steel with a few hundred dollars' worth of gold—and why did you pay it?"

Romano made a quick, contemptuous gesture.

"Because it is beautiful?' No! What do your kind care for that? You bought it because it was old, because a dead hand did the work! You paid for its years, because you thought it was made at a time men venerate—because it came from a time when men were men, when they loved beauty for beauty's sake and artists because they were artists. Bah, Mr. Courtney! You won't arrest me, because you hate to be fooled. You'd never outlive the scandal. Look at it! Look at it there on the table! Mr. Courtney, the chain's a fake. That's what they call it now—a fraud, a replica, a twentieth-century antique -and, furthermore, it's mine!"

A personal insult could not have stirred old Jethro more. The veins stood out on his temples and for an instant he struggled to catch his breath.

"It's a lie!" he shouted. "I've had a dozen experts look at it. I have the original letters placing it."

He stopped. Again Romano was laughing.

"The original letters concerning Pozzi of Perugia?" inquired Romano. "Dear sir, they are original, but not so old. I happen to know, because I did them myself. I worked two months to get the ink and paper right."

Uncle Jethro took a step backward. His voice was hoarse and tremulous.

"But the chain! It's sixteenth century! You didn't make the chain!"

Romano sighed wearily before he answered.

"See," he said a little sadly—"see the way its value goes. A moment ago it was a priceless thing because it was antique, and now—isn't it the same? Isn't it just as beautifully made? But what is it worth to you now when I tell you that I made it? I can prove it if you like. I am Pozzi of Perugia."

Romano paused, seemingly waiting for some reply; but old Jethro only stared at him without a single word, and finally Romano waved his hand in a slow, tired fashion.

"There," he said. "You'll not call the police now, because the world will laugh at you for buying something new. You even hope I didn't make it, but you're wrong. You do your best to think it's all a joke. I know the way they take it. I've seen it all before. Are you going to try to bribe me now? I'm used to it. I was offered a thousand pounds in England to swear I didn't make a pair of candlesticks, not so long ago.

"Think of it, a thousand pounds to disown the work of my own hands! That is what they do for artists now!"

But Jethro Courtney continued to stare at Romano.

"You made that chain?" he asked in a strained, uncertain tone. "You say you made that chain?"

"I made more than that," Romano answered, and he said it almost proudly. "I made the man who made it, if you can understand; but no one understands the artists behind the scenes, the men who make replicas all their lives. My father made them before me, and I have the gift. I know the styles of a dozen dead workers in gold and silver, every eccentricity and mood. I've pitted myself against them again and again. I get well paid for it, but should I be if I did something of my own? You know I shouldn't! The dead are the only ones who have a chance today. But Pozzi of Perugia was my own idea. I had a desire for creation, but what use is steel and gold when it's modern? I made Pozzi of Perugia first. I built him as the sort of man I'd like to be and of a time I'd like to live. I made him and then I made the chain."

"You made it?" echoed old Jethro in a dazed sort of way. "You made that chain yourself? But if you did that, why haven't the collectors heard of you? Why——"

Romano smiled cynically.

"But they have," he answered cheerfully. "They've heard without their knowing it. I can assure you of that. My work is in all the best museums. I've been rejoiced to find several specimens here. You have no idea the thrill it gives you to have beaten Cellini. There's a silver bowl—I wish I could show it to you. There's not an expert who could make it out. There's not a fault in the chiseling. It's better than I thought.

"When you see them in the museum case—there's the reward you get. Sometimes I think it's better than signing a name. I'm a ghost. I'm a shadow. There's no use of men hearing of me when I make a Pozzi chain."

Old Jethro Courtney listened in silence, and stood for a moment in silence after that strange confession. Was he shocked, amazed at the turpitude of it? Was his wrath gathering to fall like a thunderbolt on Romano's head?

"Then why did you steal it?" Jethro Courtney was speaking very slowly, as though his mind was still in the dark. "Weren't you paid enough? Why weren't you glad to let it go? Why did you want it back?"

A slight flush appeared on Romano's cheeks

"You've a right to ask," he said; "it isn't a thing I ordinarily do. It's my temper, Mr. Courtney. Sometimes it gets the better. I have a workroom in Venice and Mr. Frankenstein found me there. I may not be well known, but there are dealers who know me. I was a fool. I should have known much better. I told him of Pozzi, because I was proud of it. I showed him the chain, and he proposed to auction it and give me half the proceeds."

"So it's Frankenstein," said Uncle Jethro. "Well, well, I'll remember that."

"And when I asked him for my money"—Romano's voice trembled and leaped out of his control—"he laughed in my face when I asked him. He told me to leave the country or he'd expose me for a swindler, and there are some things I will not stand. How could I act against him? I was a stranger in a strange land. I could not even try to implicate him with me. His reputation is stronger than mine. I know I lost my temper then, but why should I be robbed of a thing I have slaved over, on which I have done my best? It was mine, and I have some pride, some love for the things I do.

"It hurt me to part with it as another man's work. It was not so much the money, but Pozzi of Perugia was mine. I could not let it all go. You may not understand me, but I came to take it back."

Old Jethro Courtney drew a deep breath. He was looking at the chain as it lay on the table, but only in a vague way, as though his own thoughts partially shut it from his sight.

It was Martin who roused him.

"Shall I call the station now, sir?" inquired Martin.

Jethro Courtney blinked his eyes.

"What station?" he asked.

"Why, the police station, sir," said Martin crisply. "I know you well enough to know you won't stop now. He'll probably turn out to be one of the counterfeiters everybody's looking for when we get his story checked."

And then old Jethro Courtney spoke, and what he said was so strange, so far from the beaten track of things, that Martin could never understand it.

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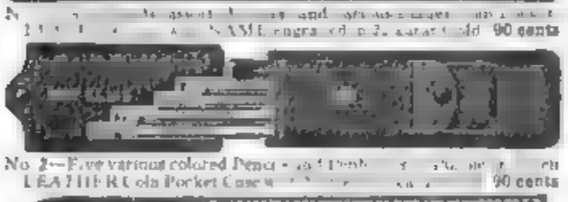

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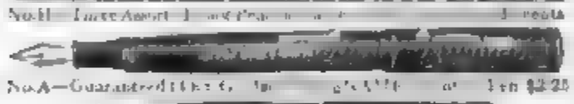

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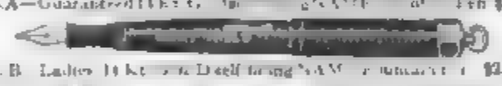

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"You fool!" said Uncle Jethro. "You egregious fool! Is that the way to treat a master when we have one in the house? Is that the way to speak of a man who made the Pozzi chain?"

For the first time since they had encountered him, Romano looked surprised. Something in Jethro's reply completely shattered his poise.

"You care for it?" he asked almost incredulously. "You care for it as much as that? You are not even disappointed? Oh, why didn't you tell me? Why didn't you tell me before?"

"Care for it?" cried Uncle Jethro. "Don't I know work when I see it? Why should I care a penny if it's old or new? What difference does it make when I've found we've got a goldsmith still?"

And before Romano could answer, Tom Bacchus was in front of him.

"And I don't care if you nearly stole it," he said.

"And I don't care how much fake jewelry you turn out. In fact I don't care if you nearly stole Helen ——"

Romano raised his hand in quick denial. "Please," he said earnestly. "I never did that. Ask her and she'll tell you"

"Anyway," persisted Tom, "don't you see it doesn't matter? Look here, Romano, will you shake hands?"

Romano's eyes were shining and his voice was very low when he spoke to old Jethro again.

"You care for it as much as that, sir?" he inquired almost diffidently. "You care for the chain? Then keep it, sir, and I'll give you a promise with it. It will be the last of Pozzi's work."

Somehow it never occurred to them until much later that it was not Romano's chain to give. Perhaps Romano himself had forgotten. He had stopped speaking and was looking toward Tom Bacchus and Helen Courtney.

"Tom," Helen was saying, "it's over now. Aren't you glad it's over? It's all ——" And her voice dropped to a whisper.

"Yes," said Romano, "it's over now. Yes, Mr. Courtney, everything gets over sooner or later."

When he spoke they all had a sense of something ending. Somehow in that same moment life had dropped back again to its old level plane, where nothing strange could happen, where nothing could upset the routine of an ordered world. Something had gone from all of them, something they could never explain, and perhaps, as they stood there, they were sorry it had gone. Romano was glancing inquiringly at Martin.

"Perhaps, under the circumstances," he suggested, "I had better be going now. I'm sure that Martin will be glad to call Amelio"

"Going?" cried Uncle Jethro. "What the devil are you going for?"

"Don't you think, under the circumstances," returned Romano, "I've done quite enough? And besides, I've got my living to make. I can never stay still for long."

"But you're not going," said Jethro. "You may not know it, but you're not." His voice was loud with high resolve. "I'm not Lorenzo the Magnificent, or Cosimo, or Clement, but I know what to do when I've got a goldsmith in the house."

"Sir ——" began Romano confusedly.

"Well, well," said Jethro. He was rubbing his hands. His face was alight with belligerent inspiration. "Have you forgot what Frankenstein has done to us? He won't know what he's run into when he hears from me. Tomorrow morning Mr. Frankenstein is going to announce that he has discovered a modern goldsmith who can do gold and steel as well as any in the Renaissance. He'll do it, or he'll have me to settle with. He's going to tell about the Pozzi chain and give an exhibition of your work. He'll do it, Romano. You've got a patron now."

(THE END)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Table of Contents

November 22, 1924

Cover Design by Charles A. MacLellan

SHORT STORIES — PAGE

Didos: Official Report—*Horatio Winslow* . . . 8
Remember Lot's Wife—*Cosmo Hamilton* . . . 12
The Artist—*Ben Ames Williams* . . . 13
A Good Sport—*Ellis Parker Butler* . . . 16
Leading Strings—*Dornford Yates* . . . 18
The Hunchback of the Hesperus—*Captain Dingle* . . . 35

ARTICLES

With Pencil, Brush and Chisel—*Emil Fuchs* . . . 6
How in the West?—*Garet Garrett* . . . 10
The Beauty Business—*James H. Collins* . . . 14
The Voyageur of Commerce—*J. R. Sprague* . . . 15
Handmade Adventures—*Ethel Watts Mumford* . . . 20
Why I am for Henry Ford's Offer for Muscle Shoals—*Senator Edwin F. Ladd* . . . 25
Tugboat and Pilot Men—*M. K. Wisehart* . . . 38
American Manners in France—*Viola Irwin Williams* . . . 42
On Guard—*Clara Belle Thompson* . . . 64

SERIALS

Somewhere South in Sonora (In two parts)—*Will Levington Comfort* . . . 3
Pozzi of Perugia (Conclusion)—*J. P. Marquand* . . . 22
Still Face (Fourth part)—*Clarence Budington Kelland* . . . 28

MISCELLANY

Editorials . . . 24
Short Turns and Encores 26

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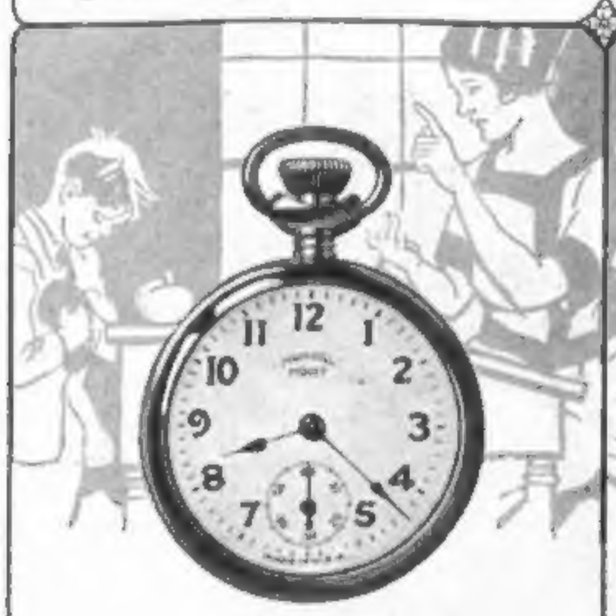

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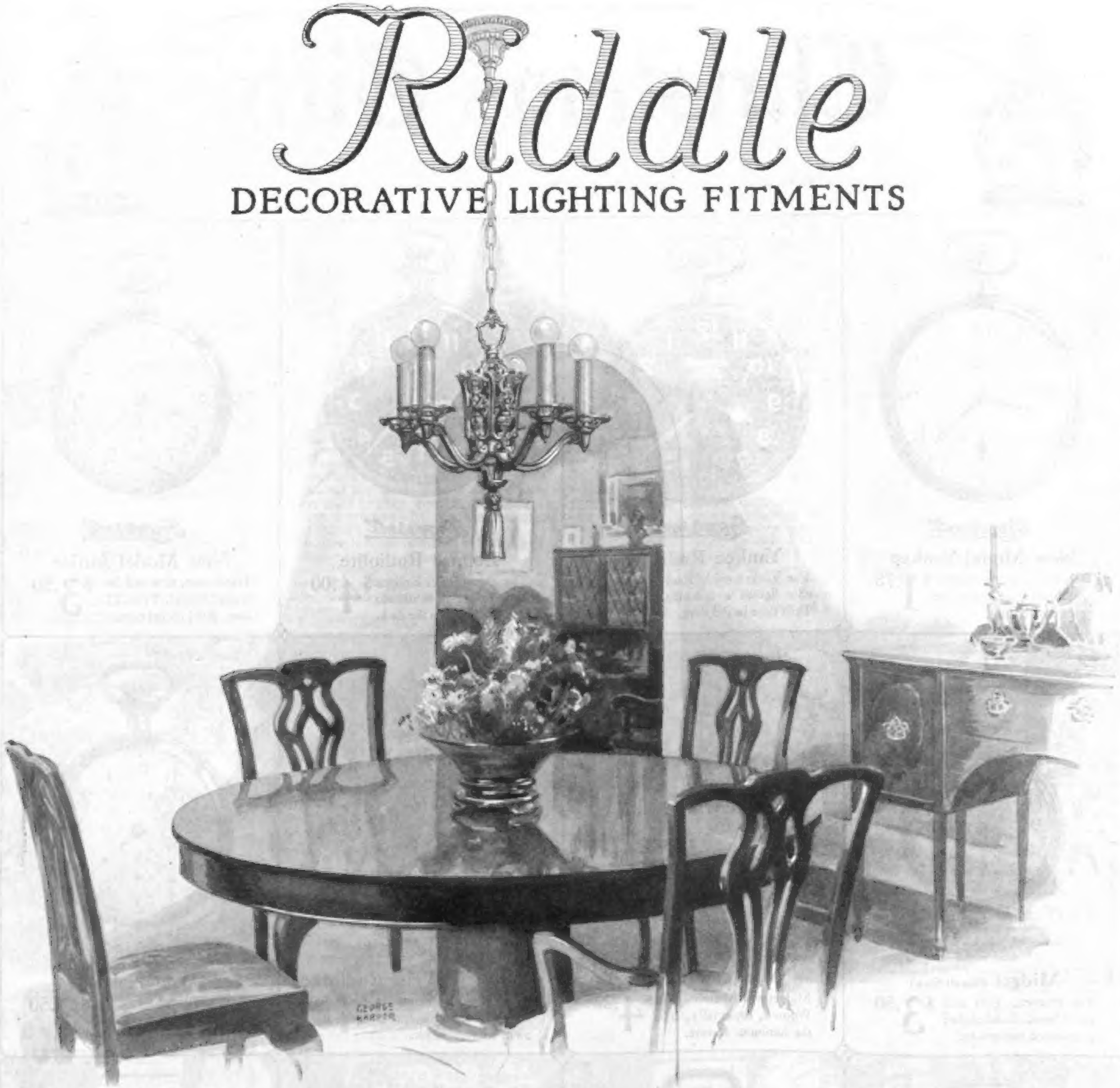
4-jewels; stylish 12-size. Green or white 14-k gold-filled case. Scratch dial. $9.50

RELIANCE
Gold-Filled

The 7-jewel thin model Reliance in a green or white 14-k gold-filled case. $11.00

Riddle

DECORATIVE LIGHTING FITMENTS



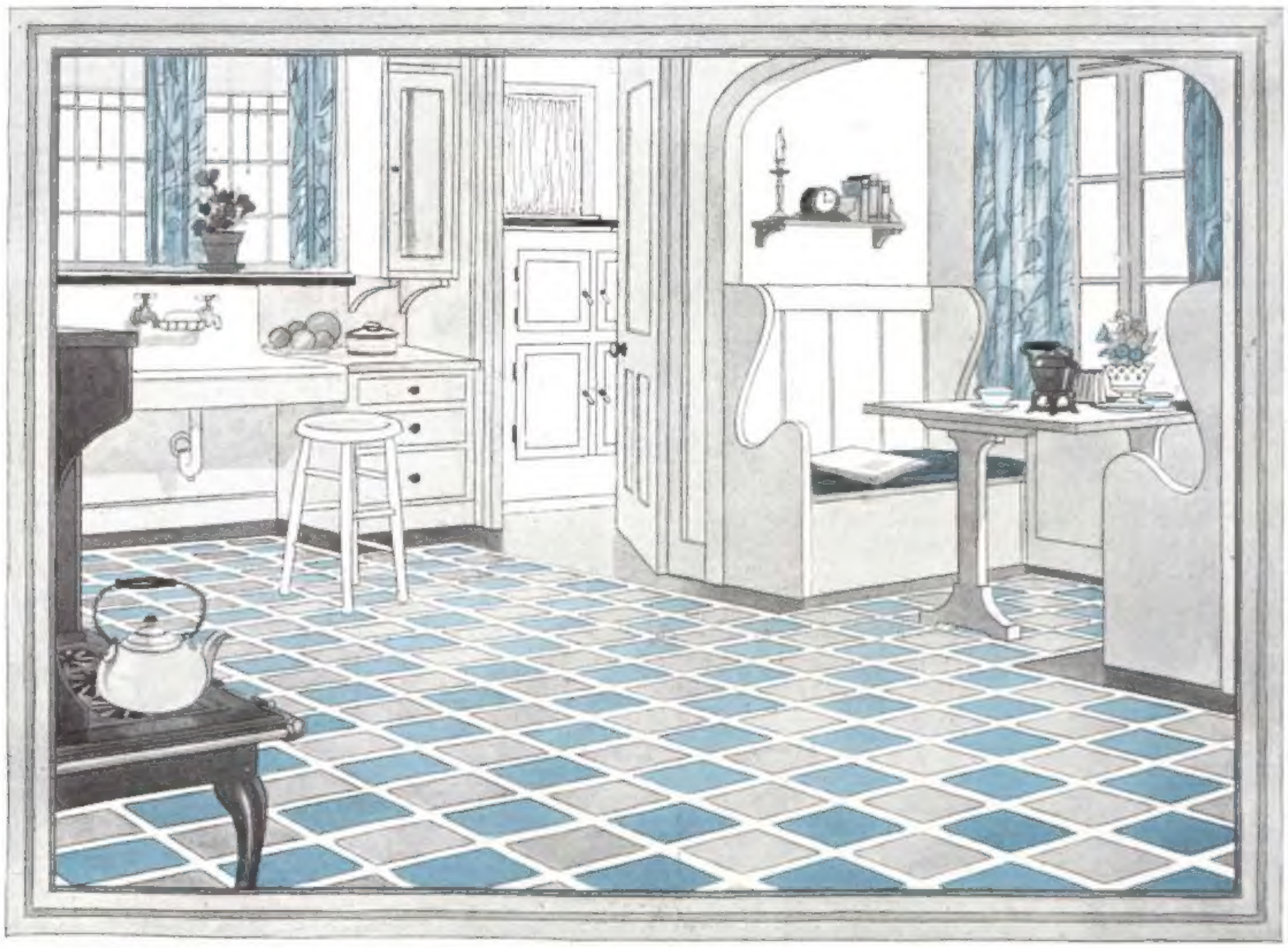
Your Home Lighting Should Be Beautiful As Well As Useful

Consider your lighting equipment as something more than a utility. The actual use of electric light is confined to a comparatively few hours each day. Well chosen fitments add immeasurably to the charm of the room when lighted and contribute during the other hours as well to the decorative effect. They can be made, in fact, one of the most interesting and important elements in the furnishing of the home . . . . Many who have never before realized the decorative possibilities of the lighting equipment are now bestowing upon it the same thought and care as are accorded to the furniture, floor and wall coverings, draperies and other accessories. The result is the constantly increasing vogue of Riddle Fitments, now widely recognized as the standard of good taste in decorative home lighting.

Riddle Fitments are being extensively used to replace old-fashioned fixtures, as well as to equip new homes. We shall be glad to send on request the name of the nearest Authorized Riddle Dealer (he can advise you helpfully on your home lighting), and illustrated folder of Riddle Styles. The Riddle Special Series, priced $7.50 to $16.50, offers probably the greatest lighting fitment value ever known. Other Riddle Fitments $10 to $62.50.

THE EDWARD N. RIDDLE COMPANY, TOLEDO, OHIO

Makers of residential lighting fitments since 1892



A floor of Armstrong's Blue and Gray Inset Tile Inlaid Linoleum with a border of Armstrong's Plain Gray Linoleum

You'll Be Prouder of Your Kitchen with a Floor Like This

THINK of the handsomest kitchen you have seen. Its floor was as modern, as gleaming and spotless as its equipment, wasn't it? Such a floor adds beauty to an attractive kitchen.

A floor of Armstrong's Linoleum makes any kitchen better-looking. The floor shown in the picture is an inset tile linoleum with a plain border. It is bright and cheerful, charmingly colorful. It is modern. It is handsome.

Easy to clean—and permanent

A kitchen floor is a hard-worked floor. Dish-water splashes on it, grease spatters on it, many feet track on it.

These small disasters are never important on a floor of Armstrong's Linoleum. A quick wiping is generally all the care it needs. For inlaid linoleum an occasional waxing and polishing keeps your floor lustrous, and increases its beauty as years pass. Varnishing is recommended for printed linoleum.

When washing is necessary use only a mild soap like Ivory. Harsh scrubbing is never necessary with linoleum, and strong soaps or powders will injure linoleum or any other fine floor covering.

It is comfortable, too, a floor of linoleum. The hundreds of steps that you make each day in your kitchen are less tiring on this resilient, quiet floor.

Where you can choose linoleum

Good furniture and department stores carry an interesting selection of Armstrong's Linoleum. You can see linoleum suitable for your kitchen; also the new designs and colorings for living-rooms, dining-rooms, bedrooms, sun porches, etc. These modern linoleum floors are being used now in all the rooms of many fine homes.

When you buy linoleum a good merchant will suggest that you have it laid for permanency. This means that a trained linoleum layer will cement your linoleum down over a lining of builders' deadening felt. The seams will be closely joined, and waterproof cement will be used at the seams and round the edges. The floor will then lie perfectly flat through all changes of weather, will never need retrimming, and will endure for many years.

"FLOORS, FURNITURE, *and* COLOR"

By Agnes Foster Wright

Mrs. Wright, former President of the Interior Decorators' League of New York, tells exactly how to select linoleum floors in her illustrated book, "Floors, Furniture, and Color." This is a book you will read and treasure if color harmony in decoration interests you at all. You can secure a copy from us for only twenty-five cents, stamps or coin. (In Canada sixty cents.)

If you have some particular problem of working out color plans for one room or for your entire house, write for advice to our Bureau of Interior Decoration. No charge.

Look for the CIRCLE "A" trademark on the burlap back

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ARMSTRONG CORK COMPANY, *Linoleum Division*, 829 Liberty Street, Lancaster, Pa.

Armstrong's Linoleum

for Every Floor in the House

An Old Dutch Cleanser

Kitchen

is always
Bright and Cheerful

How comfortable, clean and satisfying this Old Dutch Cleanser kitchen is! Its very cleanliness creates cheerfulness and makes kitchen tasks more inviting.

The regular use of Old Dutch Cleanser will make your kitchen an Old Dutch Cleanser kitchen too. Keeps woodwork, floors, sink, cabinet and all cooking utensils hygienically clean and spotless. And does it easily and quickly.

Old Dutch is economical because it goes farther. Its fine feathery particles are flat-shaped, consequently they cover more surface and do more cleaning. Old Dutch erases the dirt, contains no hard jagged grit and does not scratch. Does not hurt the hands.

Old Dutch is your greatest cleaning help because it gives you best results and greatest value for your money. There is nothing else like it.

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